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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

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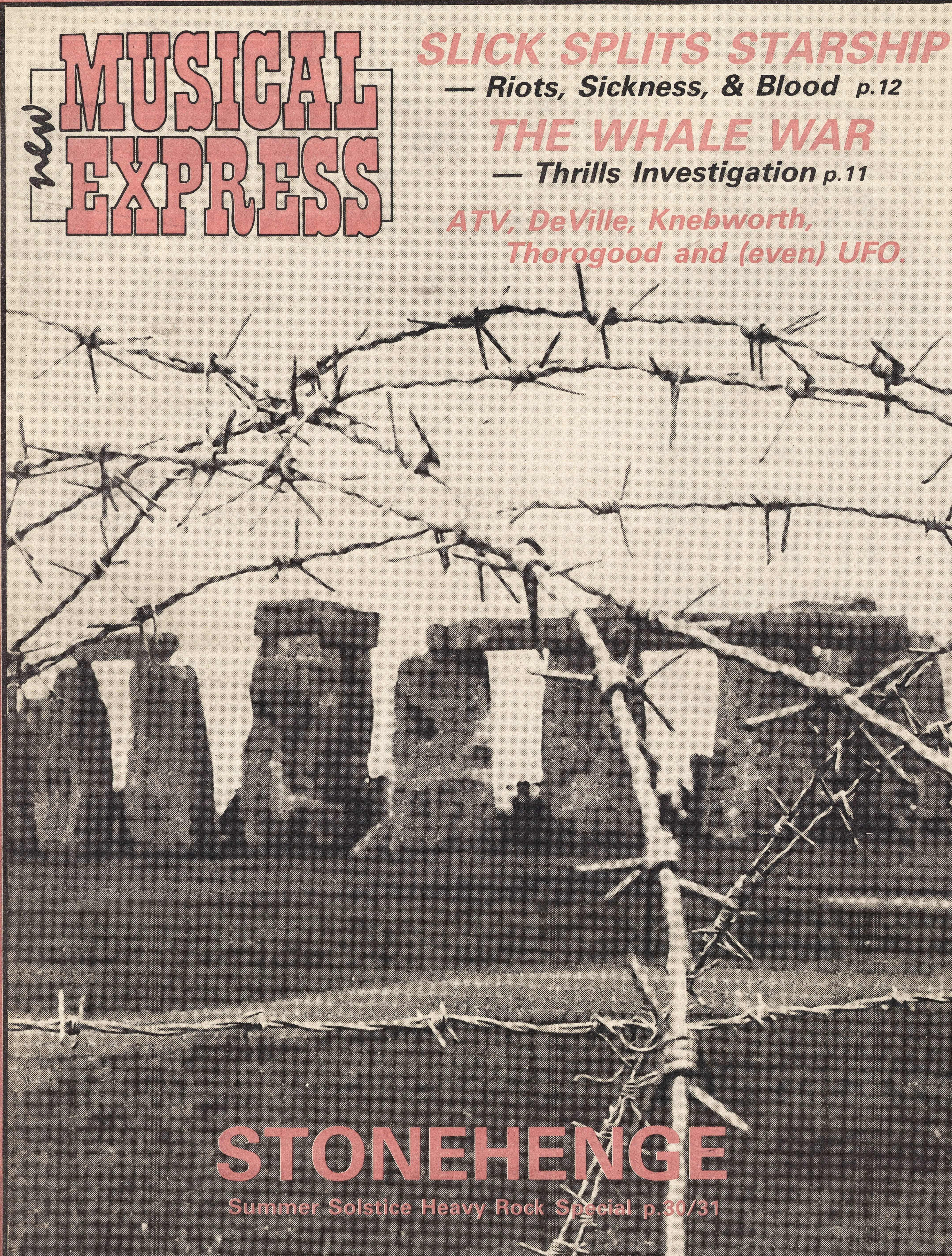
ATV, DeVille, Knebworth, Thorogood and (even) UFO.



STONEHENGE

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending June 26, 1973

Last	This Week		
2	1	RUBBER BULLETS	10c.c. (UK)
3	2	ALBATROSS	Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
5	3	THE GROOVER	T. Rex (EMI)
13	4	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)
11	5	SNOOPY VERSUS THE RED BARON	Hot Shots (Mooncrest)
1	6	CAN THE CAN	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
—	7	SKWEEZE ME, PLEEZE ME	Slade (Polydor)
6	8	STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU	Stealers Wheel (A & M)
9	9	GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH)	George Harrison (Apple)
14	10	LIVE AND LET DIE	Wings (Apple)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending June 26, 1968

Last	This Week		
1	1	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
6	2	BABY COME BACK	Equals (President)
3	3	HURDY GURDY MAN	Donovan (Pye)
4	4	BLUE EYES	Don Partridge(Columbia)
2	5	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
8	6	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
7	7	THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE	Julie Driscoll & the Brian Auger Trinity (Marmalade)
11	8	SON OF HICKORY HOLLER'S TRAMP	O.C. Smith (CBS)
12	9	LOVIN' THINGS	Marmalade(CBS)
5	10	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 28, 1963

Last	This Week		
1	1	I LIKE IT	Gerry & the Pacemakers (Columbia)
3	2	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
2	3	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY	Freddie & the Dreamers (Columbia)
4	4	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
3	5	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
5	6	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
6	7	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
7	8	WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
9	9	FALLING	Roy Orbison (London)
—	10	I'M CONFESSIN'	Frank Ifield (Columbia)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending July 1, 1978

This	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	6	1
2	(7)	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)	3	2
3	(2)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones (EMI)	4	2
4	(10)	AIRPORT	Motors (Virgin)	3	4
5	(4)	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)	6	4
6	(6)	DAVY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Manfred Mann's Earth Band (Bronze)	5	6
7	(13)	MAKING UP AGAIN	Goldie (Bronze)	4	7
8	(3)	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)	10	1
9	(14)	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES	Kate Bush (EMI)	3	9
10	(11)	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)	3	10
11	(8)	CA PLANE POUR MOI	Plastic Bertrand (Sire)	7	7
12	(18)	LIKE CLOCKWORK	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	2	12
13	(5)	OH CAROL	Smokie (Rak)	6	5
14	(15)	MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)	3	14
15	(27)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	O'Jays (Warner Bros)	2	15
16	(9)	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY	Darts (Magnet)	8	2
17	(24)	BEAUTIFUL LOVER	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	3	17
18	(12)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	8	5
19	(—)	ARGENTINE MELODY	San Jose (MCA)	1	19
20	(19)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young (Ariola)	8	6
21	(—)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	1	21
22	(25)	DON'T FEAR THE REAPER	Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	4	22
23	(25)	NEVER SAY DIE	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	4	21
24	(—)	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)	1	24
25	(22)	IT SURE BRINGS OUT THE LOVE IN YOUR EYES	David Soul (Private Stock)	3	18
26	(—)	ROSALIE	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	4	20
27	(—)	FROM EAST TO WEST	Voyage (GTO/Hansa)	1	27
28	(16)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)	12	1
29	(—)	A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	1	29
30	(—)	FLYING HIGH	Commodores (Motown)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

WHITE MAN IN HAMMERSMITH PALAIS — Clash (CBS); JUST LET ME DO MY THING — Sine (CBS); RUN FOR HOME — Lindisfarne (Mercury); WILD WEST HERO — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet).

ALBUMS

Week ending July 1, 1978

This	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	16	1
2	(2)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	4	2
3	(10)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones (EMI)	3	3
4	(4)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	23	1
5	(3)	BLACK & WHITE	Stranglers (United Artists)	6	1
6	(8)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	15	6
7	(5)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	22	5
7	(9)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	11	4
9	(20)	KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	17	1
10	(7)	THE STUD	Soundtrack (Ronco)	11	2
11	(25)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues (Threshold)	3	11
12	(11)	EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	6	5
13	(21)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	2	13
14	(16)	I KNOW 'COS I WAS THERE	Max Boyce (EMI)	5	14
15	(6)	POWER IN THE DARKNESS	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	6	6
16	(18)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	18	7
17	(22)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	13	2
18	(17)	DISCO DOUBLE	Various (K-Tel)	3	9
19	(13)	PETER GABRIEL	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	2	13
20	(14)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	2	14
21	(23)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	70	1
22	(24)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Frank Sinatra (EMI)	8	6
23	(19)	DAVID GILMOUR	David Gilmour (Harvest)	3	19
24	(15)	ANYTIME, ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	11	6
25	(—)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	29	3
26	(12)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Nat King Cole (Capitol)	14	1
27	(—)	REAL LIFE	Magazine (Virgin)	1	27
28	(29)	KAYA	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	15	6
29	(27)	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN	Various (World Records)	10	10
30	(—)	LENA MARTELL COLLECTION	Lena Martell (Ronco)	2	21

BUBBLING UNDER

WAR OF THE WORLDS — Various Artists (CBS); YOU'RE GONNA GET IT — Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Island); RUBY WINTERS — Ruby Winters (Creole); GREASE — Various Artists (RSO).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending July 1, 1978

This	Last Week		
1	(1)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
2	(2)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty
3	(3)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
4	(4)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Olivia Newton John/John Travolta
5	(6)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba
6	(16)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones
7	(14)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	The O'Jays
8	(11)	DANCE WITH ME	Peter Brown
9	(9)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD	Meat Loaf
10	(12)	YOU BELONG TO ME	Carly Simon
11	(21)	STILL THE SAME	Bob Seger
12	(15)	THE GROOVE LINE	Heatwave
13	(13)	EVERY KINDA PEOPLE	Robert Palmer
14	(8)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet
15	(17)	BLUER THAN BLUE	Michael Johnson
16	(5)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams
17	(19)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
18	(25)	LAST DANCE	Donna Summer
19	(20)	I WAS ONLY JOKING	Rod Stewart
20	(27)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings
21	(22)	YOU'RE THE LOVE	Seals & Crofts
22	(24)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption
23	(10)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT	Patti Smith Group
24	(—)	GREASE	Frankie Valli
25	(30)	FOLLOW YOU FOLLOW ME	Genesis
26	(29)	WONDERFUL TONIGHT	Eric Clapton
27	(—)	ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG	Billy Joel
28	(—)	RUNAWAY	Jefferson Starship
29	(18)	HEARTLESS	Heart
30	(26)	ON BROADWAY	George Benson

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

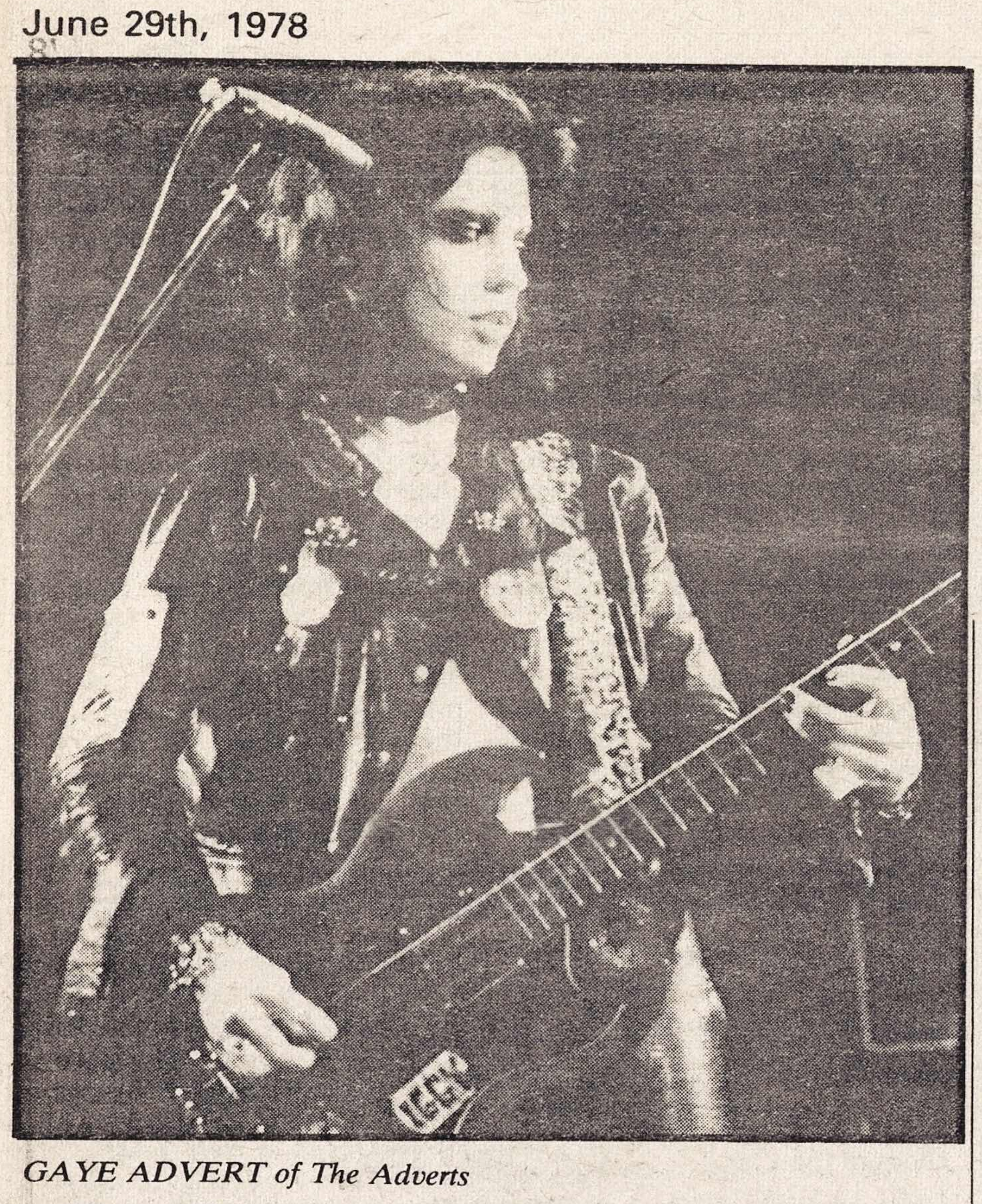
U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending July 1st, 1978

This	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(7)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
3	(4)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
4	(6)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
5	(2)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
6	(3)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
7	(8)	SO FULL OF LOVE	The O'Jays
8	(9)	BOYS IN THE TREES	Carly Simon
9	(18)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
10	(5)	FM	Various Artists
11	(15)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY	Various Artists
12	(27)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
13	(26)	DARKNESS OF THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen
14	(13)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
15	(20)	GREASE	Various Artists
16	(16)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
17	(23)	BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS	Joe Walsh
18	(19)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
19	(12)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
20	(17)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis
21	(11)	CENTRAL HEATING	Heatwave
22	(14)	MAGAZINE	Heart
23	(30)	SONGBIRD	Barbra Streisand
24	(29)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
25	(21)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
26	(28)	DOUBLE PLATINUM	Kiss
27	(10)	SHOWDOWN	Isley Brothers
28	(—)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba
29	(22)	EASTER	Patti Smith Group
30	(—)	AJA	Steely Dan

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK



GAYE ADVERT *of The Adverts*

Adverts are on the road

THE ADVERTS are set for a new series of nine gigs, three this weekend and the rest at the end of July, interspersed with a visit to New York for live appearances and recording.

They play Maidstone Art College (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Eric's (two shows on Saturday) and Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido (Sunday). Then they're off to New York for a short season at the famed CBGBs, plus recording sessions for a new single together with "a heavyweight U.S. producer" still to be named.

They return home for dates at Scarborough Penthouse (July 21), Leeds 'F' Club (22), Redcar Coatham Bowl (23), Doncaster Outlook (24) and London Marquee Club (26 and 27).

LIVERPOOL NIXES BIG CLASH SHOW

THE CLASH have been forced to switch their concert on July 13 from Liverpool Empire to Blackburn King George's Hall. They've been trying to arrange a major gig in Liverpool for 18 months, and it looked as though they had finally succeeded when they secured the Empire booking.

But it seems that a well-wisher (?) warned the venue's management of the "chaotic consequences" of a Clash gig, and it was cancelled 20 minutes after the box-office opened, with queues formed round the block, and many tickets already sold.

The band's manager Bernard Rhodes said this week that details of their big London concert, to climax their tour, will be announced shortly.

Clash members Nicky Heddon and Paul Simonon were each fined £30 at Clerkenwell Magistrates Court on Friday, after pleading guilty to criminal damage. Together with Sonja Kristina's drummer Peter Barnacle (also fined £30), they had been charged with shooting a racing pigeon, and the three also have to pay a total of £700 compensation to the owner.

VIBRATORS BREAK UP

THE VIBRATORS have broken up! And one of the most exciting bands to emerge on the crest of the new-wave movement has ceased to exist, though the two remaining founder members — Knox (lead vocals and guitar) and Eddy (drums) — plan to continue working together, presumably on the launch of a new outfit.

The band's troubles started in the early spring when guitarist John Ellis left, and was replaced by two new members — Don Snow (keyboards) and Dave Birch (guitar). It seems that the new line-up simply didn't work out, and they eventually decided last weekend to call it a day.

So Gary Tibbs (who replaced original bassist Pat Collier), Snow and Birch are now looking for new gigs, while Knox and Eddy formulate their future plans. Last reminder of The Vibrators is their recently-released second album "V.2" on the CBS label.

Magazine in Drury Lane

MAGAZINE hit the high spots on Sunday, July 23, when they play a major London concert at Drury Lane Theatre Royal. This has just been slotted in as the climax of their British tour which opens in Birmingham this Saturday, and tickets for the London gig go on sale next Monday (3). Another new date for the band is at Malvern Winter Gardens on July 21. Support act throughout the tour is Glasgow band The Zones, newly signed by Arista.

WIRE have slotted in a gig at Liverpool Eric's tomorrow (Friday), as a warm up for their previously-reported concert this Sunday at London Strand Lyceum, co-headlining with the Doctors Of Madness. They then leave for a short East Coast tour of America. Their next full British tour will be in the autumn.

— AND THE KILLJOYS

This is GHISLAINE, the French bird who is — or rather was — the lead singer of The Killjoys. Because the band, regarded by many as one of the most promising on the new-wave scene, have now broken up. Unfortunately recording companies were less enthusiastic about their prospects, and they were unable to get themselves a deal. The future plans of the various members are still undecided.

TINA WEYMOUTH *of The Talking Heads*

Heads fly in for one-off

THE TALKING HEADS fly into Britain in a fortnight's time to play an exclusive one-off concert. It's at London Strand Lyceum on Wednesday, July 12, and it's likely to be their last date in this country this year.

The gig comes a the end of a six-week European tour by the New York band, and it previews their second Sire album "More Songs About Buildings And Food", produced by Eno and released on July 21.

Advance tickets for the show cost £2 and are available from the venue, or from the Harvey Goldsmith Box-Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W.1. On the night, admission will be £2.25.

Goldsmith is co-promoting the gig with Peter Bowyer, and they still have to name the support act, though it's understood that the Heads would like a reggae band.

Sham's Leicester hitch

SHAM 69 make their first trip to the U.S. of A. on July 10 to play three dates at New York's renowned CBGBs, plus a gig in Philadelphia. Here at home, a new single by the band is released by Polydor on July 14 — it's their stage favourite "If The Kids Are United", which includes guitarist Dave Parsons playing organ, and it's coupled with a new song called "Sunday Morning Nightmare".

Their recently-completed British tour suffered another in a long string of cancellations last Thursday, when their projected gig at Leicester De Montfort Hall was called off at short notice. This was due to "legal difficulties between the promoter and the hall" and the band, who were not involved in the dispute, are now lining up another date at the venue.

THE SKIDS are playing their first set of dates since their recent signing to the Virgin label, who will shortly be issuing the band's debut single. They visit High Wycombe Nag's Head (tonight, Thursday), followed by London gigs at Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (this Sunday), Hammersmith Red Cow (July 5) and the Nashville (6).

LINDISFARNE CANCEL, SO WAKES FESTIVAL IS OFF

THE THREE-DAY Wakes Festival — planned for its regular site at Charnock Richard, near Chorley in Lancashire, during the first weekend of August (4-6) — was called off on Saturday. The cancellation came 48 hours after Lindisfarne, who were to have headlined, withdrew from the event — and immediately a row broke out between the band's manager and the Wakes organisers, who claimed that Lindisfarne had "scuppered" the festival.

This would have been the third Wakes. The first two laid a financial egg, mainly due to adverse weather conditions. And it looked as though this year's event might have been going the same way, probably because of the large number of alternative attractions this summer.

Promoter Brian Adams told NME: "The initial ticket response was fantastic for the first three weeks, then it stopped. When we arrived at decision day and our backers had to lay out £20,000, they hesitated. We got in touch with all the acts and, with one exception, they all agreed to help us try to get it together.

"Fairport Convention, Ralph McTell, John Martyn, and the others — they were all fantastic. And they stood by us through our 12 days of constant negotiation with the backers. But then Lindisfarne cancelled out, and that was the deciding factor. In effect, it scuppered the festival."

At that point, said Adams, it was obvious that all they could do was to try to break even. But he insisted that the Wakes Festival will be back next year.

The many hundreds who have already booked will receive their original cheques back as soon as possible, as none has been cashed. People who sent postal orders will likewise be reimbursed.

Lindisfarne pulled out of the festival last week, their manager Barry MacKay explaining that they didn't wish to be associated with "what looks like being a badly organised event." He said that Lindisfarne are not a folk band, and consequently don't wish to be connected with folk festivals.

MacKay added: "We originally agreed to do the festival to help them make a success of it, because it has lost money for the past two years. But as the organisers have failed to promote the festival in any way at all, we feel the whole event is a farce."

Retorted promoter Adams: "Ask anybody who's ever been to the festival in the past — artists, managers, the general public — if it's well organised. I'm sure they would give MacKay a better answer than I can. And if they don't want to be associated with folk festivals, why did they agree to do it in the first place? And why, if they were so keen to help, did McKay hustle me for so much money?"

● Tickets are now on sale for Lindisfarne's one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon, reported last week — priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. And the band have confirmed that they are still set for the Reading Festival on August 26.

Bournemouth F.C.'s Darts, Hillage veto

THE PROJECTED 12-hour "Bournemouth Music Circus" — planned for Saturday, July 15, and headlined by Darts, Steve Hillage and The Motors — will not, after all, be held at the Bournemouth Football Stadium. In fact, there is now some doubt as to whether it will take place at all. The local football club have decided against staging the event, which would also have featured Goldie, The Late Show and The Young Ones.

Bournemouth F.C.'s secretary refused to comment on their decision not to proceed with the concert, though he admitted that they had been under considerable pressure — which is perhaps not surprising, as the town is a conservative (and Conservative) stronghold! The promoters are now trying to find an alternative venue, which would have to be in the same area to accommodate the large number of people who have already bought advance tickets at £5 each.

Go like the clappers

A SIDE
MCA DISCO
LIMITED EDITION
12 MCA 370
Van McCoy
MY FAVOU
SHIRLEY ELLIS
12 MCEP1
SHIRLEY ELLIS
THE CLAPPING SONG
EVER SEE A DIVER KISS HIS WIFE WHILE THE BUBBLES BOUNCE ABOUT ABOVE THE WATER
12

Van McCoy "My Favourite Fantasy" b/w "You're So Right For Me" 12 MCA 370

Shirley Ellis "The Clapping Song," "Ever See A Diver Kiss His Wife While The Bubbles Bounce About Above The Water" b/w "The Name Game" and "The Nitty Gritty." 12 MCEP 1.

You'll have to be quick if you want to catch this disco duo. Two limited edition 12" records. Shirley Ellis' much sought-after "Clapping Song" and "The Name Game," plus two other lively tracks – MCA's first EP. Van McCoy's "My Favourite Fantasy," his first single with MCA. The first 10,000 of both records are available on 12" in special bags. The Shirley Ellis EP is also available in 7" in full colour bags with a biography. Get them now.

MCA RECORDS

MCA Records, 1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1

Wings are full strength again

WINGS are now back at full five-piece strength, following the departure last year of Jimmy McCulloch and Joe English. They have now recruited two new members, though Paul McCartney isn't committing himself to announcing it as a permanent association. The new men are drummer Steve Holly (24), who has toured with Kiki Dee and backed Elton John in the studio; and guitarist Laurence Juber (25), a session musician who's also been involved in film work.

The band's spokesman said this week: "I can confirm that Holly and Juber are now playing with Wings. But please note I didn't say that they have necessarily joined Wings". This double talk presumably means that the newcomers are going through a period of probation which, if approved, could lead to the accolade of full membership.

Holly and Juber are at present "preparing for recording and generally rehearsing" with Paul, Linda and Denny Laine. And if the new line-up works out, as seems probable, Wings can be expected to make their concert comeback in the autumn — or just possibly, if at least two promoters have their way, even sooner!

KIHN AT READING

GREG KIHN BAND have been added to the line-up of the three-day Reading Festival over August Bank Holiday weekend. The Beserkley outfit appear as special guests on Saturday, August 26. Remainder of the bill was reported in last week's NME, though there is still no news of Patti Smith's confirmation as the Sunday headliner; a decision, one way or the other, is expected next week.

There are also no further developments on the proposed July 22 concert at the Charlton football ground, for which Lou Reed and David Coverdale remain the only confirmed acts. The promoter is obviously still confident that it will go ahead, as he has been taking advertising on London's Capital Radio, but the full bill was still awaited at press-time.

GRACE SAYS SHE'S QUIT

FOLLOWING Jefferson Starship's appearance in last Saturday's Knebworth concert without lead singer Grace Slick, it transpired that she had returned to America with the parting shot that she'd quit the band for good.

This conflicts sharply with Starship's assurance at the weekend that they'd be returning to Britain as soon as possible with Grace, to compensate for her not being with them this time.

As reported last week, the band were forced to cancel two shows in Germany when Grace was taken ill, fearing at the time that she had appendicitis. This scare proved to unfounded, and it was thought she would be fit for Knebworth. But she remained unwell, and a doctor diagnosed "an intestinal infection". As a result, the band had quickly to re-shape their act, with Marty Balin (original Jefferson Airplace founder in 1965) taking over lead vocals.

Whether Grace's "I quit" declaration was a side-effect of her illness, or was prompted by the riots sparked by their German cancellations, isn't known. And it remains to be seen if she will have second thoughts, though apparently she was adamant about leaving when she flew home. See also page 47.

What do you know about tape recordings?

Here are a few questions about the magnetic recording world to test your knowledge.

1. Which company marketed the first commercially viable professional tape recorder and when was it?
2. Which is the only company in the world that manufactures hardware and software for every professional recording application?
3. Who made the magnetic memory that is going to the planet Venus in the 1978 Orbitor probe?
4. Which brand of mastering tape is used by over half the major studios in the USA and Great Britain?
5. 1977 saw the introduction of a new 'World Ultimate' audio mastering tape. The Eagles, Bob Dylan, C W McCall, Earth Wind and Fire and many others recorded 'Gold' records on it. What is this tape called?
6. Who does the soundtrack for Walt Disney productions?
7. Which brand of tape was most used by home audio and hi-fi enthusiasts in Great Britain during 1977?

FOR THE ANSWERS TO THIS TAPE QUIZ PLEASE REFER TO PAGE 36

???????

RECORD NEWS

Robbers elpee arrested

THE SEVEN Great Train Robbers who are now out of prison, after serving long sentences, have made an album of songs reflecting their experiences. It's planned for release by Virgin, though at the moment the company is faced with contractual problems. They've been advised that W. H. Allen, publishers of the new Piers Paul Reid book "The Great Train Robbers", own exclusive rights to the robbers' personal recollections. And until this is sorted out, the LP can't be issued.

Among the songs involved are "Let Me Out", "The Judge", "Thirty Years", "Don't Rob A Train", "The Plan" and "We Pulled It Off", the latter also being in line for release as a single. The robbers — Tommy Wisbey, Jimmy White, Buster Edwards, Gordon Goody, Roger Cordrey, Bobby Welsh and Roy James — were produced by Tom Newman, and they follow in the footsteps of their defecting colleague Ronald Biggs, whose single with The Sex Pistols is issued this weekend.

STEWART TAKES OVER CAFE

SAD CAFE go into the Strawberry Studios South in Dorking next month to record their third RCA album, to be produced by Eric Stewart of 10c.c. It will mark the inauguration of Strawberry's new Surrey studios, and it will also be the first time that Stewart has produced any band other than 10c.c. Manchester-based Sad Cafe — comprising Paul Young (lead vocals and percussion), Ashley Mulford (lead guitar), Victor Emerson (keyboards), Ian Wilson (guitar and vocals), John Stimpson (bass and vocals) and Dave Irving (drums) — will be undertaking a nationwide tour of Britain in October, to coincide with the album's release.

Hendrix montage

A DOUBLE album tracing the career of the late **Jimi Hendrix,** and drawing on seven of his albums — from "Are You Experienced" to "Cry Of Love" — plus a few posthumous releases, is being issued by Polydor in mid-July. Put together under the supervision of Alan Douglas, who was responsible for the "Crash Landing" and "Midnight Lightning" albums, it retails at £6.30 and is titled "The Essential Jimi Hendrix". The same label is also rushing out as soon as possible a new **Millie Jackson** LP called "Get It Out'cha System".

- **The Lurkers'** next Beggars Banquet single, and follow-up to their "Ain't Got A Clue" mini-hit, will now be "Pills". And "I Don't Need To Tell Her", from their current album "Fulham Fallout", now becomes the B-side. Release is expected in late July in a picture sleeve — for which, we're told, "something special" is planned.

- The cast of the highly-acclaimed London stage show "Evita" — including **Elaine Paige, David Essex** and **Joss Ackland** — are in the studios this week recording an original cast album. It will be rushed out by MCA in a silver gatefold sleeve, retailing at £4.10. Meanwhile, the all-star double album of the Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber opera has now achieved platinum status for U.K. sales.

- And **David Essex** has left CBS Records to sign a long-term worldwide deal (excluding North America) with Phonogram. After finishing work on the "Evita" LP, he'll start recording his first product for his new outlet.

- **The Buzzcocks,** who claimed last week that their new single "Love You More" is the second shortest ever (running under 1½ minutes), have now decided to make it a bit longer. It will now be "just under the modern radio single length", they say, without specifying the exact duration. Due to this, and complications with the picture bag, release by United Artists is delayed from this weekend to July 7.

- An EP by **Carl Perkins,** including the much sought-after track "Put Your Cat Clothes On", is released by Charly Records tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label is a modern rockabilly single called "Good Rockin' Boogie" by **Sleepy LaBeef.**

- Beggars Banquet's four London shops will in future sell all new albums (excluding imports and doubles) at £2.95 for the first month of release — and this applies to all the big names such as the **Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan,** etc. Addresses are 2 The Square, Richmond; 346 Worth End Road, Fulham; 19 High Street, Ealing; and 8 Hogarth Road, Earls Court.

- Phonogram has signed an exclusive U.K. licensing deal with the Munich-based label Lollipop Records. First two singles, out this week, are "Me And Myself" by **Ronnie Jones** and "Dancin' Fever" by **Claudja Barry** — with albums by both artists to follow in August.

- **Shakin' Stevens,** currently appearing in the West End musical "Elvis" and previously with the Track label, has been signed to a long-term worldwide deal by CBS Records.

- Near-legendary sax man **Junior Walker** has been signed to a long-term deal by Whitfield Records, distributed by Warner Brothers. Walker and his All Stars were long associated with Motown Records, where they worked with staff producer Norman Whitfield, before he left to set up his own label. Latest product from Walker is expected shortly via the new outlet.

- Beggars Banquet's first single on their new Blue Label — "The Winkers Song" by **Ivor Biggun & The Red Nosed Burglars** — has run into problems. The label is distributed by Island through EMI, and the latter's quality control have declared it "obscene". This means that EMI have refused to manufacture it although, it seems, they are still willing to distribute it. Arrangements are now being made for it to be pressed elsewhere.

- Latest signing to Stiff Records is **Jona Lewie,** former founder member of Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts and now described by the label as "an eccentric recluse"! His debut single "The Baby, She's On The Street" is issued this weekend.

- A live promotional LP by **Tribesman** — the outfit featuring ex-members of Black Slate and the Otis Waygood Band — is being made available to the general public from this week by The Label Records.

- The **Real Thing** start recording their new album "Won't You Step Into Our World" on August 1 — it's set for October release and features a specially-formed rhythm section. Due to the success of "The Stud" soundtrack on which they're featured, the band visit Australia in September with Joan Collins to promote the film.

- **Amanda Lear,** currently playing the role of Lili Marlene in a film being made in Italy, has her new album "Sweet Revenge" issued by Ariola on July 14.

- WEA Records are going to town on **The Nolan Sisters** in a big way. They're launching a £200,000 campaign, including TV advertising, to promote the girls' album "20 Giant Hits" — issued on July 7 and featuring their versions of a score of million-sellers. That's as much money as WEA spent on the "Sound Of Bread" album!

- Polydor singles next week include "For The Love Of You" by **Maggie Ryder,** "Mother Earth" by **The Cimarons** and "Don't Let Me Down Again" by **Buckingham-Nicks** (that's Lindsey and Stevie from F. Mac).

- Ex-Incredible String Band member **Robin Williamson** has his first album in four years issued on July 14, under a new deal he's signed with Criminal Records. Titled "American Stonehenge", it also features his Merry Band — formed in California in 1976 and comprising Sylvia Woods, Chris Caswell and Terry McMillan.

NEWS BRIEFS

ROY ORBISON returns to Britain to headline a week-long season at the London Palladium opening Monday, August 21. This marks the venue's return to weekly engagements following the end of "The Two Ronnies" summer season. Orbison also appears at Liverpool's Aintree Festival on Bank Holiday Monday (August 28), and these will be his only dates this time around.

HEATWAVE have arranged a third concert at short notice at London Hammersmith Odeon, where their two previous shows sold out completely. It's been set by promoter Mark Howes for next Monday (July 3) and tickets are available immediately. As on the rest of their British tour, Hi-Tension are again the support act.

JOHN OTWAY and Wild Willy Barrett have finally broken up, after much on-off uncertainty. The split was first announced two weeks ago, but they were back together again within 24 hours. Now Otway claims the partnership is finally dissolved — which presumably means until they make it up again. Meanwhile he appears as a solo attraction in the Reading Festival (August 25–27).

CREAM re-formed for an exclusive one-off concert last Sunday. It took place at Ginger Baker's polo club at Ashton, near Peterborough, and the object of the exercise was to raise funds for the club. Only members were admitted, and charged £12 each — but we are informed that the original line-up of Baker, Eric Clapton and Jack Bruce were joined by special guest Steve Winwood for the occasion.

THE ROLLING STONES now seem to have opted for Earls Court when they play their projected London gigs in the late summer. Bianca Jagger, despite her impending divorce from Mick, still seems involved in their activities — and she said last week that Earls Court is now favourite. Attending a Dylan concert there, she added that she had also gone along to check out the acoustics.

HOT TUNA, the spin-off band from the original Jefferson Airplane, have broken up. It seems they were in dispute with their record company, over its failure to subsidise their proposed spring tour of Europe, which consequently had to be scrapped. And with no new releases in the offing, co-leaders Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady decided to go their separate way — at any rate, for the time being.

THE DRIFTERS spend the final quarter of their 25th anniversary year touring Britain. They'll be here from September 15 to December 16, and promoter Henry Sellers is now lining up a nationwide itinerary for that period. He is also bringing in Johnny Tillotson (September 8-October 1), Jr. Walker & The All Stars (September 15-October 21), Johnnie Ray (October 20-November 11) and Nat 'King' Cole's brother, Freddy Cole (October).

GEORGE McCRAE has added another London date to his current British one-nighter tour — it's at the Hammersmith Palais next Monday (3). Supported by his regular backing outfit, the Newborn Band, he is also newly booked for Camberley Ragamuffins Club on July 7, and has just filmed a spot for Granada-TV's "Disco Reports".

MICK ABRAHAMS, currently recording a new album with session musicians in London, launches his stage comeback by way of a 16-day U.S. tour with a specially assembled group of American musicians. It begins in early August, and British gigs are now being lined up to start at the end of that month, to coincide with the album's release.

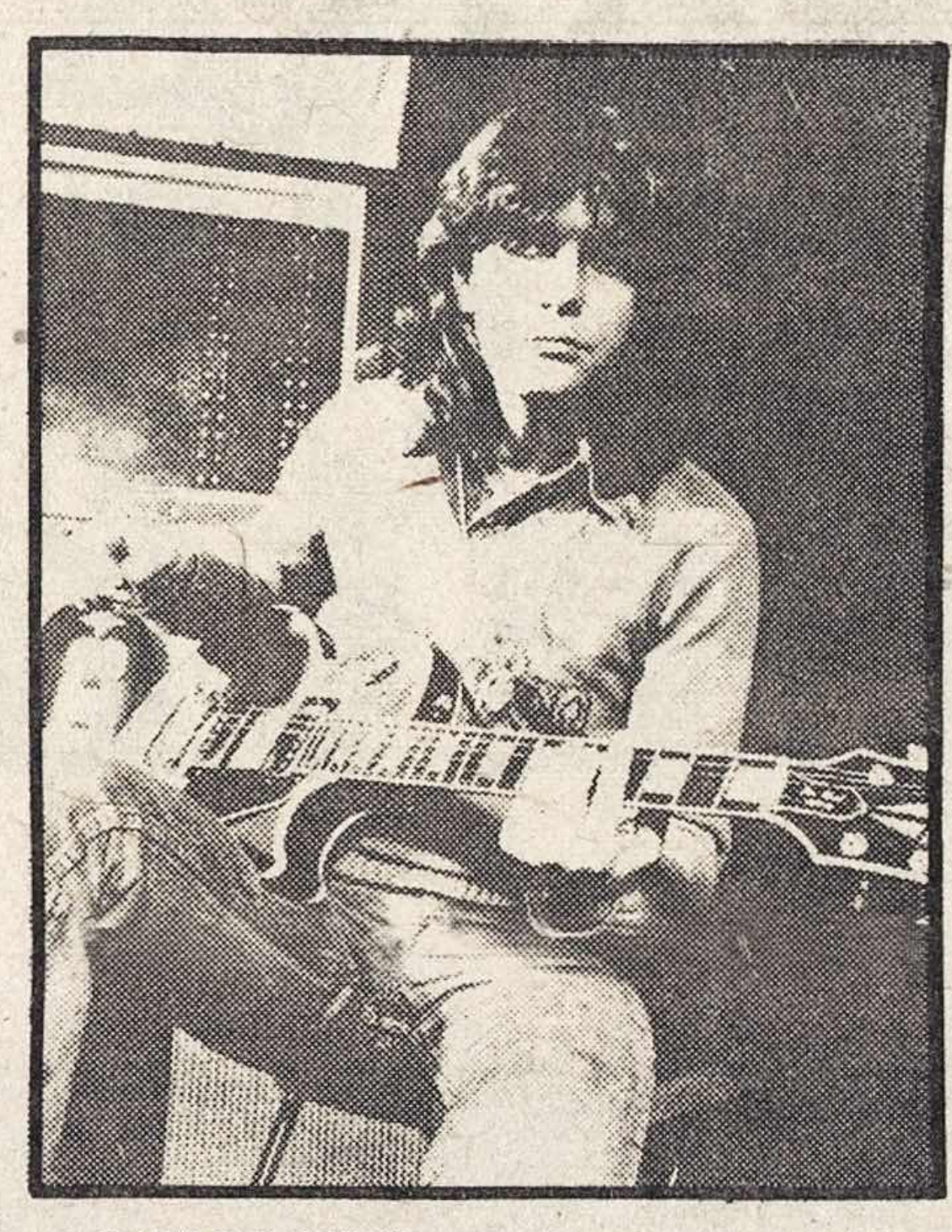
BARCLAY JAMES FOR AUTUMN TOUR

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST set out on their annual British concert tour in late September, playing a total of 17 dates at leading venues — including two each in London and Manchester.

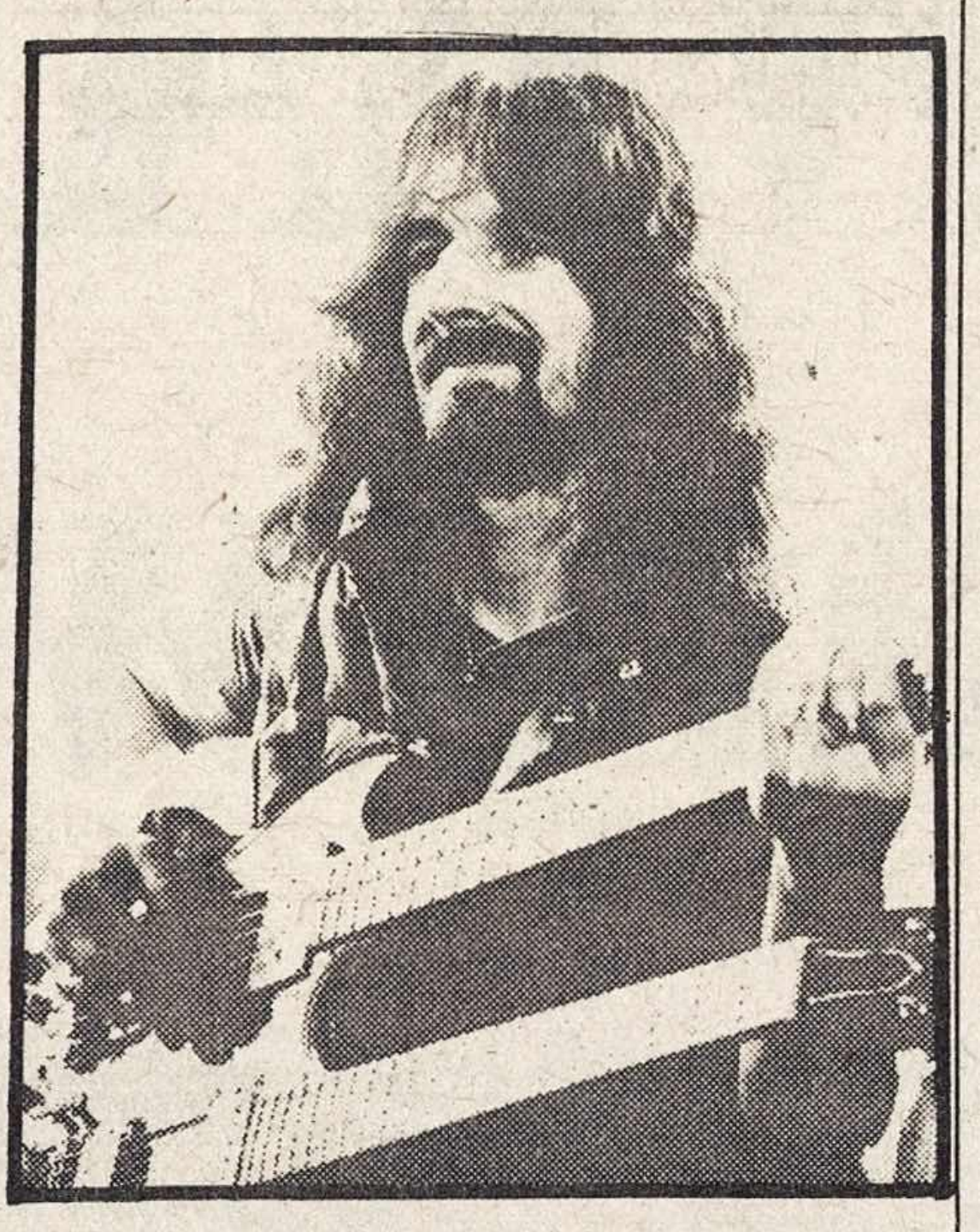
Their itinerary is almost identical to last year's, except that 1977 visits to Glasgow and Croydon are now omitted (Glasgow because of the Apollo closure), in favour of gigs in Aberdeen and Preston.

The date sheet comprises Preston Guildhall (September 27), Liverpool Empire (28), Sheffield City Hall (29), Newcastle City Hall (30), Edinburgh Usher Hall (October 1), Aberdeen Capitol (2), Birmingham Odeon (5), London Hammersmith Odeon (6 and 7), Portsmouth Guildhall (9), Bristol Colston Hall (10), Oxford New Theatre (11), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (13 and 14), Leicester De Montfort Hall (15), Ipswich Gaumont (16) and Brighton Dome (17).

Tickets go on sale this Saturday (July 1) and they are priced £2.80, £2.20 and £1.60 at all venues — except Hammersmith where they are £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. Promoter is Danny Betesh of Kennedy Street Enterprises, who has still to announce the support act.



JOHN LEES



LES HOLROYD

Barclay James — comprising John Lees (lead guitar and vocals), Woolly Wolstenholme (keyboards and vocals), Les Holroyd (bass and vocals) and Mel Pritchard (drums) — are at present recording a new album at Stockport's Strawberry Studios North, for release by Polydor in the early autumn to coincide with the tour. Their double live album "Live Tapes", recorded during their 1977 tour, was a June issue.

The band, who have now been together with the same personnel for 12 years follow their U.K. tour with a string of concerts (October 21-November 3) in Germany — which is probably their most successful market at the moment, with their last studio album "Gone To Earth" a smash hit there.

Yes gigs in October

YES are planning a string of major British concert appearances in October, their spokesman Dan Hedges told NME this week. The gigs, probably including two or three nights at London's Wembley Arena, would immediately follow their next American tour scheduled to begin at the end of August.

The band are at present putting the finishing touches to their long-awaited new album. Recording is complete, and they are now in the first stages of mixing. It's hoped to have the finished product ready for release in mid-August, although this could fluctuate by a week or two.

There were plans some weeks ago for Yes to headline a major open-air concert in the South of England in August, but these have now been dropped. Said Hedges: "They very much wanted to do the outdoor gig, but they're running late with their recording schedule, so they've now had to abandon the idea. As soon as they come out of the studios, they'll have to start preparing for America."

The U.S. visit is of five weeks' duration — which, by their standards, is a relatively short tour. They deliberately arranged it this way because their last, and much longer, Stateside outing physically drained them. The current idea is to do their five weeks in America, and then fly straight back to Britain for a further ten days or so of gigging.

- There is still no official news of Led Zeppelin returning to the concert platform — but at least they're talking about it! Their spokesman said on Monday that the band are having a series of meetings "to determine their future plans".

BRAM'S OWN TRIO

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY, guitarist with The Motors, is playing a series of gigs with his own trio — featuring ex-Heavy Metal Kids drummer Keith Boyce and bassist Micky Broadbent. It's stressed that he remains a member of The Motors, and the object of the exercise is to enable him to perform his own material while the band is off the road. First dates are Nottingham Sandpiper (July 5), Swansea Circles (6), Burton 76 Club (7), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (10), Manchester Rafters (11) and London Camden Music Machine (12).

The Motors will be playing about 14 more British dates at the end of July, details to be announced next week. Then in early August, Tchaikovsky goes into the studios — with Motors colleague Nick Garvey producing — to record four of his songs for release by Criminal Records. He hopes to play another batch of dates at the end of August with his own trio, to promote his debut solo single.

COYNE'S MUSICAL

FOLLOWING his collaboration with playwright Snoo Wilson in "England England", which was staged in the West End last summer, Kevin Coyne has now finished writing his own musical titled "Babble". Described as a cycle of songs without dialogue, it's being presented for a four-night season at London Covent Garden Rock Garden from July 31 to August 3 inclusive. Appearing in the show with Coyne will be ex-Henry Cow and Slapp Happy singer Dagmar, renowned keyboards man Zoot Money and a bassist still to be named.

After this venture, Coyne leaves for a tour of Scandinavia and France, and he is planning a British college tour in October to tie in with the release of his new album.

Rumour for Manchester A-N event

GRAHAM PARKER & The Rumour are joining the Anti-Nazi League Northern Carnival in Manchester, which has now become a three-day event. The music element of the carnival takes place in Alexandra Park at Moss Side, with Parker and the band topping on Thursday, July 13. The following day will be devoted strictly to local group, while the bill for Saturday (15) is as reported last week — The Buzzcocks, Steel Pulse and China Street, plus Exodus.

Whirlwind tour — and Gloria Mundi

WHIRLWIND, fresh from their supporting role in Ian Dury's recent British concert series, begin their own tour this weekend — their first as headliners. They'll be on the road throughout the next two months, under the banner of "The Teen Dream! Summer Holiday Tour", and many more gigs have still to be added to the 22 so far confirmed. The outing ties in with the July 14 release by Chiswick Records of the band's new single "I Only Wish (That I'd Been Told)".

Dates are Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (this Saturday), London Camden Dingwalls (July 5), Bristol Granary (6), Lincoln A.J.'s (8), Newport Stowaway Club (12), Swansea Circles (13), Wolverhampton Lafayette (14), Dudley J.B.'s (15), Christchurch Jumpers Tavern (16), London Kensington Nashville (21 and 22), Bournemouth St Stephen's Hall (26), Manchester Rafters (28), Liverpool Eric's (29), Newport Club & Institute (30), Cheltenham Plough (August 1), Leeds 'F' Club (3), Nottingham Sandpiper (4), Sheffield Limit Club (5), Hull Tiffany's (7), London Camden Music Machine (9) and Birmingham Barbarella's (11).

GLORIA MUNDI play a short series of dates in July to promote their debut RCA album "I Individual", issued tomorrow week (7). The LP includes many of the band's stage items including the title track, "Victim", "The Pack" and "Condemned To Be Free". Confirmed gigs — with Patrick Fitzgerald supporting — are Manchester Rafters (July 6), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (7), Nottingham Sandpiper (8), Swansea Circles (10), London Camden Music Machine (11), Sheffield Limit Club (14), Lincoln A.J.'s Club (17 and Birmingham Barbarella's (18). They then set out on a tour of Holland and Scandinavia, but will be playing more dates here on their return.

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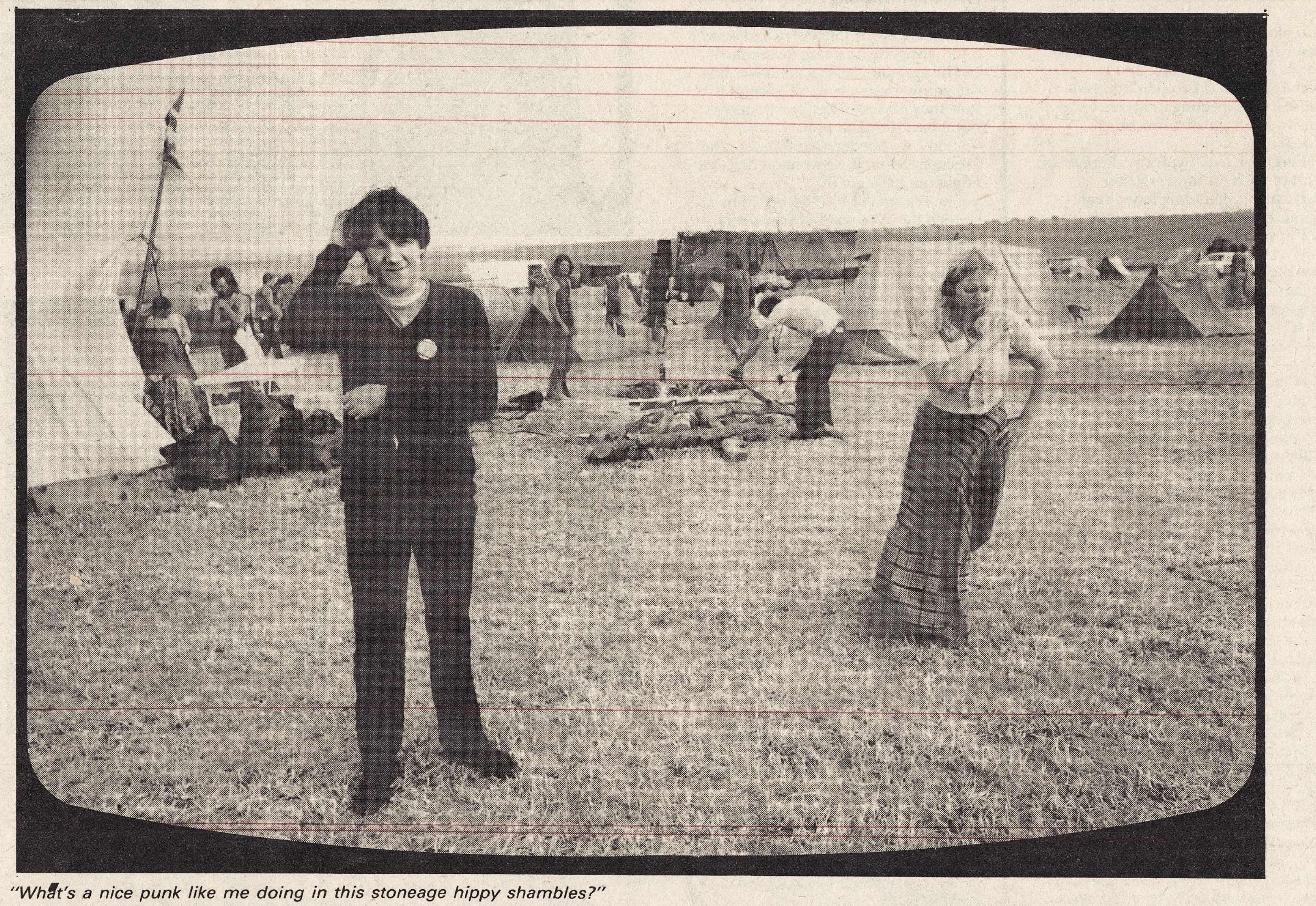
THE WORLD AT ONCE . . . DATELINE: STONEHENGE



"What's a nice punk like me doing in this stoneage hippy shambles?"

MARK PERRY, NEWS AT TEN, ALTERNATIVE TELEVISION

From Bored Bank Clerk to Punk Cult Hero And Beyond.

Mark Perry strains and soars against the entire dark ages of Rock & Roll.

Bv PAUL MORLEY

I FOUND myself re-reading Colin Wilsons' prodigal slice of philosophical mythmaking *The Outsider* the other week. During the time I spent submerging myself gleefully into its limpleg-inducing lines of pessimism and its corrupting details of challenge, two things happened in the space of a few days that intensified, in an indulgent and totally irrelevant way, my curiosity in Wilson's outlines and establishment of this figure, The Outsider.

Alternative TV's debut album, "The Image Has Cracked", was released, and I had a conversation with the centre of Alternative TV Mark Perry.

In a very shallow way it was amusing to attribute occasional lines and passages from *The Outsider* to Mark Perry, and the peculiar accuracy of this little game in fact went just a little further than mere coincidence or tweeness, and supplied a few definite details of the Perry Character And Myth.

"He is an Outsider because he stands for truth."

"The Outsider is a man who cannot live in the confortable, insulated world of the bourgeois, accepting what he sees and touches as reality."

"The Outsider is not sure who he is."

"The Outsider is not a freak, but is only more sensitive than the 'sanguine and healthy-minded' type of man."

"The Outsider's problem is the problem of freedom."

"The visionary is inevitably an Outsider".

And, perhaps the most ridiculous and far-reaching but ultimately and parodoxically the most crucial.

"The Outsider is primarily a critic, and if a critic feels deeply enough about what he is criticising, he becomes a prophet."

1976: MARK PERRY was an ordinary boring, bored blank-bank clerk who in some vague way wanted to escape the routine life he knew: a routine life which, as with many young people, revolved around the escapism of rock'n'roll, depended on concerts, albums, rock papers for the majority of its bite. A dull, dead end, non-fruitious existence that for ninety-nine per cent of the time remain the same.

Blank-bank clerk Mark Perry's ambitions to form a rock group, to worm his way into the music scene, were probably no deeper than any other similar young person's fuzzy desires.

Out of nothing . . . rather, out of a brief few weeks charge of intense youthful expression, a rock'n'roll stage called 'punk', groups like The Sex Pistols, Buzzcocks, Clash, Damned, out of a review of necessity by Nick Kent about The Ramones . . . something fired the vagueness deep within Mark Parry.

Loosely mimicking the calculated banalities, brutality, monochrome simplicity, and spontaneity of what Perry identified as punk — an era in which he felt anyone, however talentless or dull, could actually do something — Perry produced the cheap, aggressive, inspired *Sniffin' Glue* magazine.

The utterly anonymous blank-bank clerk became Mark P, editor of *Sniffin' Glue,* man of blunt mystique and influence, friend of the noveau-stars, integral part of the punk movement, Spokesman For Punk to curious, repelled, amused onlookers.

Out of nothing . . . A Star!

"I enjoyed those days! I worked in a bank, and all of a sudden I was in the music scene! I'm not embarrassed by *Sniffin' Glue,* 'course not. I still find what I did satisfying. I look back on it and just see it as me growing up. There's nothing wrong with growing up.

"But *Sniffin' Glue* was never essential. It spurred people on, but no way was it essential. People tried to make it essential. It got really stupid. One issue would've been enough, really, to give some inspiration — but it got ridiculous. Soon people started collecting them and everything, paying high prices for the early copies . . . it bent around on what we were originally trying to do."

Perry will admit now that *Sniffin' Glue* was really just a way for him to get into the music business. He was always more a frustrated musician than a frustrated journalist.

"I always wanted to be in a band", he reflects, using a classically cliched sentence with no shame. By March 1977, when *Sniffin' Glue* reached number 8 and was part of the new Establishment with its circulation well into five figures. (A remarkable achievement by anyone's standards), Mark P inevitably, and with some relief, found his way into a group.

"When it came to a choice between *Sniffin' Glue* or having a band, well, that's really when I though that *Sniffin' Glue* was dead. Once the band was there, there was no way I could give up the band for *Glue,* it was like the other way round."

Soon after March 1977 the magazine stuttered to its death, actually quite a significant end to an era in more ways than one, leaving in its wake a hundred or more earnest and approximate imitators (fun for a month).

Mark P formed Alternative TV, reverted back to Mark Perry in a different form of anonymity, and played a harder game.

He didn't, for instance, use the name Mark P, use his group to play obvious flatly-stylised punk music, reap immediate acclaim, perpetuate a false stardom. His awareness had grown a lot during the *Sniffin' Glue* campaign. With Alternative TV he knew early on that he was aiming for something precious: he went out of his way to be honest, something that in a raw condition people are notoriously loathe to accept.

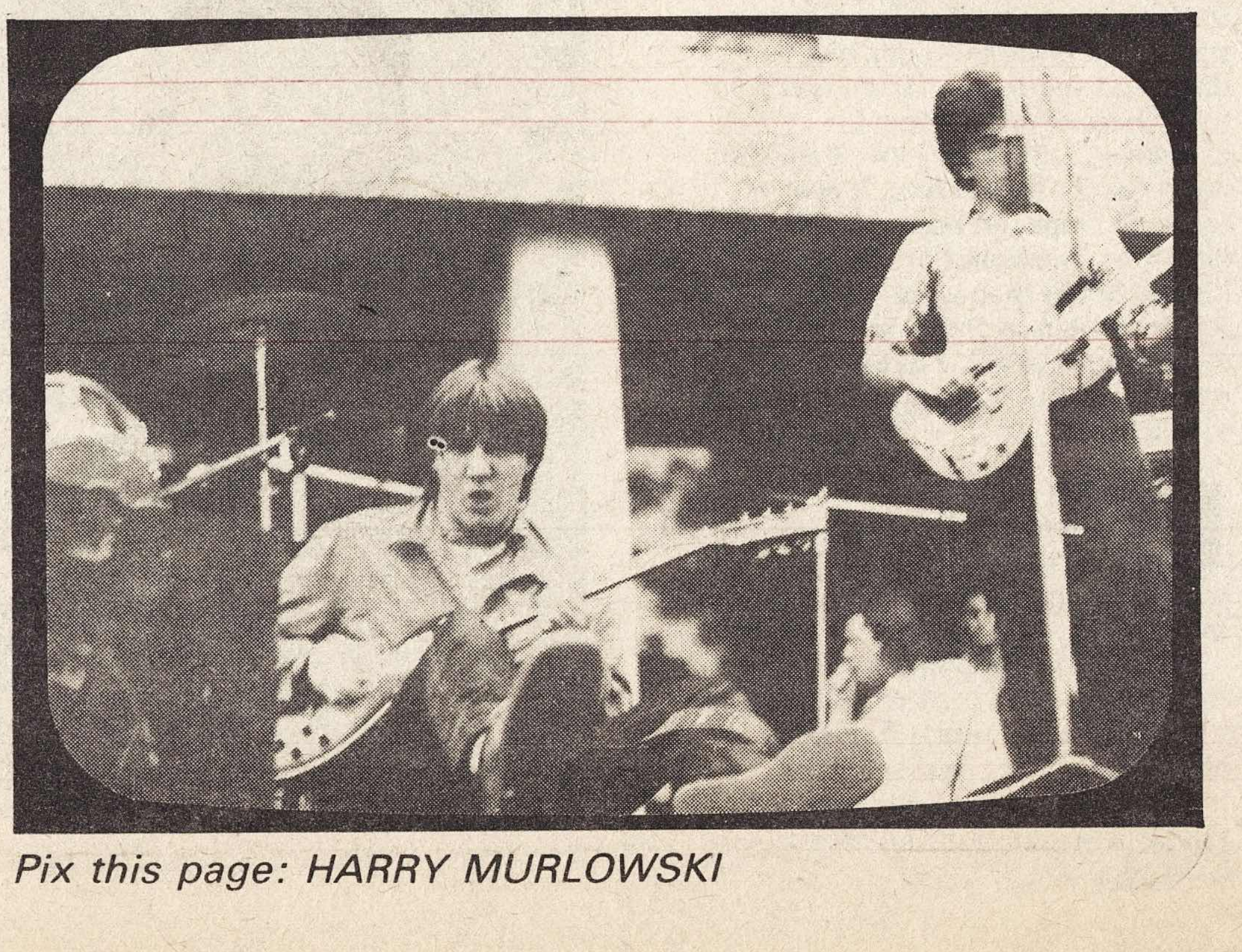
He determined to experiment, he was concerned with Alternative TV as an open vehicle for self-expression, he attacked a multitude of targets vigorously and impusively, he totally denied any importance to often making quite important mistakes, just put it all down to experience.

Above all, as with most sensitive people — and over the last year Perry systematically has become an extremely sensitive person, at least creatively — he has been idealistic, outwardly and inwardly discovering, aiming for that elusive freedom and purity, regardless of the hopelessness it obviously induces.

If he had matured noticeably during the days of *Sniffin' Glue,* then his growth with ATV has been startling.

But there's obviously still a long way to go.

Even so . . . "Because of the punk thing with Glue, everyone expected me to be a punk hero, and to die a punk. But I find that ridiculous, because I think every human being is naturally contradictory, naturally hypocritical . . . so you change. You've got to give room for change in a person. I don't feel associated with the punk thing now. Its face to the nation is someone with a safety-pin up his nose beating a Ted. That's nothing to do with me. Punks let me down; no way is it the other way."



Pix this page: HARRY MURLOWSKI

EVEN IN the earliest days, Perry was determined that his group should not utilise the by-then mandatory punk rules and regulations, but re-introduce those early ideas of punk — constant change and re-valution.

"I'd started thinking about what I really like in music, started looking back to Can and the Mothers, things like that, listening to new things. Things by Throbbing Gristle, Cabaret Voltaire. And I began to think that I should do some new things, try something different, although in fact we were very normal in those early days, just trying things out with tapes."

Alternative TV's first line-up was Mark Perry (vocals), Alex Ferguson (guitar), Mickey Smith (bass) and John Towe (drums). This line-up lasted just one gig: Smith was replaced by Tyrone Thomas.

This is the group that recorded the sublime "Love Lies Limp", a single given free as a flexi-disc in the tenth issue of *Sniffin' Glue:* it was originally recorded for EMI, who finally declined to sign the band, deciding, believe it or not, that ATV were too political!

Towe left in August: Dennis Bennet was introduced on drums. The Perry, Ferguson, Bennet and Thomas line-up recorded "How Much Longer/You Bastard", an acceptable piece of orthodox clench-rock. This was their Clash-era, despite Perry's actual intentions.

The reason for the (almost) conventional ATV of that time was

● *Continues over page.*

● From previous page

SWITCH TO ALTERNATIVE TELEVISION

essentially Alex Ferguson. He was always very much into the harmonies, structures and sounds of straightforward pop/rock — which is all very well, but Perry was quickly dismayed at the confines the inclusion of Ferguson meant.

"I knew that the pop thing wasn't for us. For a start the way the band was playing was too comfortable. I just couldn't take it. Alex wanted to be on *Top Of The Pops*, and I certainly didn't! I couldn't take all these kids expecting us to live up to this basic image of 'How Much Longer' ".

Ferguson left. Typically, Perry took a lot of stick for the Ferguson departure. Many concluded that Ferguson was the creative force in ATV: some absolute genius.

Whatever, his departure certainly saw the most radical changes — a massive leap closer to the ideals Perry originally had in mind. The majority of ATV's healthy development has been since October when Ferguson left.

"Oh, Christ, yeah . . . like he used to hate me playing guitar, 'cos I was learning as I was playing, and he used to hate it. Pulled me plug out once in Edinburgh. Once he left we just went crazy and got totally obscure. We did a Wayne County tour of this country, a tour of France with John Cale, and we were totally obscure, a real trash band like early Television."

After the immediate joyous overkill, the group settled down. Tyrone Thomas was apparently thrown out for getting too drunk: Chris Bennet came in on bass. Perry, Bennet and Burns recorded "Life After Life", their third single, and the album, augmented by a couple of session musicians. The most recent recruit is guitarist Mick Linehan.

Previously, Perry has commented that he finds this type of constantly fluctuating personnel creatively beneficial — things don't get obvious or static. It's an unusual view, and one he's beginning to modify.

"I used to think it was totally necessary, but maybe it was just what was wrong with us. When we have a unit of four, after a few gigs, I tend to get a little bored. But, funny enough after saying that, this new line-up with the new guitarist is really working well. Maybe it's just who we've had in the past. Yeah, I might change my opinion of that fluctuating line-up situation."

THERE'S A calm authority, and occasionally some wily word of wisdom, that seems a little strange and incongruous coming from Perry.

Seated at the other side of a wooden table, taking occasional swigs of lager, relating and ruminating confidently, he looks more like a cheeky schoolboy telling tales than an articulate artist with interesting and at times invigorating theories.

He's a small guy with soft features, and shoulders round almost as if in defence — a most unlikely looking performer. But yeah, that's all down to pre-concieved notions, one of the rigid concepts Perry's determined to break down.

We talked at the offices of Faulty Products, from where such labels as Deptford Funk City, Illegal, and Step Forward operate. Incidentally, the independent company that Perry established in collaboration with Miles Copeland, who ran MCA Records (gold records for Wishbone Ash dotted the office we talked in) has given the charts Squeeze and Sham 69.

It's easy to observe that in everything that Perry has entered he has been a success: sort of a journalist a&r man of a kind, and now a definite musician.

Yet, apart from those speedy *Sniffin' Glue* days, he has drawn minimal praise. During ATV's existence, Perry has been faced with continual problems and hassles relating to reputation, intentions and ignorance, enforced equally by his own apparent arrogance and the suspicion of others. He is a very honest and blunt person, open to continual misinterpretation.

The two most dominant recent experiences in Alternative TV's career indicate the extent of Perry's honesty; the way honesty can work two ways, turn into an arrogance, and how its reputation turns out all twisted and rotting.

The recent Roundhouse gig, for instance: A great bill — Buzzcocks, Alternative TV and Penetration. But an argument over billing ruined the concert.

ATV were contracted to go on second, but Penetration disputed this and demanded to go on second themselves. Eventually, the arrangement turned out as contracted, but unfortunately Penetration, understandably a little peeved, dropped a little one-liner on stage about Perry's stubborness.

When ATV arrived they were greeted with booing and lots of liquid. They had to leave the stage, Reports of the occasion imply Perry had been a sod, insisting on going on second — but he maintains that second was how the group was contracted, second is how they played. That's an honesty, but it back-fired on him.

"Plus, we needed that 80 quid, and I reckoned that if we went on first, we might not have got it."

The reason ATV so desperately needed their fee was because they were about to embark on a tour, with Here&Now, playing a series of dates up and down the country for free.

Again, this Perry decision has been distorted: people have begun to place ATV in the contrived psychedelia revival bag, or insensitively brand them as a bunch of latent hippies, or mistakenly knock them for playing purely for students.

Perry reacts: "The reason why we're doing this free tour with Here&Now is that they are the only people in the country who are doing their gigs for free, which is the best thing you can possibly do for people.

"It's what I've always wanted to do. Free gigs for people! Like in Bristol, we played this open air gig for a load of young kids, and it was really good. Yet people still find room for complaint.

"There may be some sort of album coming out from this tour, with ATV and Here&Now having a side each."

(Here&Now are like a rawer version of Gong).

ATV have done more conventional dates than this odd series with Here&Now: like the Cale and County dates. Even so, in their 15-months existence they've yet to pass the 50 gig mark.

That's not many gigs: but the experience is full. So how does Perry see his own and the band's growth during the last year — from a confusion about what the group was doing in terms of minimal ideas through to a confusion about what the group is doing now in terms of too many ideas, too many possible healthy directions.

"I don't think there's been much of a growth . . . just that we've had the guts to do what we've done. Everything I did when I started was so unsure. Yeah, our personalities have definitely improved. We've been able to say things and put things on record that we were previously a bit unsure about.

"I've always been positive about music, but even right up to the album we were thinking, let's not do that, let's do the easy thing . . . whereas with the album we just said, sod it let's do an 11-minute track, let's put four tracks on side two, let's not just do a load of songs.

"Personally, I feel ATV are keeping the punk ideals alive more than anyone."

The abstracts of, like, freedom, discovery, motion?"

"Sure. To me that's what punk is about. Experimentation; certainly not following sheep or anything like that."

But punk, using it as a more metaphysical term, got bogged down within a month or two in respect of any real experimentation or change, although an under-current of groups have carried on those loose early ideals and have been totally ignored. There are still groups who perpetuate the abstracts of punk as a radical movement.

"They're still the ones who don't play the obvious gigs, or who haven't signed to the worst-looking labels. Siouxsie And The Banshees have signed to Polydor — I'm a bit disturbed about that. If bands can do it for themselves, it's best for everyone concerned. I love bands to do things for themselves. It always seems to come out best, even if it is a bit dodgy, the sound or summat . . . it's still better than a big American-based company putting a record out. For me, I like to buy records put out by people as opposed to machines."

IS PERRY in some way disappointed with the laziness of the punk heirarchy: their willingness to be manipulated, or lose aims?

"I say I'm disappointed with them, but I've got good records by them and when it comes down to it, that's always important. As long as you're inspired by it and are doing something yourself, you're carrying on, you're creating.

I remember the early daze at The Roxy, Sniffing Glue and that ...

Pic: SHEILA ROCK

Then I started sniffing guitars ...

Pic: ERICA ECHENBERG

"As long as there's that continual turnover of bands then that's OK. I don't *need* bands like Clash anymore, though. They're just good rock bands. Once you realise that, that's when you forge ahead. That's the trouble with a lot of kids; they don't realise that. They still think that they're gonna win wars with those bands."

Deviating a little . . . looking down from above to some extent: Magazine, Buzzcocks, Wire possibly with Soft Boys soon, chip away at the rock routine with irony but are quite content to use its functions with minimal adaptation, specifically in terms of promotion, presentation and image.

Their content may be different, disturbing whatever, but the actual means of communication is ultimately staid and regular.

Then there are those working actively outside the recognised business, and it can't be coincidental that these are the most vital 'rock' groups: I'm thinking of The Fall, Throbbing Gristle, and The Prefects. There's the usual argument of changing from within, but this will never work with any definite revolutionary force, and of course there's the frustration of wanting desperately to reach more people with their act.

Buzzcocks have to some extent dented the walls, but it's hardly noticeable. Siouxsie and the Banshees are full of hope. But once you accept a position within those traditions, no matter how radical the music, it's impossible to avoid dilution and repression: the rock business is hopelessly false.

Perry with ATV was obviously lucky to have his own organised label to operate from (although people knocked him for that!). Furthermore, he's always been concerned with constant change in performance, and with playing the unusual venues. He has avoided the excessive trappings of rock music, although he readily admits that these trapping are full of temptation.

"We'd fall into it and say, 'yes please' I've trusted loads of bands. Every band that has signed up, I've trusted. But they're human, they get their money, their 50 quid a week, they get comfortable. They fall for it, and I think I would too. So I try very hard to keep away from it. I admit I'd fall for it."

ATV have consciously skirted the perils, sometimes going well out of their way to avoid temptations. This is one of the reasons they've developed so strongly. They have to work hard for attention: attention won't come to them.

But, again parodoxically, because they're working hard, and thinking, they discover new forms and ideas, and their music gets a little difficult.

"The thing is, people have really got to listen to us. They just can't come along and have a good time. They've got to listen hard. That's a thing that could be wrong with us. Our songs are not self-explanatory, they take a lot of listening, a lot of understanding. If people look at our songs on the surface, they're not very good. You've got to go deeper."

Rock audiences are of course the bane of all forward thinking rock musicians: their laziness and acceptance, their reluctance to meet anything half-way, their wariness of anything new without a softening image. It's astounding that rock music ever manages to progress at all! Perry gets very animated about the subject of audiences on a number of occasions during the conversation.

"I think audiences have got to grow up like I've grown up — from being an arrogant punk to being a bit thoughtful about music and the effect it has on people.

"The trouble with audiences is that they love to be audiences. Spectators love to be spectators; you can't try to make them anything else. But it's not their fault, it's the way they've been brought up, to be an audience to a performer.

"That's why I tend to preach, because as I'm the spectacle for that evening I realise that maybe something goes in . . . and they all go, yeah Mark, wow . . . but next day they'll probably forget it all.

"It's usually me in the heat of the moment going over the top and getting very excited. I do get very excited on stage. When I get into those improvised lyrics . . . I'll think next day, oh, wow, that was a bit over the top. ATV are very excitable on stage, we tend to say thing. Later we think oh shit? Why did we say that!"

ATV ARE not as obviously radical and revolutionary as say Throbbing Gristle or the plastic-jerky Devo. Occasionally their music will extend into a sort of overwhelming, chaotic heavy metal, very sharp and hard, in a way ordinary. This is because they still rely to certain extent on riffs to form a basis: passages can still develop sparse or minimal, expand or change, but they're always centred around a riff.

The one definite aspect of any ATV performance is 'improvisation'. There is plenty of improvisation both musically and lyrically, and at its peak this has to be the purest and best means of achieving fire, emotion, atmosphere.

ATV don't abuse this potential.

Perry and ATV tend to play with sounds and structures within their limited technical ability and the limitations of the instruments they use, with the resulting style, straight rock or reggae or whatever, being almost accidental.

Perry's concern with music is creating a mood, getting across a feeling.

"The way we work is from the words downwards — the sounds come to enhance them. When I say I want our music to get better, I mean to put across an idea more subtly, more discreetly. The best music, I think, is a discreet type of music. At the moment we're a bit noisy, a bit clattery, crash bang, feedback and that. I want to be a bit . . . not slick . . . I want to learn what sounds do to people.

"Like Eno . . . I admire him very much. Very discreet, very sparse. It's something I would like ATV to get into. We have tried to ourselves occasionally, but we couldn't sustain it for more than three minutes!"

A fine mess it got me into, hanging out with ol' hippies ...

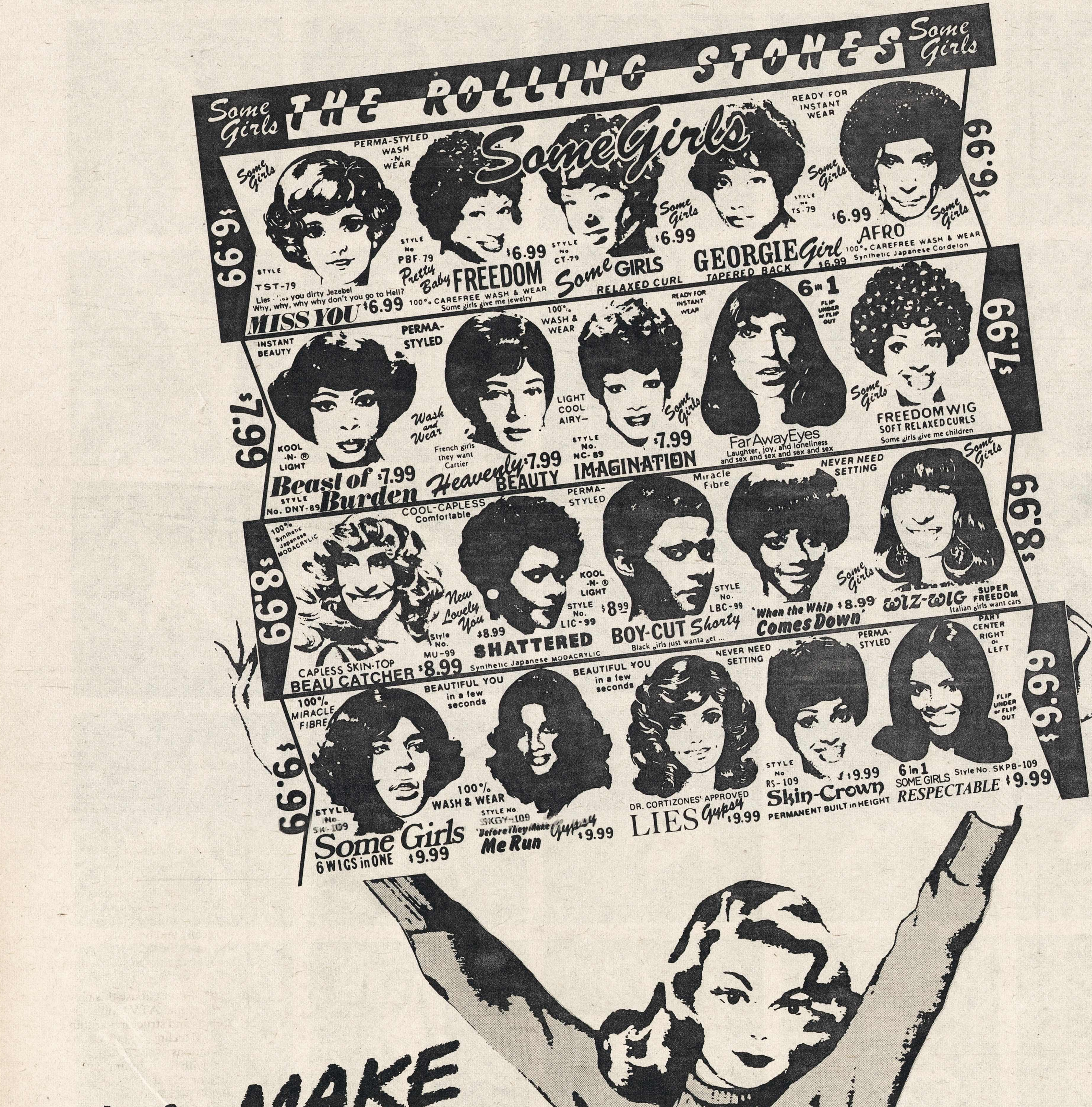
And you can take the group anywhere for tea ...

These pix: HARRY MURLOWSKI

● Continued page 57.

THE ROLLING STONES

Some Girls


Some Girls
THE ROLLING STONES
Some Girls
Some Girls
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READY FOR INSTANT WEAR
STYLE TST-79
Lies - lies you dirty Jezebel Why, why, why why don't you go to Hell?
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THRILLS

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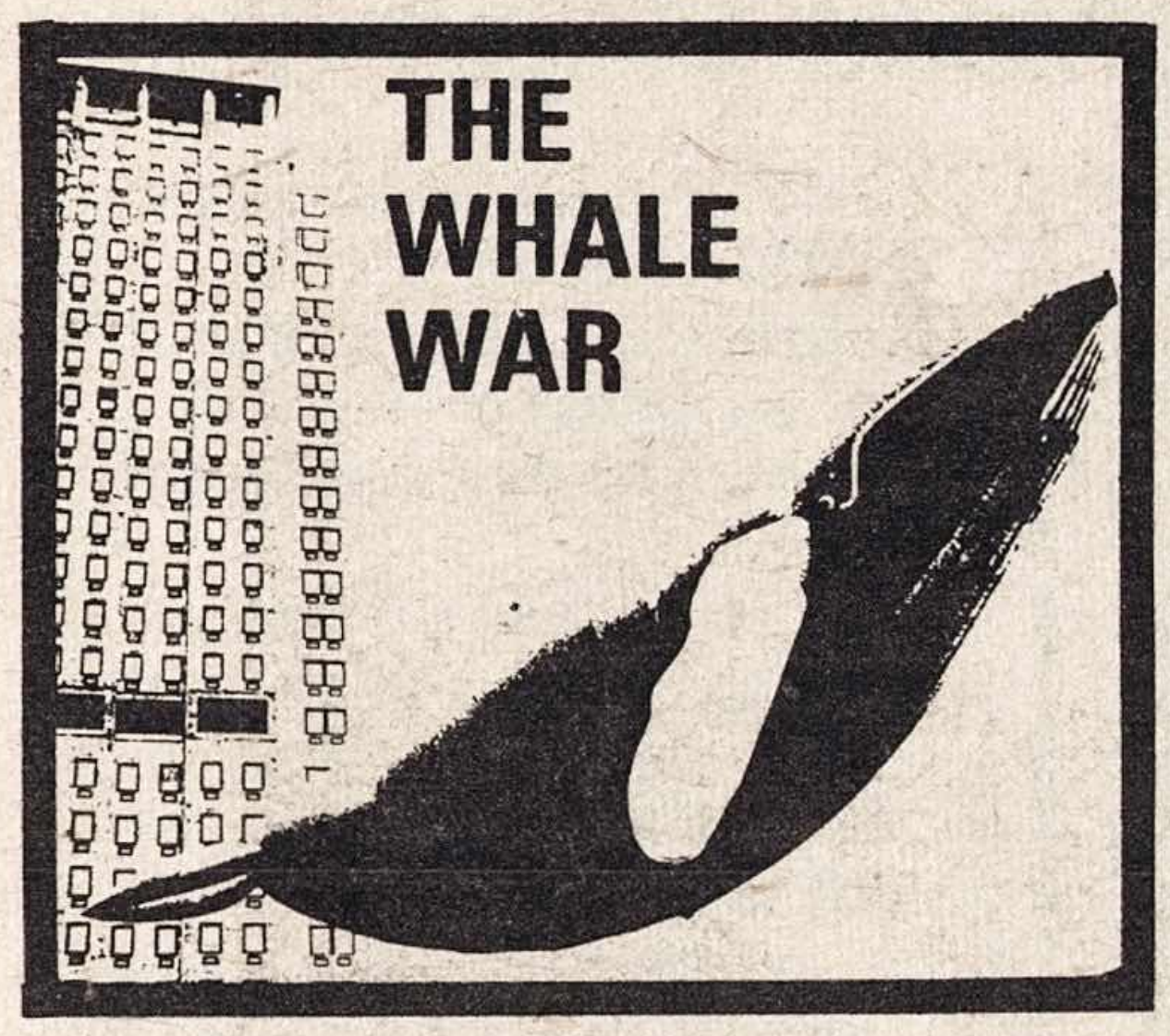


The Final Solution?

In International Whale Week DICK TRACY plots the plight of the beast and finds fools making laws for the breaking of jaws...

MAMMOTH PAWNS IN A BLOODY WAR: Russian whalers play chess on the carcass of a grounded spermwhale. *Pic by NOVOSTI PRESS AGENCY*

> *Whalers . . . in all seasons and all oceans declared everlasting war with the mightiest animated mass that has survived the flood; most monstrous and most mountainous.*
> **Herman Melville —** *Moby Dick*

THERE IS A bloody war being fought on the deep oceans — and the whales are losing.

Once whaling used to be an equal contest between man and beast, a dangerous adventure, the numbers taken small enough to ensure that the total population of whales was never harmed. Now the whale hunt is systematic butchery from which few whales escape.

Surrounded by their killer boats, the factory ships — floating slaughterhouses — use their sophisticated sonar to sweep the seas, spotter planes to spy hundreds of miles of ocean for tell-tale spouts.

Once a pod of whales is sighted, as many as 18 killer boats can swing into action, each boat fitted with powerful explosive harpoons.

Whales feel pain as we do. Yet they are killed with six feet long, 160 pound harpoons with explosive . grenade heads which slam into the whale at 60 mph and explode in its blubber. An ex-ship's surgeon who witnessed many whale kills at first hand describes it so: "If we can imagine a horse having two or three explosive spears driven into it and then made to drag a heavy butcher's truck while blood poured over the roadway until the animal collapsed an hour or more later, we should have some idea of what a whale goes through."

The dead whale is then hauled up the factory ship's slipway and dissected to provide those essentials of the modern world — perfume, soft leather, floor polish, dog meat — which we cannot live without. Another will have died before you finish reading this paper.

The full horror of the situation can only be appreciated if you realise exactly how astounding whales are. Try to imagine for instance a blue whale, the largest of which is around the same size and weight as a VC10 airliner. All blue whales have three ton tongues.

In 1930 there were an estimated 100,000 of these meat mountains; by 1953 the figure was 15,000. More than 30,000 were killed in 1934 alone. The blue is now "commercially extinct" and fighting to survive.

All whales move in a sea of total sound. In the depths two or three thousand feet below the surface sperm whales chase and stun giant squid in total darkness, guided only by their superb echo-location system. Sperm whales have the heaviest brain of all mammals, weighing in at 17lbs, and according to one Russian scientist: "The sperm whale brain structure is such that it can be said to be a 'thinking' animal capable of displaying high intellectual capabilities". Sperm oil represents the economic backbone of the whaling industry — and they are the largest whales still being killed.

Even the humpback, whose eerie, ever-changing "songs" have provided the raw material for two popular LP's has been forced off the whalers hit list and is fighting against extinction.

Whales were at their present highly advanced state of evolution when we were just struggling out of the primeval mud and have remained relatively undisturbed as masters of the ocean for some four million years — until this century.

Anti-whale campaigner Paul Spon puts it this way: "One of the more common human comparisons relates to the attempt by the Nazis to create genocide for the Jews in the Second World War. Something like six million Jews were actually wiped out in a very systematic attempt to exterminate something that was regarded as inferior or dangerous.

"If you take the number of whales and dolphins that have been exterminated since the beginning of the century, the numbers come out to about six million.

"Not the intention, but the impact is comparable. In fact what is at stake here is the total loss of a really highly involved form of life which is quite unique and has a lot to offer us if we would only understand it."

There's no Geneva Convention for whales — only a corrupt and inefficient body called the International whaling Commission, established 30 years ago by the whaling nations to protect *their* interests, not the whales.

Economics come before emotions, — a fact reflected in the cloaked language the IWC use, as depersonalised as the Pentagonese their counterparts in the human war games employ. Whales are simply "stock". They blithely talk of "kill ratios" and the "economics of extinction". When a young whale attains maturity, they call it "reaching the age of recruitment."

The Russians and Japanese, between them responsible for some 75% of the current whaling activity, openly flaunt IWC rulings. The *Sunday Times* recently carried a letter from an anonymous Soviet scientist accusing the Russian people of a "crime against nature" for slaughtering nearly 2000 whales more than their international quota allows.

The Japanese, in turn, have established pirate operations in Peru, one of six whaling nations not even in the IWC. They are also involved in the infamous Sierra Fishing Agency, a factory/catcher ship which is owned by a Norwegian company, flies a Cypriot flag of convenience and has a [illegible] group of four Japanese on board from the company that buys the meat. It is canned and labelled 'Produce of Spain.'

Worse still, the IWC decide how many whales can be killed each year on the basis of figures supplied to them by a scientific committee. Paul Spon, fresh from his third such conference at Cambridge last week, told *Thrills* "I could be rude about it as a matter of fact."

We encourage him.

"I'm not saying that the scientists are not honest people . . . The problem is they don't know what's happening.

"Of course they are aware of the protests and the dissenting opinions that come from a few scientists who care, but by and large they are a very tight knit group, a club in a sense, that's been working together for decades and have always worked in an industry context. So their reactions are almost automatic.

"The populations of all species of great whales on this planet are unknown at this point and . . . the scientists do not have the time, money or expertise to accurately assess them.

"So they guess a lot."

Thus the stage is now set for a bloody confrontation. The whalers know their industry is past its peak and public pressure is mounting. Their most likely course of action at this point is outlined in the *Friends of the Earth* Whale Manual:

"The fourth option open to the whalers is to slaughter as many whales as possible, as quickly as possible within the lifetime of their existing equipment. On purely economic grounds this is the best course to follow."

Herman Melville would have been horrified.

In *Moby Dick*, published in 1851, he assessed the whale's chances of extinction and wrote . . . "We account the whale immortal in his species, however perishable in his individuality. He swam the seas before the continents broke water, he once swam over the site of the Tuileries, and Windsor Castle, and the Kremlin . . . and the eternal whale will still survive, and rearing upon the topmost crest of the equatorial flood, spout his frothed defiance to the skies."

In 1978 the whales' only hope lies with The Front Line.

THRILLS

SLICK QUITS

GRACE SLICK has just — with surprising precision — inserted her index finger into the nostril of a very surprised German girl in the front row. Withdrawing it, she wipes the residue on the face of another spectator.

Weaving between the aisles, the audience and the stage, blowing her cues and straying from the established lyrics, singing from the lap of a man in the crowd, skip-dancing in front of the stage like a pathetic adult version of Shirley Temple, mauling and haranguing the Starship as they pumped out the rhythms, trying their best to cover for her . . .

Until Paul Kantner moved into "Wooden Ships" and she moved towards him and let fly with an inaccurately-aimed kick at his ass. He never flinched.

"What are you gonna do about it?" she wailed. "Stick it in somebody's ass?"

Effectively, that ended the show. The band retreated numbly from the stage, but Grace just kept sitting there on the drum riser, mike in hand. The remains of the 1800-strong crowd who'd paid the equivalent of £7.50 each burst into deafening applause, demanding an encore.

They got a wracked, murderous version of "White Rabbit", after which a roadie grabbed Grace's hand and led her off.

Marty Balin walked over to her backstage. "Grace," he pleaded, "you know I didn't want to do this tour and I only did it because you said you needed me. Well, can we sit down and have lunch together tomorrow and talk about it?"

"No," she snapped.

"Can we sit down and have a coffee together, then?"

"No," she repeated. "I don't give a fuck about any of you guys."

THAT WAS Hamburg, the Monday before Knebworth and the day after the riot at Loreley Amphitheatre, 40 miles out of Weisbaden. The seeds of the trouble were sown when Grace's husband — Starship lighting director Skip Johnson — announced that morning that Grace had had "a rough night" and that a doctor had been sent for. The eventual diagnosis was if she performed that day she would rupture either her appendix or intestines and "would almost certainly die."

When Paul Kantner attempted to visit Grace in her suite, his path was blocked by Skip Johnson, and within seconds the two had come to blows. Slick flung open the door and shouted, "Stop it! I don't want any of this!"

By five o'clock, the doctor announced that he could boost Slick's abnormally low pulse with pills and that if she proceeded with caution, she could still do the gig. Immediately Kantner and Balin visited Slick, but after 15 minutes discussion, Grace announced that she was set against playing.

"And not just this one," she declared defiantly. *"I don't want to play with you guys ever again."*

"I'm fed up with rehashing the '60s. I'm fed up with the cock-bitchery in this band. I don't like the sound and there hasn't been any publicity for this fucking tour."

Kantner left the room so dazed and shell-shocked that he walked straight into a wall. In the corridor, he and Balin attempted to put together a set-list for a Slickless show, but eventually Kantner decided that "it would be like the Stones without Jagger. I don't want to fool our audience." Balin and bassist/pianist Pete Sears protested, but Kantner was adamant. The gig was off, and a call was put through to the festival site to announce the fact.

At the site, things had been going badly. The Atlanta Rhythm Section had pulled out, and Jonathan Richman — their replacement — had pulled out as well. That left Leo Kottke and Brand X, and the crowd — composed of off-duty GIs and German rock fans — were in a decidedly mean mood and getting meaner by the minute.

Promoter Werner Kuhls and Starship tour manager Bill Laudsner made the announcements in both English and German, and then the cans started to fly. Then bottles. Then rocks and stones.

When the first security man went down, his boss told Kuhls, "I cannot allow my men to be injured. They are not getting paid to be killed." The 58 bouncers retreated from the stage as the Starship's chief equipment roadie caught a bottle in the head that put him in hospital with five stitches and treatment for concussion.

Then the invasioin started, as Germans and GIs poured onto the stage, attacking anything with "Starship" stencilled across it. Someone laid into a Marshall stack with an axe, while another took a knife to the speakers.

The crowd roared its approval. Trashed gear was thrown into a pile, doused with petrol and set alight while roadies — German, English and American — stood by helplessly. Three cops stood by passively: under German law, police are not required to save property when their lives would be endangered by doing so. "Seems everyone showed up with a screwdriver", muttered the band's assistant manager Jackie Kaukonen, as fans began dismantling the lighting rigs. Another detachment dismantled the entire stage.

Ambulances ferried away the injured. US military police busted a GI for smoking a joint and a group of Germans were intercepted staggering away with a grand piano.

Needless to say, the band had to be re-kitted out from scratch with hired gear before they could even worry about whether Grace would make the Hamburg gig. With or without her, they were ready to play, but she showed up with twenty minutes to spare.

And acted strange, as detailed above.

The morning after Hamburg, the legals were sorted out: in return for idemnity against all suits for damages and breach of contract, the Starship would return the $145,000 they'd already been paid for three German gigs (Loreley, Hamburg and the cancelled Berlin). Knebworth promoter Freddie Bannister was on the phone: he wanted them to play in England come-what-may. The band agreed to play without Grace . . . for the first time ever. New gear was ordered, and rehearsal facilities set up.

"We should call ourselves the Jefferson Wheelchair," laughed Balin. "Grace Sick and The Jefferson Wheelchair . . ."

ANDY McCONNELL

ILFORD
HP5
13
13A
14
14A
15

The Lorelei Fest, Germany: the crowd invade stage, bash equipment, steal the rest.

Pix by DESCHLER

FESTIVAL BURNS

Starship Sputter On After Grace Wigs Out.

BACK IN the sixties her nickname was 'Ice', you know," pointed out vocalist and songwriter Marty Balin, last Friday lunchtime. "Her whole trip is self-destruction."

Along with the remaining six members of the Starship Balin was preparing to go up to the Rainbow to rehearse a set for their Knebworth show that would not be dependent on any involvement from Grace Slick, who had flown back to the States from Hamburg three days previously.

Her departure followed the riot at the Loreley Festival outside Frankfurt last week, and the insurrection of the spirit within Grace herself two days later.

"It *did* seem impossible for her to go on at Loreley," said the band's English bassist Pete Sears. "She'd have needed a portable toilet onstage for use after every number."

At Hamburg, Grace had apparently started hitting the bottle before she was due to go onstage. Cleaned out from booze for some time now, according to Sears, Grace Slick was so unhinged by the ingestion of alcohol and freaked out onstage.

"She shouldn't drink at all," said the bassist. "She's an alcoholic. There's no point hiding that. It's quite well-known. Just a single drink will send her over the top."

Quizzed as to whether the singer's actions could possibly be a manifestation of cocaine-induced paranoia Sears denied that any of the group, who in the days of the Airplane were notorious for the quantities of white powders they consumed, any longer dabled with the substance. "I don't even smoke grass these days," he added. "I get off on looping the loop in a bi-plane I've got."

Marty Balin, who belied his "difficult" image by proving articulate and attentive, is convinced that all of Grace's problems are psychosomatic.

Pic: ROGER RESSMEYER

Grace: Moon in Scorpio

Her psychological problems are deep-rooted, he told me, adding, as though aware of the need for self-parody, that at the time of recording the newest LP, "Earth", he'd been busy building a house in California and hadn't wanted to go in the studio *at all.* Grace, though, had forced all the band to turn up on time at Wally Heider's Studio in San Francisco. "And then she was always running off to her husband and keeping us just hanging around."

The Starship's European dates followed a lengthy US tour which Grace, only two years off forty, had had a large hand in planning. Balin himself had blanched at the work-schedule but Grace had insisted it was well within her capabilities.

Immediately prior to these affluent old hippies hitting the road, and during the early dates themselves, the Starship, and Grace in particular, opened themselves up to writers for several "in depth" articles in US magazines.

It would seem that Grace's much heralded beliefs in acupuncture and natureopathy are perhaps in line with the stock "liberal" Californian dictum that salvation can be attained through the economic consumption of esoteric doctrines. For it was only when these interviews appeared and Grace duly read them that she started pulling herself under her own shit detector.

Grace, according to Balin, did not like the person she saw. "She spent years building up the legend," he sighed. "And then she turned around and said "I don't wanna be this 'White Rabbit' person anymore." This head state was exacerbated by her having written no new material of late.

"More than anything," added Balin, "she wanted to have that speck of light on her. And now it seems she's not at all happy with it."

At this point Slick's former lover Paul Kantner leaned across the table to Balin (who, incidentally, claims that reports of his refusing to commit himself to the band are grossly overplayed) and reminded him that on the night Grace wigged out in Germany there was a full moon in Scorpio, Grace's own sign. "People born under that sign have some problems, man. All that energy yet they *always* end up stringing themselves and causing themselves harm."

Which placed the writer in a dubious position. As a believer in astrology he could empathise with Kantner's remark. Yet he could hardly feel any sympathy for the musical attitudes this former *enfant terrible* of the American rock'n'roll New Left is currently turning out to fill the Hip Easy Listening racks.

In keeping with the near-muzak the Starship currently produce Kantner himself is highly articulate, yet largely glib.

Consequently, when I quizz him about the questionable honesty of spirit within the Starship's records and attempt to enter a dialogue with him about this he succeeds in largely ignoring all my points and provides what seems very much a Rent-A-Rap.

"I think our records bespeak the times in which we're living," he speed-spiels. "We're all just looking at each other now.

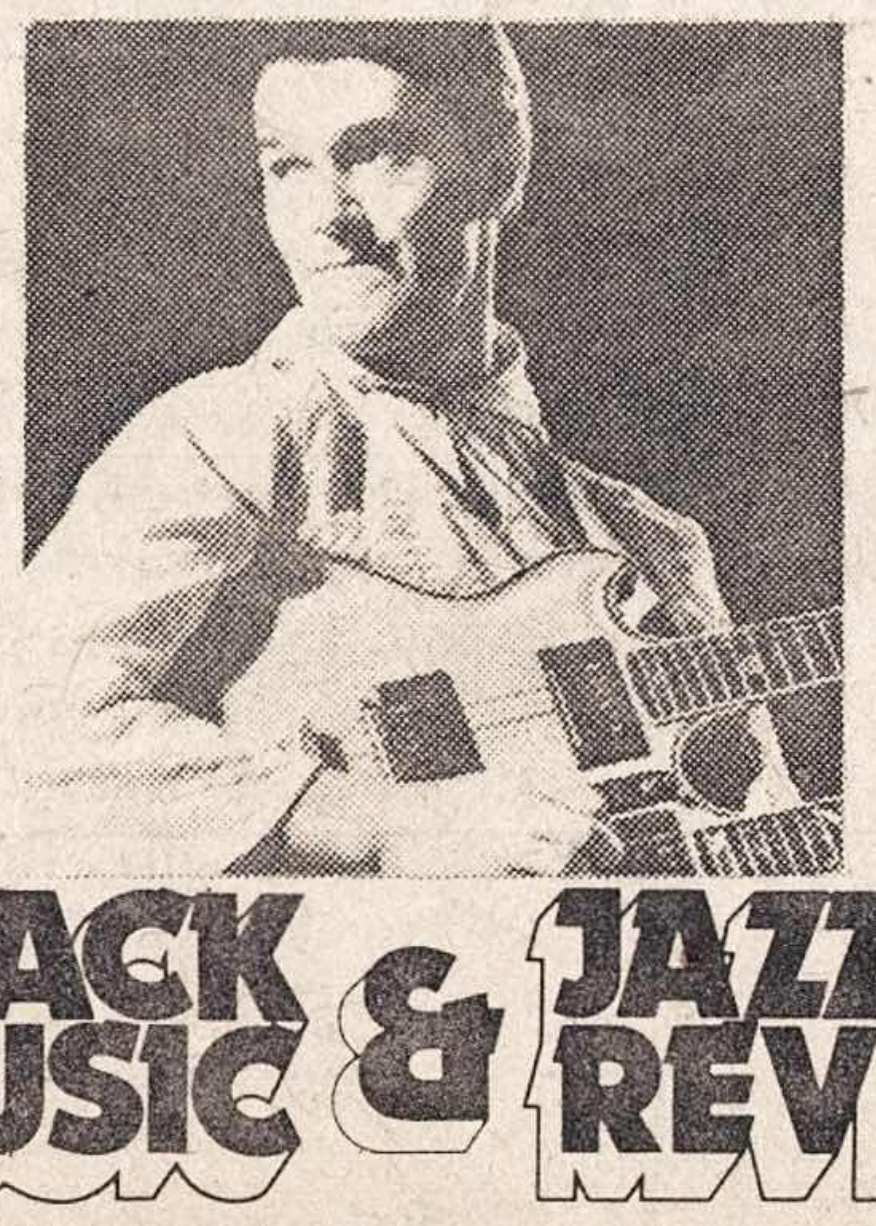
"World-fixing has gone from people. Even from us. The love-songs we play and that people criticize are part of *a reaching out* — " he taps me lightly on my left shoulder" — to individuals. The seventies are about toughening ourselves up.

"I always felt we had a fire and I still do. It's there pulling us together right now without Grace."

CHRIS SALEWICZ

The Lifetime of John McLaughlin

Lifetime, the major feature in July's issue is one of the most important bands in contemporary jazz-rock. We take a close look at the group's brief but influential career and assess the contribution of members, John McLaughlin and Tony Williams. There's a preview of the Montreux Jazz Festival plus articles on Dewey Redman, Brass Construction, and Phillip Mitchell. All this and a whole lot more in:



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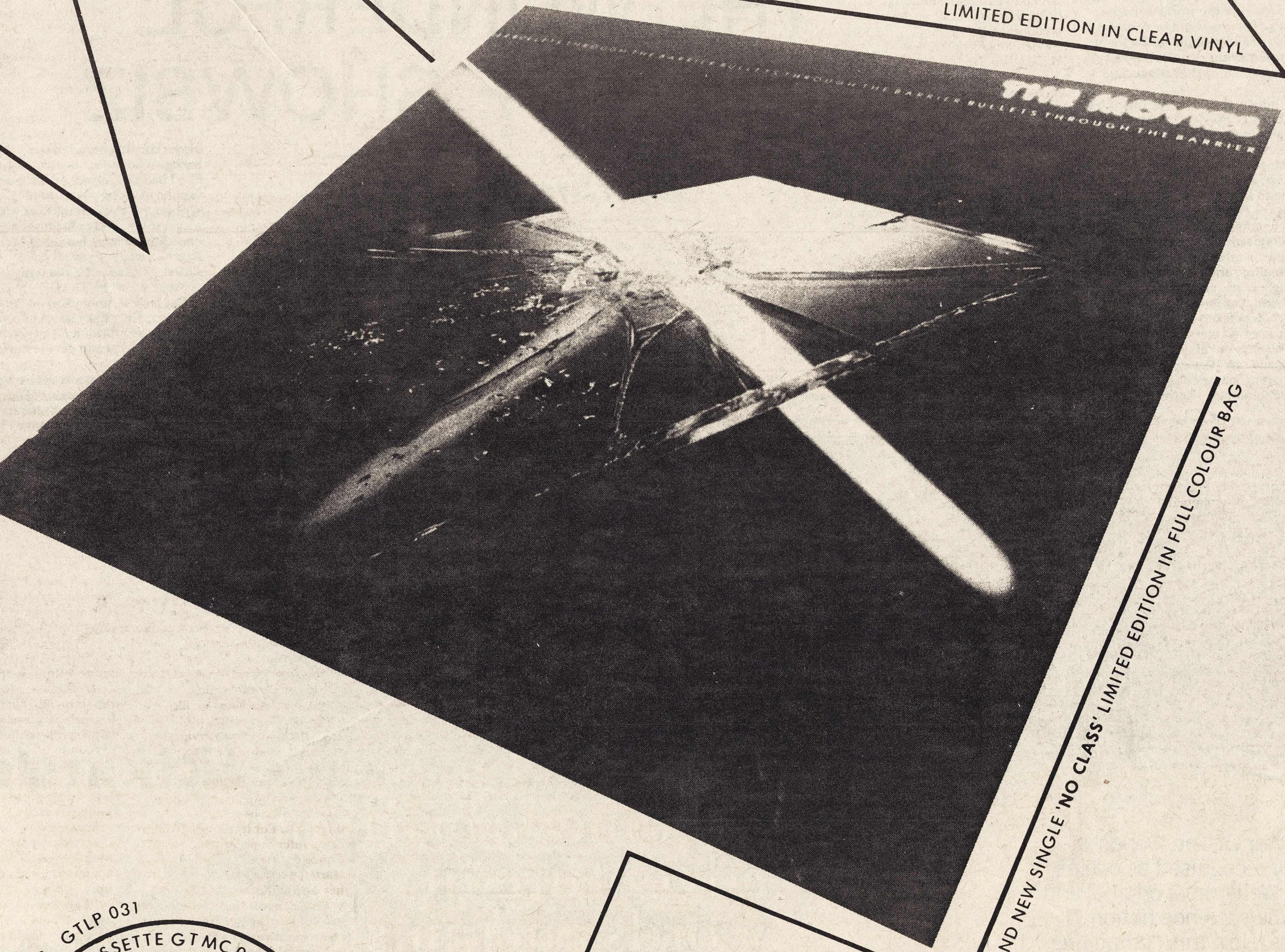
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THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SHOWBIZ

By Cherry Vanilla

MADISON AVENUE executive, disc jockey, actress, publicist, poetess, cabaret artiste, raconteuse and rock singer, the groupie's guru and hair-dye manufacturer's dream, Cherry Vanilla sums it all up with an expansive wave of her hand — "Everything I've done has been show business".

Together with her co-writer and co-habitant, guitarist Louis Lepore, his pastel-pink hair clashing with her own flaming crimson locks, she retraces her eccentric history with the air of a true romantic.

Eight years ago, she packed in the world of advertising and started free-lancing as a DJ in discos in New York and on the Riviera. After making a lot of contacts in the rock business, she hit the highway with the likes of Leon Russell and Kris Kristofferson in a less musical capacity.

"Groupie? — I was just a Superfan, another girl looking for romance."

Those halcyon days afforded a fair number of happy memories, especially of time spent with Jefferson Airplane.

"They were really good people. I mean, when a rock band comes to town, they don't have the time to find out if you have a brain in your head. You could be the world's dizziest groupie, or you could be Einstein's prodigy or something, and a lot of them just assume you're the world's biggest ditz. But they treated me great."

While on the road, she ran into a writer from *Playboy,* who suggested she auditioned for a play in New York (written, in fact, by Wayne County).

She got the part, Andy Warhol saw her act, and immediately asked her along to audition for his latest venture, *Pork*.

"He asked me to sing a hymn from Catholic school, so I sang this really terrible, warbly version of 'Dear Lady Of Fatima', and he loved it! He thought it was great, and bizarre, and fantastic, and gave me the part."

Pork was taken to London, and there she first met David Bowie.

"We all went along to the Country Club and saw Bowie, and he turned onto us of course because we were doing something Warhol.

"Then his manager, Tony DeFries, started calling us up for advice about New York — what was happening, what was the radio like, who was making it — and we became his unpaid, unofficial advisers in America."

At that time (Ziggy Stardust), DeFries decided that America was ready for Bowie. Cherry was hired, put on a salary, and, naturally, given a P.R. job — "because I talk so much".

She was largely responsible for his publicity, and did many of Bowie's interviews in place of the man himself.

"A lot of DJs found me interesting enough that they were willing to put me on the radio to talk about David Bowie, so he never had to be available. If he disagreed with something, he'd say, 'Well she's crazy, she said that, not me.' And if he agreed, he'd say 'As Cherry says . . . blah blah.' He could never make a wrong move."

After leaving the Bowie promotion, she published a book of her own poems and pictures, and after performing one of her poems at her birthday party in an Italian restaurant, she was offered a spot in a nightclub.

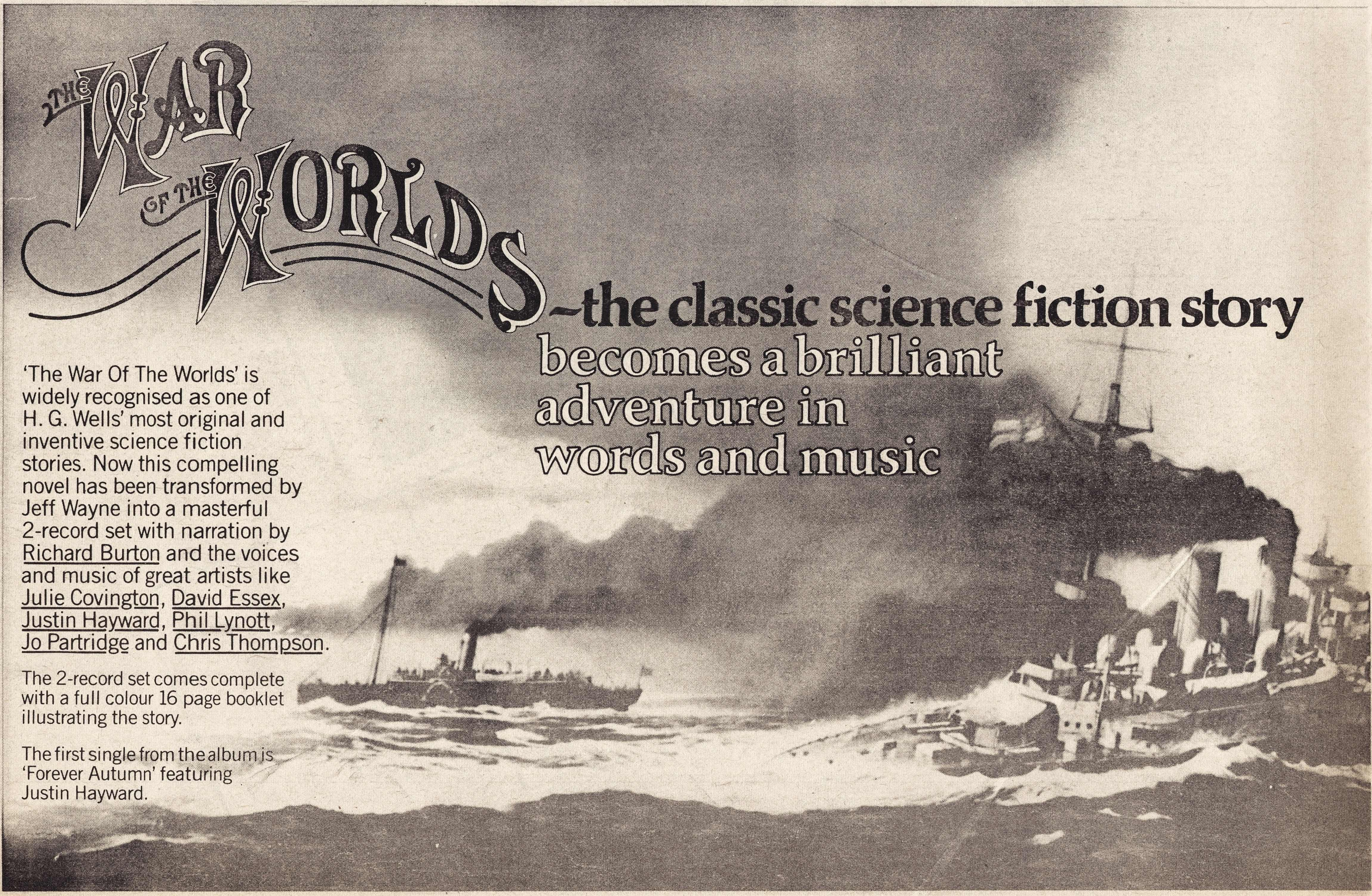
Within weeks she had put together a whole show.

"It was a combination Dorothy Parker / Lenny Bruce kind of trip. It was poetry, but also a lot of impromptu stories. I had this piano player tinkling things in the background. Some poems I acted out, like I had this pornographic space-age version of *Romeo And Juliet"*.

Soon this evolved into her writing actual songs, and enlisting various musicians to form her backing band. Later, she added psychedelic slideshows and what she terms "cosmic cartoons".

But lack of money forced another decision. Either she should become a Las Vegas entertainer, or try for a record contract and devote herself to rock music.

Las Vegas lost out to RCA, who signed her for one single, "The Punk", and then brought her band to


THE WAR OF THE WORLDS
–the classic science fiction story
becomes a brilliant adventure in words and music

'The War Of The Worlds' is widely recognised as one of H. G. Wells' most original and inventive science fiction stories. Now this compelling novel has been transformed by Jeff Wayne into a masterful 2-record set with narration by Richard Burton and the voices and music of great artists like Julie Covington, David Essex, Justin Hayward, Phil Lynott, Jo Partridge and Chris Thompson.

The 2-record set comes complete with a full colour 16 page booklet illustrating the story.

The first single from the album is 'Forever Autumn' featuring Justin Hayward.

England to record the album "Bad Girl" — in two weeks.

Some of the tracks were cut in one take, the arrangements are kept simple, and the whole album has a raw, but very effective, sound quality.

"I felt I had to just give basic well-structured songs, words and lyrics, chorus and verses, you know. There's no beatnik drum solos or anything — we didn't want to indulge too much for the first time out."

Stylewise, it's a mixture, with a blues / jazzy piece from her cabaret days, a country number, and a lot of raunch'n'roll.

The same goes for the lyrics, alternating between tributes to Phil Spector, and to Merseybeat, and the vindictive "Little Red Rooster" for Bowie, who backed out of producing the album. There's also the barbed "Foxy Bitch", intended to seriously deflate Linda Ronstadt's ego, and the very excellent "No More Canaries", written for the English punk kids.

Why had English punk made such an impression on her?

"It's completely different from American punk. The kids here — they didn't see the real problem. What they were trying to change was politics. The real problem is emotional, it's how people treat each other. You've got to keep reminding people who can change things that not everything's hunky dory around here.

"Basically, in 'No More Canaries' I' was saying: 'Great — you're raising your voices, but forget about the Government, your whole species is on the way out'."

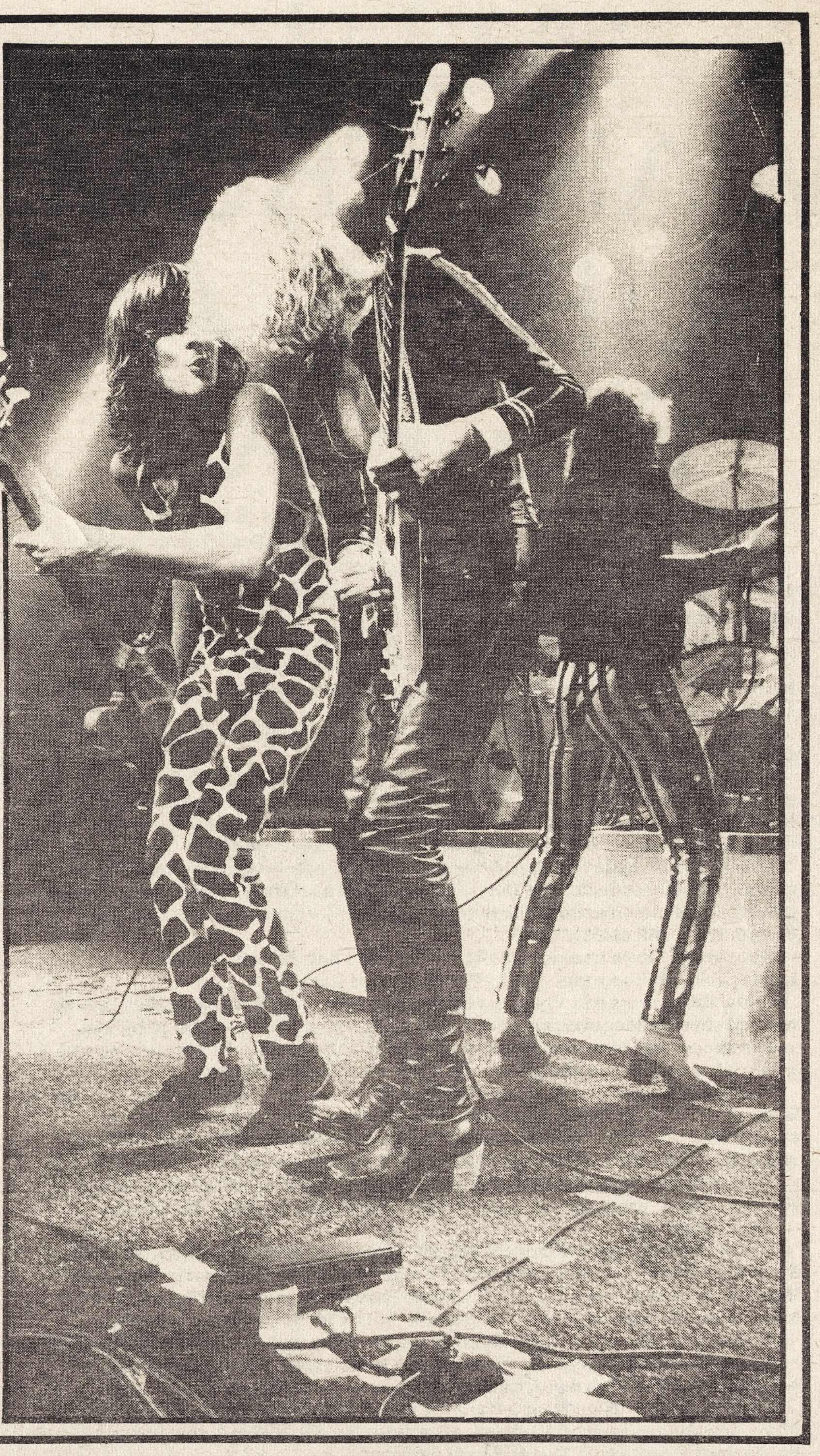
At the mention of any future plans incorporating other art forms into her music, Cherry leans forward excitedly, eyes lit up, with a grin about a mile wide, and starts talking as though she's finally lost all contact with Planet Earth.

"I'd love to have holograms, lasers . . . film. But we can't even make electronic music yet, because we can't afford synthesisers. I'd like to make as much expression aurally and visually as possible.

"Basically, I just try to go out there and be a fan again."

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS



UFO (L-R): PETE WAY, MICHAEL SCHENKER, PHIL MOGG in grinding, archaic action. Facing the music: photographer GEOERGE BODNAR.

"CAN'T YOU TURN YOUR BLOODY SPACESHIP DOWN, MATE?"

"'ERE, MY BLEEDIN' ear hurts," says Pete Way, bass player with UFO, as he comes offstage at the Wolverhampton Civic Hall.

"My mum always warned me about loud music. Always told me to turn down my record player. She would have told me to turn down my amp as well. Christ, I hope I've not damaged myself."

Down in the heavy metal zone, UFO are the latest ultra-loud band to set heads banging and ears hurting.

Vocalist Phil Mogg says they're a rock'n'roll band, rather than a heavy metal outfit. "It's the difference between Aerosmith and Black Sabbath," he says.

But what are UFO doing that's new? In what way, for example, is their music any different from what Led Zeppelin were doing ten years ago?

"If you're asking me that question," says Phil Mogg, "I'd say we're more contemporary."

In what way?

"I'd say we're more contemporary for this year and next year than Led Zeppelin. I feel that we're more current. We're more happening now. "Zeppelin was *then.* And they've remained in that period. They haven't moved. We've moved. We've moved each year and each album. That's it."

For the last six months, UFO and their families have lived in California. The drummer Andy Parker explains that this allows them to work in the States a lot and get home quickly. It's also (of course) for tax reasons.

"The way we see it," says Andy, "we've been together for seven years. I don't know how much longer we'll be together. Most bands manage ten years. So you've got to think about the future."

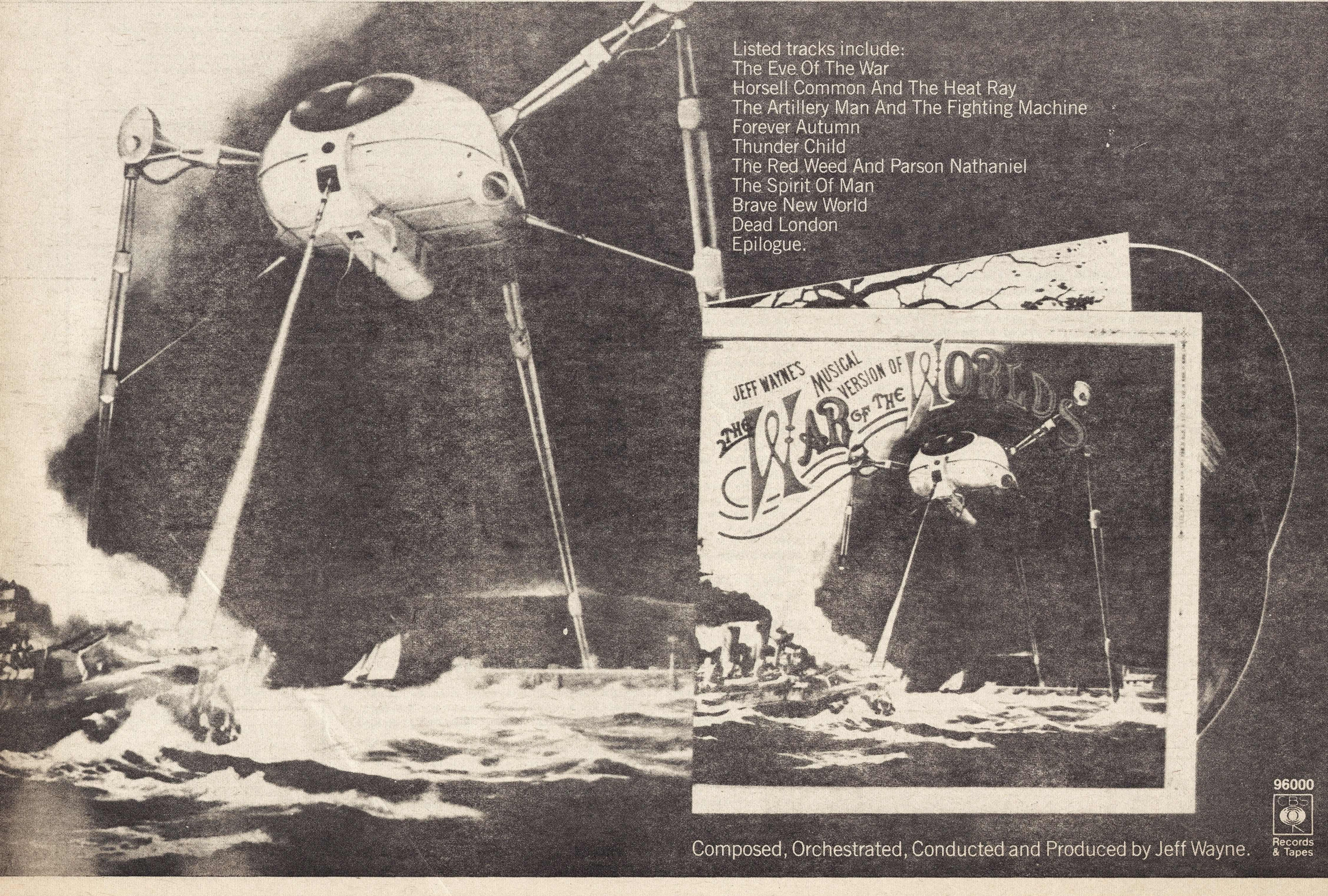
After all those years slogging round various parts of the world, it's only in the last 18 months or so that hard work has paid off.

The last album "Lights Out" was Top 20 in the States, Top 50 in Britain. The key to it was a nimble production by heavy metal specialist Ron Nevison.

Phil Mogg says, though, that the band still don't know what it's like to get paid . . . "We've never, ever been in pocket," he claims.

The next album, "Obsession",

● *Continues page 18*



Listed tracks include:
The Eve Of The War
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'ALL I WANT FROM LIFE IS A BIG P.A.'

WHEREVER PEOPLE scratch their heads dumbfoundedly over the stadium-scale success of certain second-generation American rock bands, you can count on some smart alec trotting out the fashionable explanation. It's a convenient, if somewhat glib theory and it runs something like this:

If Yes toured the states more often there wouldn't be a Kansas or a Styx. If the Stones and Zeppelin did likewise then people would remember the difference between Aerosmith and butter. And why pay to see both Black Sabbath and Genesis when you could buy one ticket for Rush?

Supply and demand. Someone creates a need, the need exceeds supply, and someone else steps in.

By extension then, we have the demise of Deep Purple to thank for the emerging supernova of Van Halen. In as much as anything can be said to be new in the field of gonzoid metal afterburn to which we refer, Van Halen are *IT* — the new heroes, playing what their singer David Roth calls future rock.

I know this because their first album is lodged tightly in the American Top 30 and has been for months, and they've already had a hit single over there and have played 72 dates on a nationwide tour with Journey, winning encores from the bottom of the bill at all but two.

But even if I were unaware of all that, I'd still know because of one inescapable, all-important detail: Van Halen are *louder.*

In the three-years odd since that fateful day when CBS Records looked at their balance sheets and found that with hardly a page of publicity — that particular year's budget was blown on Bruce Springsteen — Aerosmith had outsold almost every other rock act on the label, a revolution has been underway.

Well, perhaps not a revolution. Rather a slow realisation that the hard rock fan is the most rabid, devoted, insatiable creature there is, willing to join tens of thousands of his fellow worshippers at the flash-bomb alter at the drop of a tour schedule, willing to gobble up badges, posters and scarves galore, driven by a mysterious need for ritual brain cell depletion and seemingly at a loss to find enough capable practitioners of the sledgehammer arts to satisfy that need.

This is puzzling.

For since it was realised that the original British progenitors — Zep, Sabbath, Purple, etcetera — were leaving lots of room for upstarts, and that in the light of this U.S. audiences would gleefully devour their homegrown surrogates, there have indeed been plenty of practitioners — but all too few of them capable.

And more to the point, what *defines* capable? Why does it *not matter* when Ted Nugent solos in a different key from the rest of his band? What, apart from volume, have Van Halen got, that, say, Montrose haven't?

They've got David Roth for a start. He sings, struts and screams like Robert Plant, Ian Gillan and Paul Rodgers rolled into one. He looks — you guessed it - like Robert Plant, Ian Gillan and Paul Rodgers.

Facing what he calls "a foaming mob of the hardest core rock fans you could dream of" — they've been touring the UK with Black Sabbath — he stalks the stage like a stag, chest bared, mouth wide open, legs astride, a hand occasionally thrust down the front of his leather pants, his face contorted in a larger than life projection of pain and ecstasy.

David Roth thinks Van Halen's strength is their songs; "Short songs, no long jamming or extended solos. Three- or four-minute songs where you know when the chorus is coming up, you know when the verse is there, you remember the titles. That's been our guiding light."

I decided to ask one of the foaming mob, a scraggy-haired youth staring downcast at his soiled sneakers as he waited for the headliners to appear.

"Which bands do you like?" Without a word, he pulled up the sleeve of his regulation band name embroidered Levi jacket and showed me a Led Zeppelin scroll tattooed across his forearm.

"Did you like Van Halen?" A moment's consideration and a slight nod.

"Why?" Another moment's thought and then he raised both fists tight in the air and shook them like a warrior.

"They were *Heavy!*"

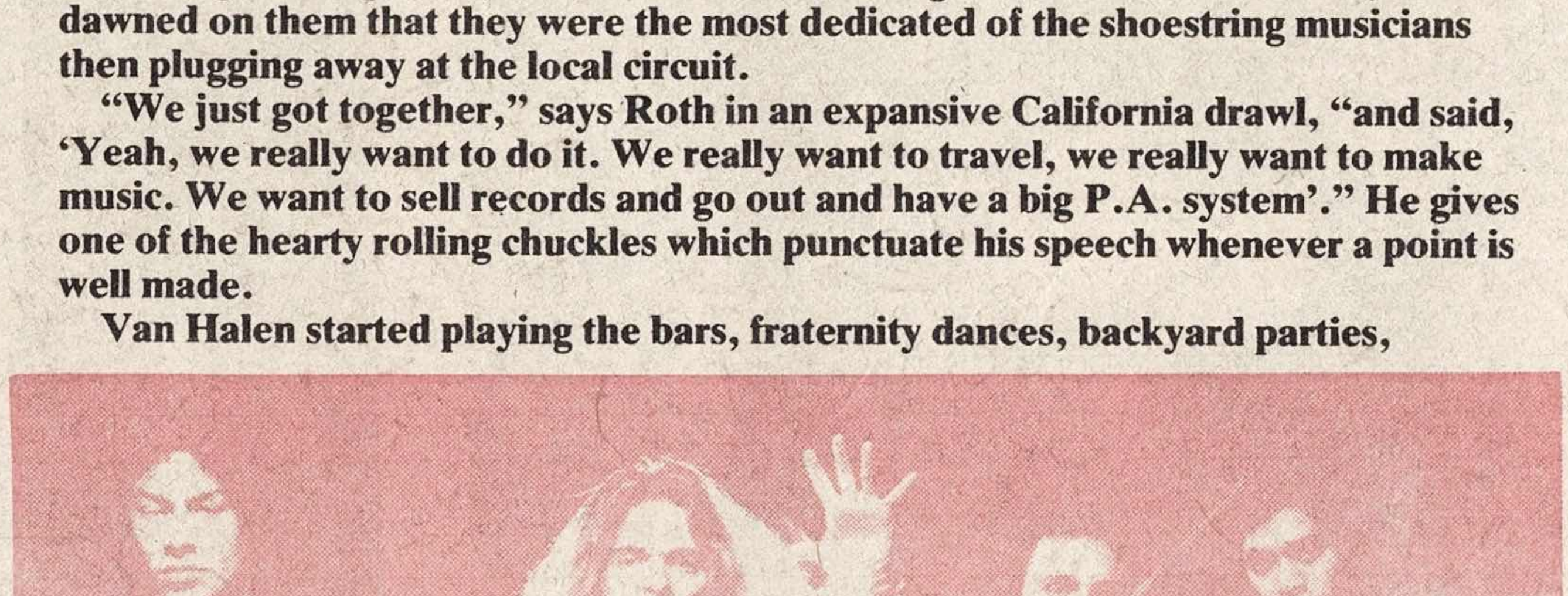
VAN HALEN came together in the suburbs of Los Angeles some four years ago, while most of the members were still in high school.

The Van Halen brothers — Alex on drums. Edward on guitar, both born in Holland and trained in classical piano — had a three-piece doing "all kindsa Cream jams" five years after Cream broke up. Michael Anthony was playing bass in a band called Snake, and David Roth was fronting Redball Jets, the sort of weekend collective that changed personnel faster than it changed its socks.

Through seeing each other's names on dressing room walls all the time, it dawned on them that they were the most dedicated of the shoestring musicians then plugging away at the local circuit.

"We just got together," says Roth in an expansive California drawl, "and said, 'Yeah, we really want to do it. We really want to travel, we really want to make music. We want to sell records and go out and have a big P.A. system'." He gives one of the hearty rolling chuckles which punctuate his speech whenever a point is well made.

Van Halen started playing the bars, fraternity dances, backyard parties, dance-athons and wet T-shirt contests where their main function was to imitate a juke box, except they were supposed to look better.



"We've taken the specifications of Black Sabbath's P.A., and we want to double it". . . VAN HALEN (from left): Alex Van Halen, Dave Roth, Mike Anthony, Edward Van Halen.

But vamping up covers of "Get Down Tonight", "Free Ride" and "Can't Get Enough" plus large portions of the Led Zeppelin and Edgar Winter songbooks was no outlet for the creative aspirations lurking inside, and since Hollywood bar owners would slam their doors if they so much as *mentioned* original material, they set about putting on their own gigs.

They pooled money, rented halls, hired PAs, printed posters — and stuck at it. Soon they had a local following, which over the years just grew and grew. At their last self-promoted show in October last year, in "a big cement box" with semi-trucks stuck back to back for a stage, they drew 3,700 people.

Warner Brothers discovered them at the 3,000 mark after inveterate Hollywood scenemaker Rodney Bingenheimer got them a gig at the Starwood Club. Gene Simmons of Kiss produced some demo tapes, amd Mo Ostin and producer Ted Templeman came to see them. "Mo came to see how we looked, and Ted came to see how we sounded. They signed us that night."

If this all sounds to you like some American dream-come-true then so be it, and there are no signs of it letting up either. They made an album in three weeks and released a single version of The Kinks' "You Really Got Me" upon an audience too young to remember the original.

It's not really surprising that Van Halen's First album, "Van Halen", is shipping lorry-loads. Its *astonishing* that Kiss records do that, but Van Halen at least deliver the goods — a six-pack of ball-bustin' hard rock that made its way across America, across Britain, and now on to Japan.

It's all the same to Roth, though. "California is working class. It's middle America, which is just like middle of England, which is just like middle of Tokyo. Special interest groups vary from city to city — New York has some special interest groups, new wave and jazz — but the rest of the world is pretty much the same.

"We all work for a living, we all fall in love, we all make love, we all feel happy, we all feel sad, pretty much the same ways.

"And those are the needs that we need to cater to in entertainment, whether you go to a movie or you listen to music or whatever. Those are the needs that Van Halen caters to."

Van Halen caters to them by more or less obliterating them, in an hour-long ride on the oblivion train celebrating outlaw macho swagger until your head aches the next morning.

"This is the maximum escape trip, because it's so loud you cannot think of anything else but what's in front of you. You can't think about work, you can't think about the wife, the bills, the kids, nothing. Just that music being pounded into your skull."

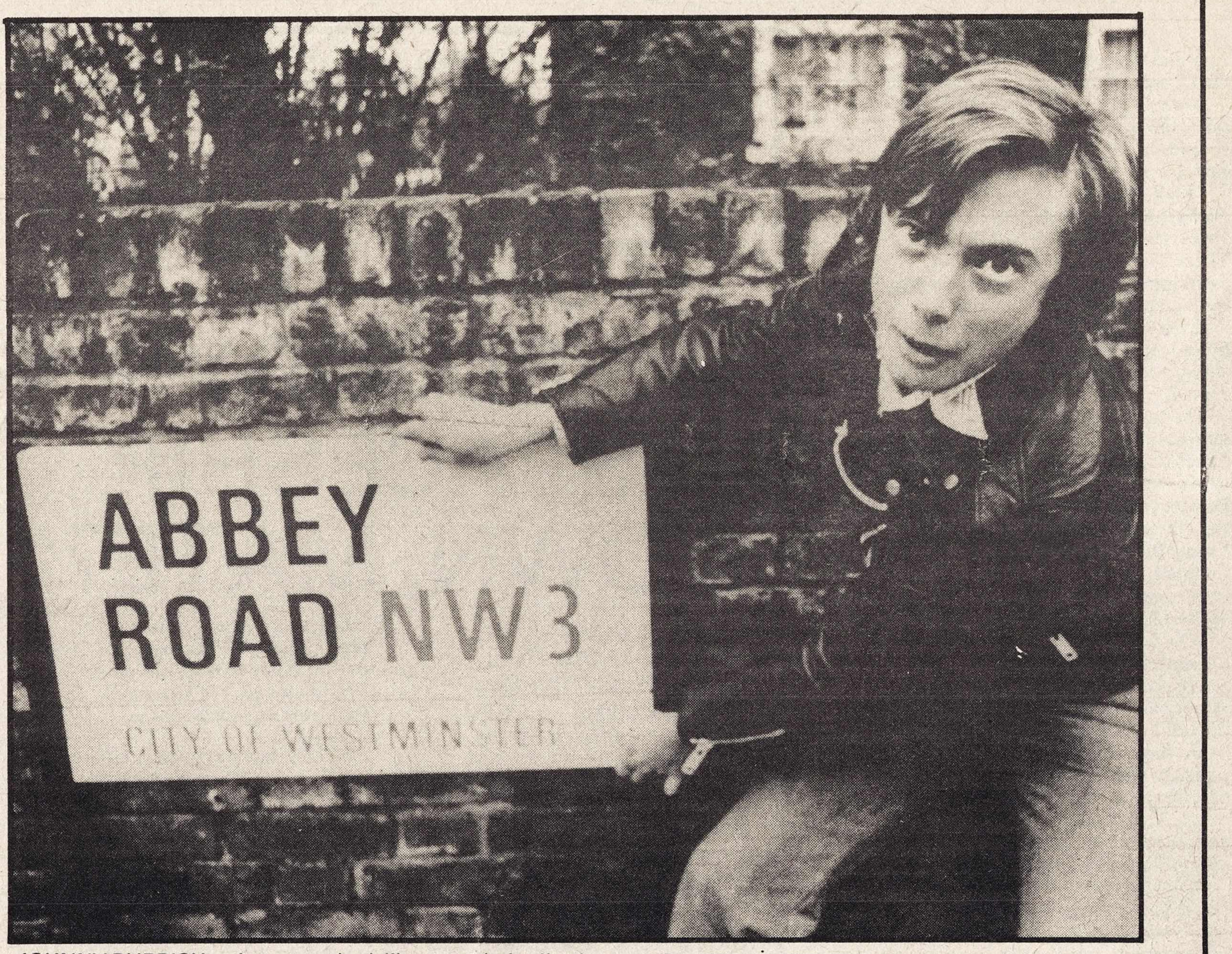
And to that end, "we took all the specs of Sabbath's PA and we're gonna *double* it," says Roth with a mad gleam in his eye. "And we're gonna put bass bins behind the audience for sensurround.

"I like to make spectacles y'know. We're going to hire some elephants for our Long Beach Arena show when we get back from Japan. I want Van Halen beach balls!"

There's no escaping it. It won't lie down. It won't go away.

It just gets bigger.

PAUL RAMBALI THRILLS



JOHNNY RUBBISH trying not to look like an ex-hair oil salesman. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

'MACCA SCOTCHED MUD ON MY TYRE SINGLE' — RUBBISH

BUT FOR the objection of one James Paul McCarney, Johnny Rubbish's first single would have been a send-up of "Mull Of Kintyre" — and not a spoof of "Anarchy In The UK" entitled "Living In NW3 4JR'.

Rubbish, real name John Gatward, had written a parody of "Mull" which he'd called "Mud On My Tyre". Fab Paul didn't see the funny side of it, says Rubbish.

Undaunted, Rubbish contacted Rotten to see if he'd allow him to release his satire of the Pistols' anthem.

And so it was. One wonders if Rubbish will have the same problems when he tries to put out his version of Rod's "Sailing", which he's retitled "Boring".

Rubbish is a mate of The Stranglers, albeit an unlikely one: in fact it was they who christened Gatward Rubbish. Yet if he shares any of their obsessions with death, blood, machism or even rock, he keeps it well hidden. With his penchant for wearing three-piece suits and a collar and tie, it's not surprising to discover that in real life Rubbish is a successful commercial traveller.

Not that long ago he was flogging hair-care products, earning, he claims, in excess of £13,000 a year. He'd started in the selling game as a rep for Quaker Oats. With more front than Harrods, Rubbish was soon supplying all of North London with porridge, travelling from shop to shop in the regulation Cortina. Not yet out of his teens, he was the firm's youngest salesman by ten years.

An introduction to The Stranglers' by a mutual friend changed all that, and after a bit of chin-wagging with Hugh Cornwell, Rubbish was invited onto last year's "No More Heroes" tour, warming up the crowd with his Pythonesque humour.

With Rubbish's gift of the gab, a record contract was only, erhh, spitting distance away, Earlier this year he collected a £1,000 advance from United Artists, and, under the aegis of Stranglers producer Martin Rushent, went into the studio with a bunch of session men, including Chris Spedding and Herbie Flowers.

"I set out to prove punks were intelligent and that they had a sense of humour," says Rubbish, who at one of his early shows returned backstage after four minutes of being bombarded with glasses.

Whether recording pastiches of megastars turns out to be as profitable as selling hair-spray is something he will soon find out.

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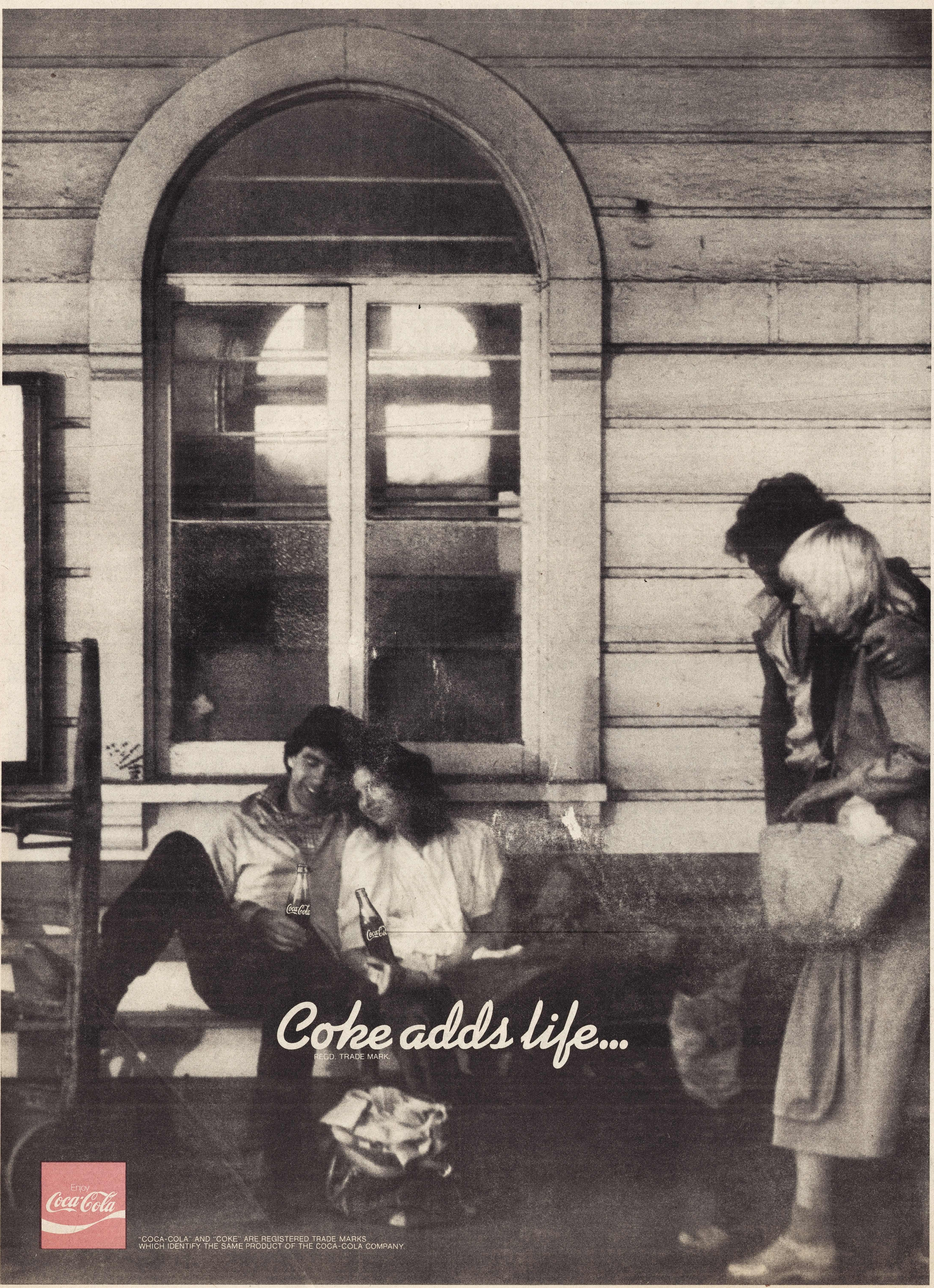
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PHIL MOGG: The Heavy Hero poses as normal human being.

● *From page 15*

out shortly, should be the one to change all that. "Actually," says Phil Mogg, "I'd be so bold as to say it *will* be the one."

Modest man, Mogg.

UFO's 19-date tour of the UK is supposed to be a virtual sell-out. At Wolverhampton Civic Hall, though, the entire balcony is empty and cordoned off.

The band insist that they're not disappointed by the low turnout. The gig, they say, was set up late — and if I'd gone to the Manchester Free Trade Hall the next night, I'd have seen a full house. Such is life.

There's no denying, however, that those kids who've turned up are fairly enthusiastic. They surge to the front of the stage before the band come on, and then throw themselves madly about every time the band's German guitarist Michael Schenker hits a particularly powerful riff. And that happens often.

In many ways, Schenker is UFO's star. He looks like something out of *Salon Kitty*, the Nazi porno movie. A skinny blonde in black military uniform with red flashes and thigh boots.

Schenker plays terse melodic solos, and looks distressed when kids at the front grab his guitar.

A bit of a mystery, this guy. He got religious mania on a recent UFO tour of the States, and left the band without a word.

Now that he's back, without much explanation, he still doesn't say much.

Way, Mogg, and Parker tend to loon among themselves offstage, while Schenker sits quietly to one side. Arranged beside him are a couple of guitarists from Judas Priest, who've dropped by to pay their respects. They have the look of acolytes.

Phil Mogg wouldn't be surprised if Schenker wandered off again. But UFO are evidently happy to have him there, if he wants to stay.

"He's one of the best lead guitarists around," says Phil, "I don't think anyone can touch him."

Not that UFO are a band who favour excessive solos. Short, snappy songs are their forte. In that sense, they meet the new wave quarter way, evidently feeling that the days are long gone when audiences would tolerate self-appointed virtuosi.

But despite Phil Mogg's claim, UFO do little that's fresh. Their style is somewhere between Deep Purple and Bad Company, although speedier with it.

Maybe heavy metal audiences prefer their music sluggish. At Wolverhampton, UFO only got one encore. There wasn't the applause to sustain a second.

For one fan, though, this amounted to betrayal by the band.

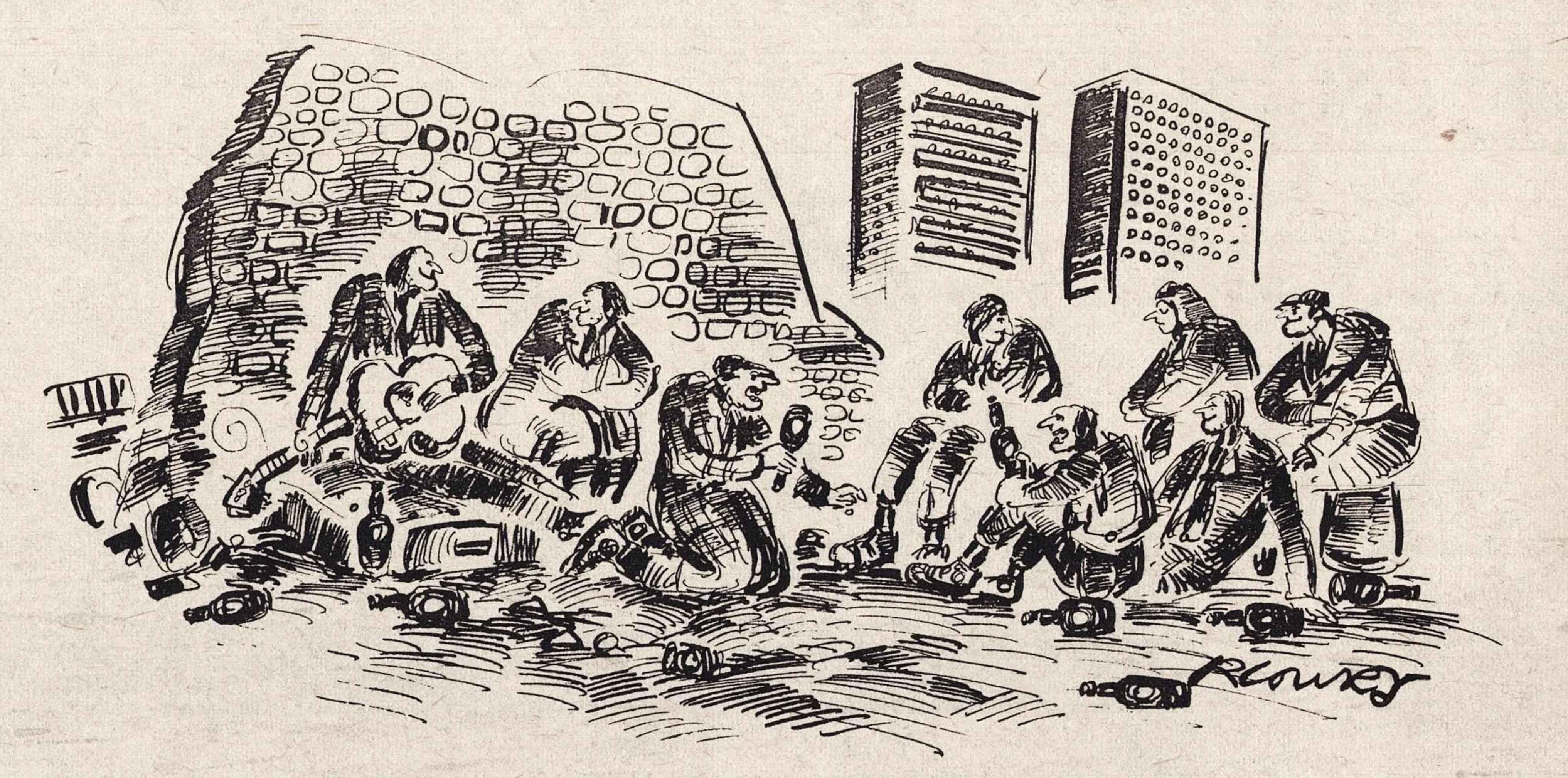
As he plodded to the door in his regulation denims and long hair, this worthy announced loudly that he'd seen the band the previous night in Birmingham.

"They did two fuckin' encores then," he said. "Bastards."

BOB EDMANDS

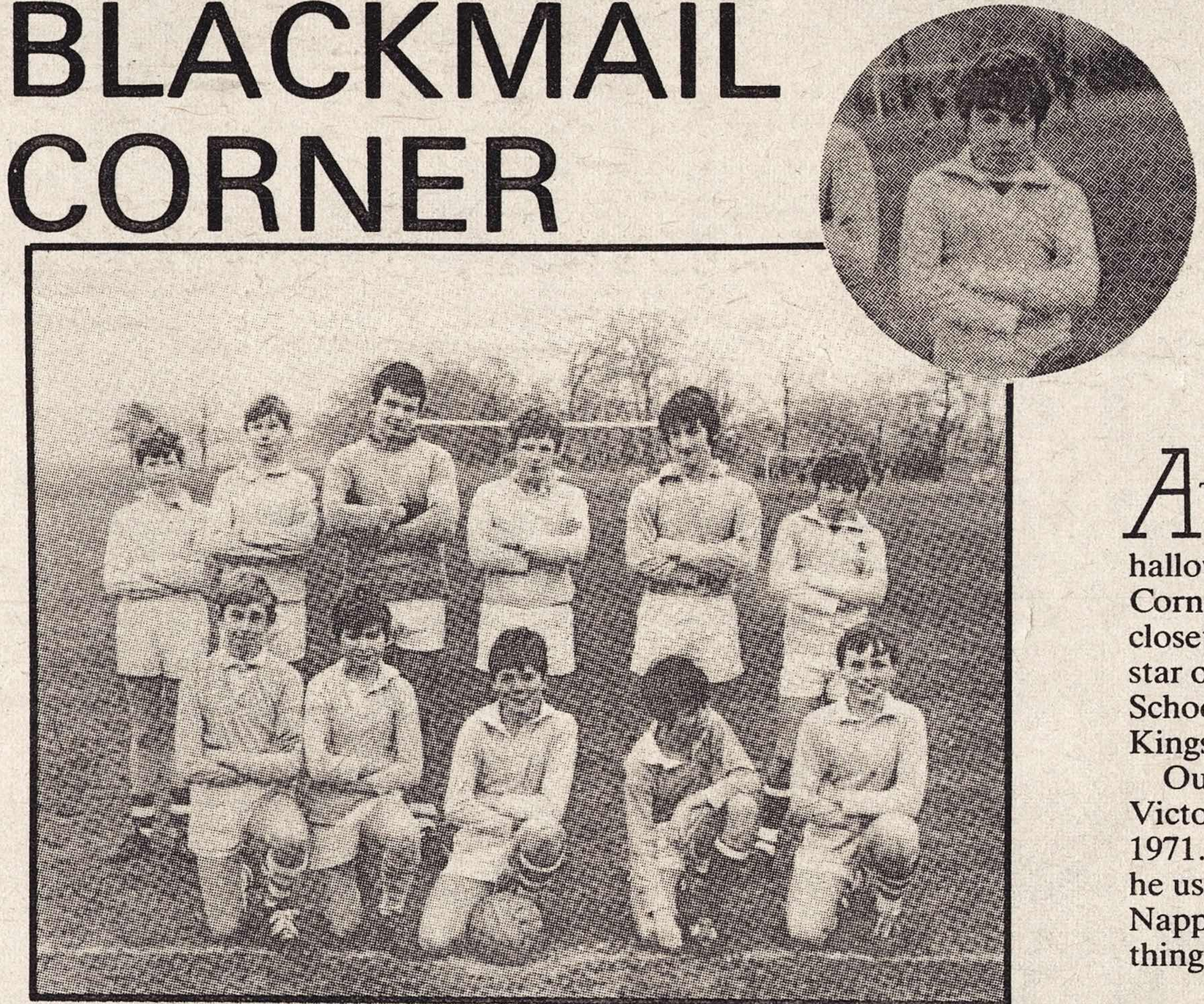
THRILLS

LOWRY



"And on tonight's Old Stained Mattress Test, we have Shaking Herbert, who hasn't quite lived up to the promise shown by his first album."

BLACKMAIL CORNER



"Where the hell did that come from?"

AND FOR Vic Goddard of The Subway Sect, it's a debut entry into the hallowed halls of Blackmail Corner with a skeleton from his closet as former midget football star of Shene County Grammar School, which we believe is in Kingston.

Our team picture shows young Victor with the Under 13's, circa 1971. That's him top right, when he used to be known as Vic Napper. What a sweet young thing!

the Rubinoos

The Rubinoos
BSERK 10/BSERC 10

marquee
90 Wardour Street W1
01 437 6603
Friday 30th June · Saturday 1st July
Sunday 2nd July · Monday 3rd July

Beserkley
Home of the Hits
Love at close quarters

COSH THE BABIES — YEAH, YEAH, YEAH ...

YET ANOTHER beastly jape by yet more common criminals ...

After Ronnie "Tea Boy" Biggs mating up with the dumber duo of ex-Pistols comes Buster Edwards, James Hussey, Gordon Goody, James White, Charlie Wilson ... and Uncle Tommy Wisby and all.

All six losers hope to sing a set of Tommy's compositions (he wrote them in captivity, he claims, before the deal was ever dished up) on an unlikely album produced by fat, fortyish, freelance producer (he admits to "Tubular Bells") Tom Newman.

Though both this and the Biggs single are aided and abetted by Virgin, Newman rolls his eyes in righteous horror at the mere mention of "Cosh The Driver."

"The train robbers don't want to be connected with Biggs or *that song*. They're *very* upset about it — it's most *unnecessary*."

Nothing is signed, but the the backing tracks are down — some songs will document the robbery, some will express opinions. One song, "Mr Big", deals

W. H. Allen, publishers of ageing nancy Piers Paul Read's recent book on the boys, had given the nod but last week slapped an injunction on the thing.

"We got a letter from the chairman saying he owns everything to do with the train robbers" (minus Biggs) "even photographs of them. He wants a slice of the action."

How's your morals, Tom?

"If a man can get a conditional discharge for beating a baby to death, why should the train robbers suffer?"

But what about the driver?

"He died of leukaemia! Can you bring on leukaemia by bashing someone on the head?"

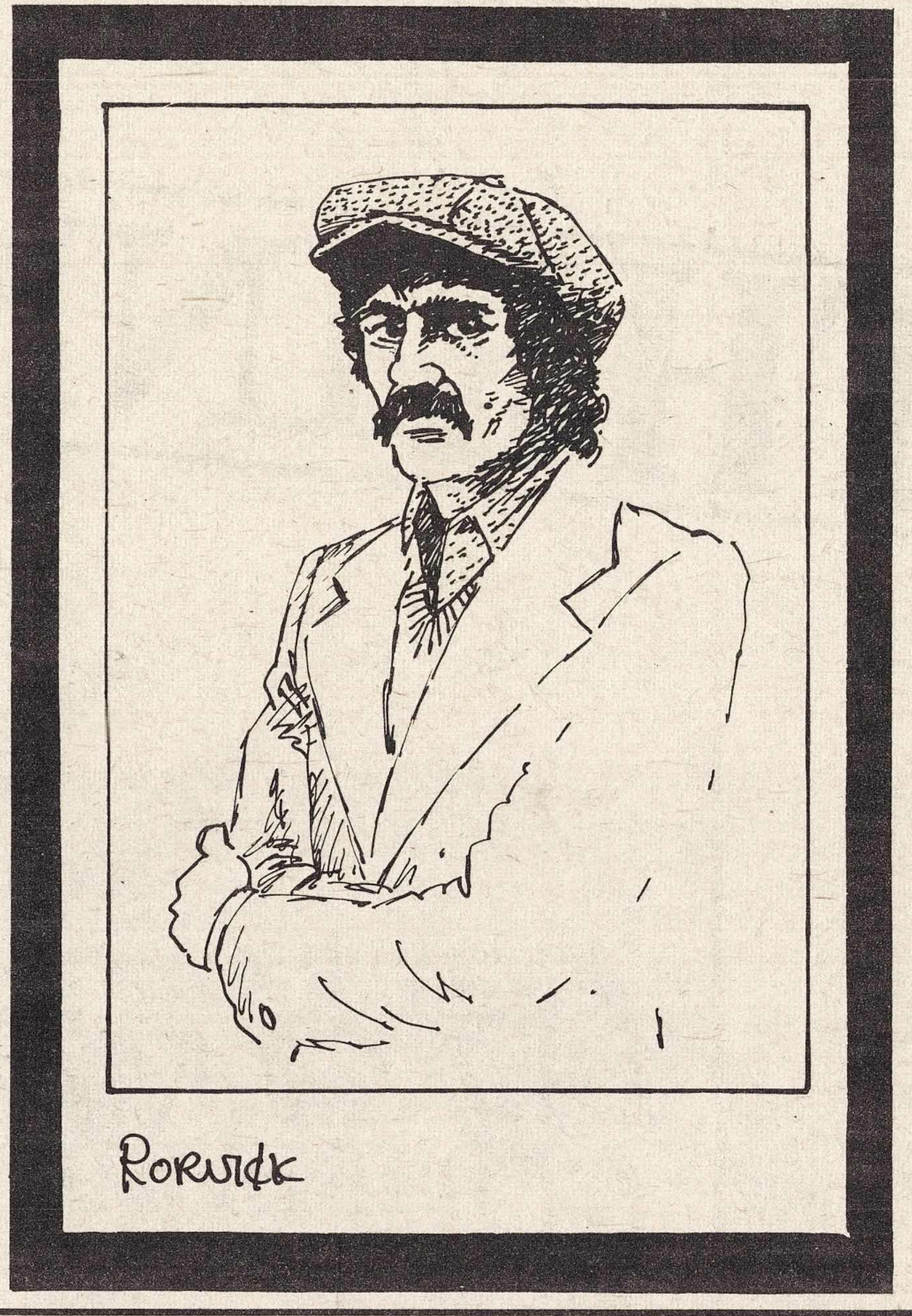
But doesn't making monied celebrities out of these cretins seem wrong to you?

"They don't want to be known as train robbers but as human beings and singers. You're trying to stop the creation of folk-lore. We *are* creating folk heroes — and I'm quite proud of it, quite honestly. This will be a spontaneous historical document, the real thing, not slick. There's a lot of poetry in the conflict between life and death — we may as well use it to enhance our existence."

The injunction still stood on Monday morning. The cons and the con-man will have to contain their creative urges for a while yet.

JULIE BURCHILL

THRILLS



THE LONESOME DEATH OF EMMETT GROGAN

THE BACK sleeve of Dylan's "Street-Legal" carries a notice: 'IN MEMORIAM EMMETT GROGAN' .

Grogan, who died recently, was prime mover behind the San Francisco Diggers — an anarchic late-'60s organisation which believed that everything should be free. To this end, they set up free food centres in Haight-Ashbury, and evolved some unique methods of collecting (read: "liberating") free food and goods from supermarkets and stores. To live outside the law you must be honest — and he was. He was totally uncompromising.

I first met him when he thoughtfully mailed himself a gigantic amount of LSD from NYC to my bookshop and dropped by one day to collect it.

We worked together in NYC on WPAX, an anti-war radio show which we assembled in the States and which was broadcast to the US troops by Radio Hanoi. Emmett believed in peace and was prepared to fight for it.

He often carried the scars on his face as well as in his soul. As The Movement degenerated more and more into hip capitalism, drug addiction and mysticism, Emmett found himself living closer and closer to the edge. His vision was too raw, too extreme, too honest — and it pushed him into the void.

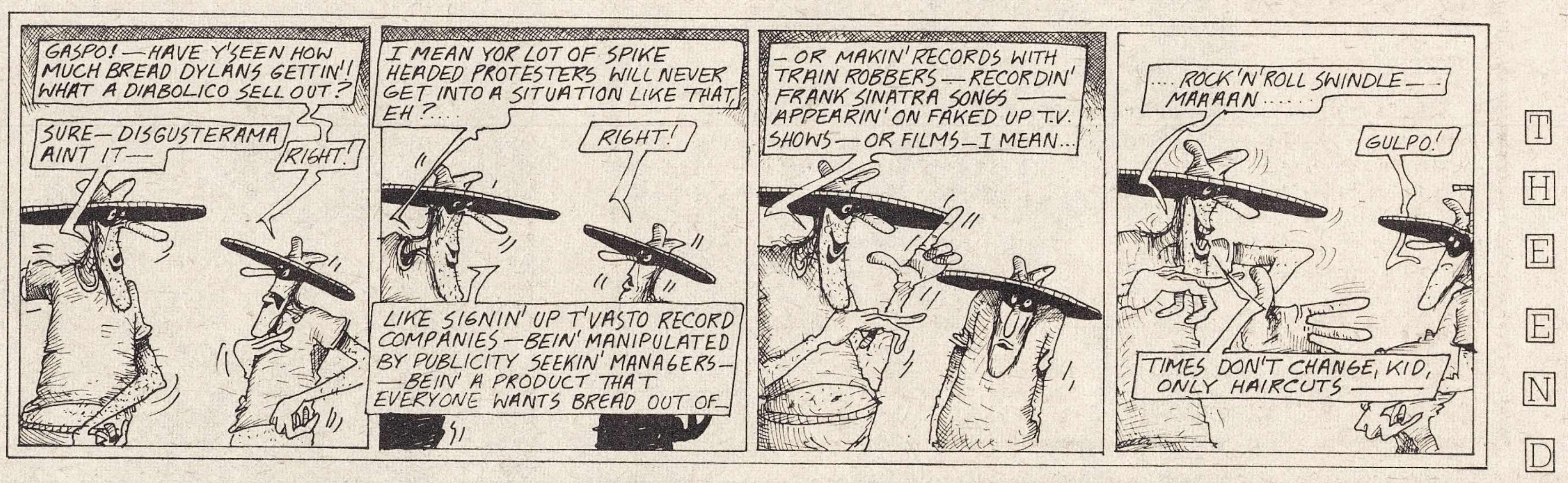
Fortunately, he did write some of it down — his "fictional" autobiography *Ringolevio* gives a glimpse of the thought processes of this remarkable man.

Some weeks ago, Emmett was found on the New York subway system, dead of a heroin overdose. He had been travelling the line from Manhattan to Brooklyn for five days before anyone discovered him.

Miles

The Lone Groover

BENYON


GASPO! — HAVE Y'SEEN HOW MUCH BREAD DYLANS GETTIN'! WHAT A DIABOLICO SELL OUT?
SURE — DISGUSTERAMA AINT IT —
RIGHT!
I MEAN YOR LOT OF SPIKE HEADED PROTESTERS WILL NEVER GET INTO A SITUATION LIKE THAT, EH?...
RIGHT!
LIKE SIGNIN' UP T'VASTO RECORD COMPANIES — BEIN' MANIPULATED BY PUBLICITY SEEKIN' MANAGERS — — BEIN' A PRODUCT THAT EVERYONE WANTS BREAD OUT OF —
— OR MAKIN' RECORDS WITH TRAIN ROBBERS — RECORDIN' FRANK SINATRA SONGS — APPEARIN' ON FAKED UP T.V. SHOWS — OR FILMS — I MEAN...
.... ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE — MAAAAN .....
GULPO!
TIMES DON'T CHANGE, KID, ONLY HAIRCUTS —
THE END

99p
LIMITED EDITION 12" SINGLE
'CARRY ON WAYWARD SON'
KANSAS
KIRSHNER
KIR 12-4932

Wait no longer...the wayward son is here.

'Carry On Wayward Son', a new 12" single from Kansas, with the power to lift you to your feet and beyond.

KANSAS

Limited Edition 12" single 'Carry on Wayward Son' taken from the album 'Leftoverture'

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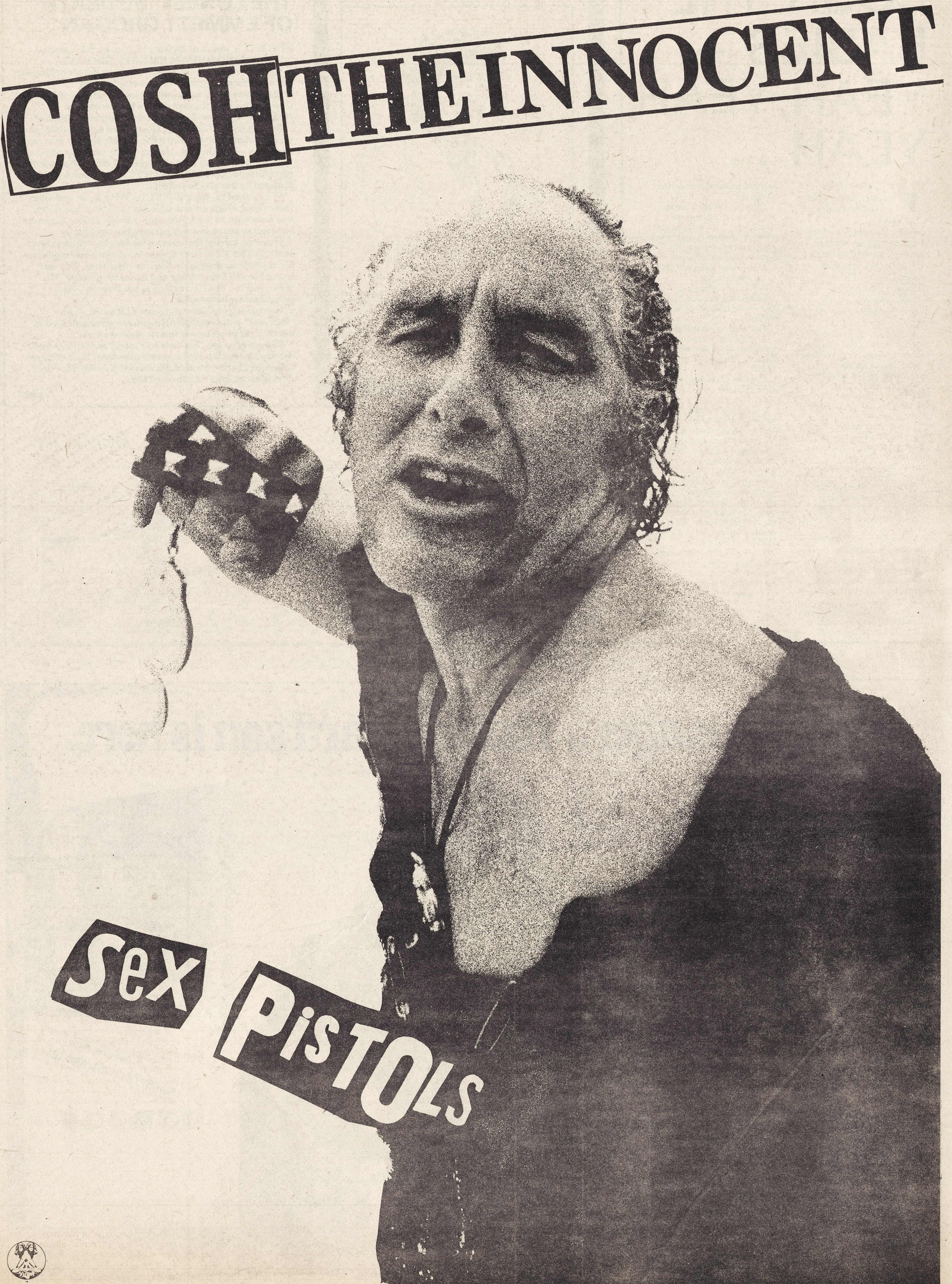
COSH THE INNOCENT
SEX PISTOLS

TELL THEM WILLY BOY'S HERE

"You better not be here when I've found my station boy."

Pic: JOE STEVENS

With his stiletto, his radio, his guitar, and a fine contempt for all things journalistic.

Even NICK KENT?

Especially Nick Kent!

From here on in you're on your own. . .

WHATEVER THE REASON Willy de Ville missed his original flight out from New York to London, no amount of retributional karma could have made up for the malevolent circumstances in which he found himself landed immediately upon disembarking on a subsequent flight at Heathrow Airport.

Unbeknown to the strikingly lean, studiously cool 'de Ville', the U.K. division of Capitol Records had set up a brutal chain of ten — count'em — interviews one straight after the other, scheduled them so that the singer wasn't even afforded time to take a shower.

He was simply driven straight from the airport to the company's Manchester Square office and — shazam — closeted in a room where it was presumed he would entertain the ten scribes lining up to grab a hunk of de Ville rhetoric and split back to the premises of their periodicals, there to whip the hot poop into an appropriate slot.

Capitol's stratagem, in fact, backfired with a simpering ream of short pieces on de Ville. In each article, the subject appeared fatigued and listless, making the odd random quote of minimal consequence but otherwise presenting a cameo no more rivetting than two old geezers hutched around a spittoon. Indeed, all the afore stated would be too trivial to warrant even a scant mention, were it not for the fact that I was one of those ten reporters slotted into the Capitol Records' big list and was to be granted my first and dramatic taste of The Willy De Ville Technique Of Being Interviewed When In A State Of Some Harassment.

I was the seventh, as I recall — I remember there being 'just' three more in line when I left so I figure that number is correct. More to the point, I was the one who had the dubious honour of somehow acting as a catalyst for my interviewee suddenly losing what shreds of sanity and self-control he had mustered for this excruciating ritual and letting fly with a dambusting spew of vitriol and twisted logic, all of it aimed at yars truly and shafted forth with an unhealthy maliciousness.

THE INTERVIEW — if you can call it that — lasted exactly 45 minutes. This I recall most vividly. For ten minutes after leaving the room, I remember thinking that Willy de Ville was the biggest arsehole I'd ever met in my life.

After that, as the encounter became more steadily a thing of the past, I commenced to disengage my role as target for de Ville's verbal gash-up and consider just what the guy had said. Slowly I realised that, putting the aggro to one side (at least it was all purely verbal; one thing, see, that hits home when first encountering de Ville; he is instinctively not a man one would like to remonstrate with . . . uh . . *.physically,* seeing as he bears all the traits of someone who would more than likely be carrying a large switch-blade or stiletto concealed about his person), what I in fact had received was a rare insight into the mind of my subject.

The encounter had started reaasonably enough, as it happens. Willy de Ville has an easy hand-shake and unprepossessing front that gave no hit or prior warning of the mayhem to come.

The first real observation is made when the singer stretches out on one of the two couches allocated to the room, spreading his lanky frame every-which-way and choosing to take this languid posture further to heart by talking in a hyper-cool (make that "refrigerated") smacked-back Manhattan drawl, words slipping out in stoned / whispering cascades with a pacing that made for impressive listening without really saying anything too precise.

It was in this tone that the answers to those first obligatory ice-breaking questions were given. The fact, for example, that the current Mink de Ville line-up is 50% new personnel, with the old pianist and drummer being ousted while legendary saxophonist Steve Douglas, who'd toured extensively with the Minks, had opted for a sprint around the planet as Bob Dylan's horn-player. Three new players had been grafted on: "They're still a little green" mumbles the 'bossman', "but they've got the chops."

De Ville also fails to mention their names (not that I asked, mind you) choosing instead to name the cities from whence they were plucked: Detroit being the horn-player's locale and New York the drummer's home, while a buddying-up with Mac "Dr John" Rebennack consummated by producer Jack Nietzche during the making of "Return To Magenta" (the second album) resulted in the good Doctor taking de Ville around home turf New Orleans in an ultimately successful quest to find a keyboards man to cut the mustard.

I mention that the old drummer, Manfred, had all but ruined the often precarious pacing of the shows played during the first Minks tour of the U.K. — that he was the ultimate drummer as sloppy 'passenger' when he should have been in the engine room stoking the coals. De Ville, after initially misunderstanding my use of the word 'passenger', grunts in a tone approximating agreement muttering in tones of vague dolour that his old cohort — and one of the original De Villiers — had become a "bad juicer" (i.e. alcoholic).

"He was one of the best at one time," he continued, caught 'twixt the diverse moods of fatigued 'cool' and sad reminiscence. "When we started out he was *hot*- but the booze got to him playing, messed him up."

He talks in agreeable — if somewhat lackadaisical — terms about a couple of other topics, both trivial as hell, one being the reason for the album's title ("'Magenta' is . . . like the colour of the sky just as dawn is breaking. Like, we're going to change the colour of the album sleeve. They fucked it up as per usual"). But it's the "they" — the reference thereto — that really starts to set the sparks alight.

"They", see, are Capitol Records, Willy de Ville's record company. Sensing some dint of emotion — albeit a touch feisty — osmosing from the couch opposite me, I asked de Ville about how he felt the record label were treating him.

The reply was succinct.

"I feel like I'm being pimped out."

This was probably the decisive moment — though it might have come slightly earlier on when I attempted to defend Elvis Costello. De Ville had just come off touring the U.S. for ten weeks supporting Our El and had referred to him, equally succinctly as "just a little fuckin' arsehole . . . I didn't waste more than two words talking to him throughout those 10 weeks, man." (Strong rumour has it that those two words were uttered as an invitation for a rumble 'twixt de Ville and the Horn-rimmed Enigma after the two acts' road-crews had transformed themselves into what might be referred to as "warring factions".)

Whatever: talking about his record company certainly brought the bile slithering up and out into the foetid air. You did say "pimped out", didn't you, Willy?

"Damn right that's what I said."

IN THE cool clear light of objectivity, it becomes apparent that de Ville's gripes against his record company are partly just self-indulgent whining and part relevant criticism, but it's not just Capitol that's got him peeved — that's just the most obvious brick-bat — but this whole choice of career, selling his talents as musical force to the masses. Right then as we . . . uh . . . exchanged views, de Ville was adamant about one thing.

"Man, if I wasn't here . . . locked in this sweaty, shitty room talking to all you guys, you can be sure of one thing. I'd be out there *living* — not just fuckin' *existin'* which is what I'm doing here. Like . . . uh I'd probably be in Paris . . . yeah . . . Paris and I'd be stoned, loaded and having one sweet life."

Hey, but this was your choice, Mr de Ville, I recall countering. You choose to strut your stuff in the market-place. And all the hoopla involved in making that choice — this interview included — is part of a process you wilfully instigated.

"Hey man," de Ville is getting flustered. "Do you call this living? 'Cos if you do . . ."

Well, it's a step up from scuffling around, playing gigs like St Martins-in-the-Crypt which you were doing several years back, punching away at the ultimate loser circuit of shitty folk-blues clubs.

De Ville sees the light for several seconds and becomes reasonable. But not for long. "Yeah, well, that was a loser thing, sure — but hey, listen. Tell me what you think are some of the things that aren't worth losing no matter how 'big' you get working through this fuckin' rock biz process?"

I think for a moment and answer "Your sanity."

"Well," de Ville is now rabidly blearing out his case. "You see these records?" he points to the two Mink de Ville albums laying on an adjacent glass table top. "Each of those records marks one more chunk of my sanity that I've lost along the way." He stares coldly at me, almost defying a comeback.

I have to agree that he's got me and instead try for what could be defined as a more 'reasonable' approach. This is no longer what you'd call an interview, mind you. I agree with him over what I consider to be a remarkably facile attitude he maintains about the pleasures of getting high on a Certain Drug and getting more out of pursuing that lifestyle instead of working as a professional musician in the business. We talk about the comparative high he presumably gets from performing without too much success.

It's at this point that de Ville's vexed feelings on his career begin to ring through with an exceptionally nasty sense of condescension towards yours truly.

"You know," he says at one point, "you should really be a guitar player or something. The way you're talkin' man — this business was made for you."

But if being condescended to by a man with what I can only define as a very twisted sense of logic is bad enough then my attempts to — uh — redress the balance really do the trick. Because what really snaps the extremely testy link of communication betwixt us comes down like God's own thunderbolt when the subject of "the press" is mentioned.

I, of course, am a member of the Press and some stray remark pertaining to the vocation finally drives Willy de Ville — no amigo of the journalism corps even though two *NME* writers, no less, were thanked for their "support and inspiration" on the rear sleeve of the "Magenta" album (Miles and Mick Farren, to the uninitiated) — right over the top to outright insult time.

He grabs a couple of Xeroxed reviews of the "Magenta" album and tosses them at me.

● Continued over page

WILLY TURNS A NEW LEAF

Pic: CHESTER SIMPSON

Willy and Toots

● From previous page

"Listen man, just read these! Read these, motherfucker! Don't you think all those 13-year-old dummies who read this crap believe every fuckin' word?"

No, I don't, I retort, but before I can set him straight by informing him (a) of the average age of the music press readers, (b) the fact that if all the "dummies" who read the music press did actually believe every word, then de Ville's "Magenta" album would have already sold over 200,000 copies seeing that the album received consecutively ecstatic reviews in every music weekly in this country, and (c) that one of the two reviews he'd thrown at me was penned by Ben Edmonds, who — when an A & R man for Capitol — had originally signed the band to the label and was a good friend of de Ville's.

All these points, though, were made null and void by our Willy's continuing tirade. "Listen, man," he zeroes in for the kill now, even though his hair still looks perfect, "don't you realise that 90% of the people in this world are fuckin' *sheep?"* I don't believe that, I retort quickly, though more than a little stunned by the sheer malice backing up his pitch now.

"Well then, you're one of them. And you'd better believe it, motherfucker!"

What further attempts I make to remonstrate with this charge are simply received by de Ville, slumped back in his obnoxious cocoon of 'cool', making bleating noises.

"Baaaa," he mimics.

"He's closed for further verbal 'reasoning'. As far as he's concerned, it's a simple enough: game, set and match to Willy de Ville. Just time for one more belittling insult — "Hey, just get outta her, okay? There's three more bimboes I've got to see. I can't waste my time."

IT'S LONG past 24 hours when the first communique relating to the incident comes through. Meantimes, I've decided (a) that de Ville is a champion arsehole and (b) I'm going to waste the bastard in print, putting all his twisted thoughts up there in black-and-white type for all you "sheep" to see. Worst of all, his obnoxiousness has been so unrelenting it's completely destroyed my feelings about his music. Both much-played albums are promptly handed over to my girlfriend, who still has the overwhelming advantage of not having met de Ville and happily takes them away to play 'em to death like I once did.

Then comes the phone-call from a mutual friend bearing apologies from a Mr de Ville, plus information that out mutual friend had never seen the singer in a worse state of road fatigue and that it was this ailment plus Capitol's harassment that, more than anything else had caused the fireworks.

And so, two weeks after the initial 'snafu', I was taken upstairs to one of the less miniscule rooms of Ladbroke Grove's Portobello Hotel for a second encounter with the lead De Villier.

"He-ey . . . uh Nick, I've got to say, right now, how sorry I am about all that, man. You know, like I felt bad afterwards but you gotta understand the whole thing was turning me into a fuckin' zombie!"

I brush off the apologies and tell de Ville that in the cold light of objectivity, he'd in fact given me . . . well, certainly a *revealing* interview. Anyway I wasn't out to buddy buddy with him.

"Well, if I'd been in your place — yeah, I guess I wouldn't have been so much offended as much as thinking — 'Jesus this guy has just weirded out!'"

The atmosphere is relaxed now, even though de Ville's presence at a soundcheck down at Hammersmith Odeon is imminently required. Naturally, however, our second interview is nowhere near as revelatory as the first firework display. The room — even devoid of the Capitol bods — is still a hive of activity what with de Ville's girlfriend, the legendary Toots who, although reknowned for her volatile nature, is actually very agreeable company, plus de Ville's official photographer, a willowy girl with a similarly agreeable disposition even though, unlike the regal Toots, she doesn't look like she'd walked straight out of a Ronettes song.

In these conditions, an interview is virtually impossible so that the proceedings break down more to the level of animated conversation on subjects like Captain Beefheart and Howling Wolf, a dialectic on the best locations to buy switch-blades in Europe, a similar dialectic on drugs (purely academic, y'understand) through to the fact that Jack Nietzche is currently shacked up with Neil Young's wife, Carrie Snodgrass with a bitter feud going down over the custody of Young's only child, Zeke. De Ville waxes estatic over the talents of Edith Piaf and Ben E. King while the current fate of Mac Rebennack is also discussed.

In fact, it's in the juxtapostion of various topics that I begin to glean a perspective on de Ville — a perspective that transcends the off-the-wall bickering of our first encounter and all the other strands of an often dangling conversation. It comes to me after all the talk and banter and I'm seated in Hammersmith Odeon at show-time. The Rich Kids have just gone down like a fart in a tunnel and the curtains have just lifted to display the new Mink de Ville in action with Willie at the helm.

THE GIG itself is stunning. Having seen no-one but Bob Dylan prior to this set, Willie de Ville is still majestic — the guy that George Chakaris should have been in *West Side Story,* a vision of street-suss and no-jestering dynamism dripping cool and singing the birds off the telephone poles. Here is a man that that much-overused word "charisma" was invented for. He burns onstage — slow fuse hour — and at last he's got a band to back it all up.

And all this time, I'm thinking on one hand *God, this guy should be huge* and on the other, I'm counting all the powerhouse performers who've had their shot but lost out, been chewed up by the system or just thrown it all away in one Russian-roulette shot to the skull. Guys like Mitch Ryder who now can't even do knee drops due to arthritis in his legs (de Ville has learnt from that, fortunately; he uses specially positioned cushions for his drops) and John Hammond Jnr., wherever he may be.

Finally it has to rest with the gods, I guess — who'll call the shots somewhere around Capitol Records' ability to stay on the rails and see this climb through, however long it takes to get there. I've seen how far he can flip out, I've seen that peculiar breed of New York dumbness that's streaked right through his character flash out in ugly lashes. And I've seen him hold an audience of 3,000 in his hands hypnotized like chickens.

Right now, I only feel that he may, may just have luck on his side. Because anyone who can take it to those extremes and not let one hair fall out of place must have something special going for him.

DIRE STRAITS

David Knopfler
Rhythm guitar

Pick Withers
Drums

John Illsley
Bass

Mark Knopfler
Vocals, lead & rhythm guitars

The first words

"The Straits at their very best . . . a supreme achievement."
Melody Maker

"The first Dire Straits album is a goodie . . . All the cuts are cool, shuffling barroom swing-rock which insidiously hook themselves into the consciousness."
Record Business

"Side two makes it by dint of Knopfler's excellent songs and playing . . ."
New Musical Express

"'Dire Straits' is a great album from a great band."
Phil Lynott, Thin Lizzy

on the last word in first albums.

ON TOUR

June 28th. Talk of the East, Lowestoft.
29th. Old Granary, Bristol.
30th. Metro Club, Plymouth.
July 1st. Oxford Polytechnic.
4th. Barbarella's, Birmingham.
5th. Marquee, London.
6th. Marquee, London.
8th. Civic Hall, St. Albans.

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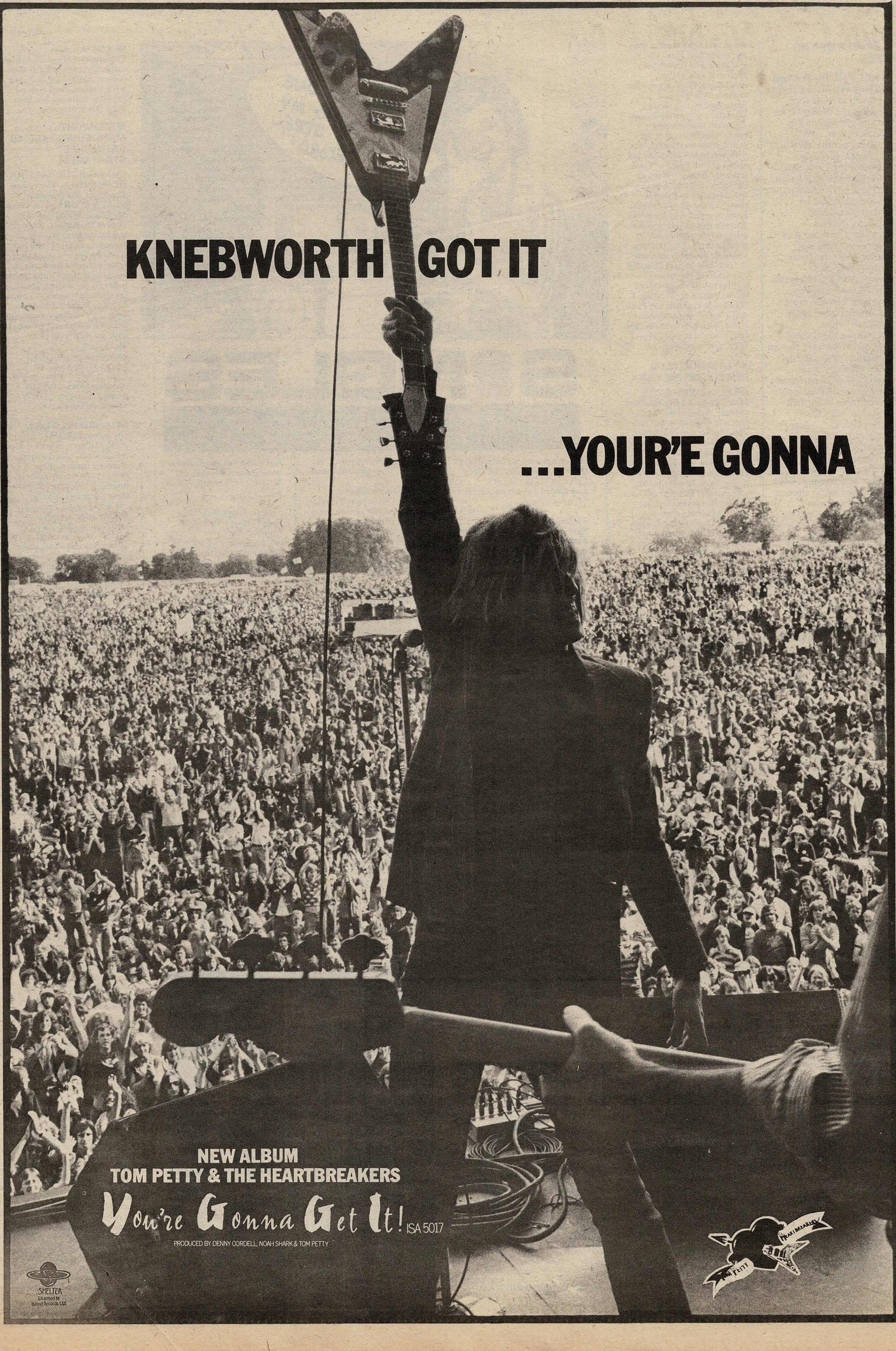
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NEW ALBUM
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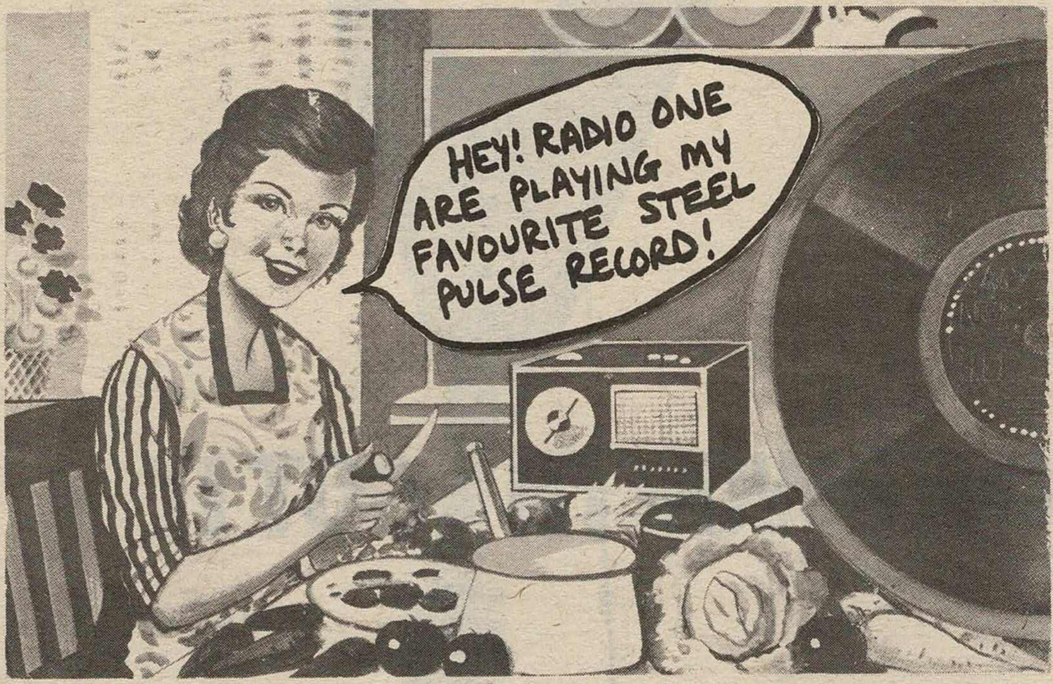

HEY! RADIO ONE ARE PLAYING MY FAVOURITE STEEL PULSE RECORD!

SINGLES

Reviewed this week by ROY CARR

● SINGLE OF THE WEEK

STEEL PULSE: Prodigal Son (Island). Steel Pulse's approach to roots rock reggae is not dissimilar to the attitude adopted by Santana when, with satisfying results, they first set about vigorously personalising Latin Salsa in 1969. Being British-based, the Pulse have substituted the more familiar JA sunkist stance with indigenous urban street-heat tension. As a direct result, this song dealing with a return to cultural awareness incorporates vital elements of black funk and white hard rock with the more ethnic aspects of reggae tradition. While maintaining the natural rhythms, Pulse have chosen to toughen up the music with a muscular mean streak and vocal harmonies so tight you'd have trouble finding room to slip in a spliff skin. Like Bob Marley, Burning Spear, Culture and the Good Doctor A, the Handsworth Connection are close to achieving cross-over without compromise. Even though they might alienate those brethren who adamantly refuse to have any truck with home-grown produce, Steel Pulse seem set to click with those of a less prejudiced persuasion along with those who not only find the best pre's both difficult and expensive to score, but occasionally impenetrable. Pulse's forthcoming debut album "Handsworth Revolution" will reveal whether or not there's a riot going on . . .

● DEBUT OF THE WEEK SINGLE OF THE WEEK

KLARK KENT: Don't Care/Thrills/Office Girls (Kryptone). What with a moniker like this, is it any wonder that he not only wrote and produced this remarkable low-profile debut, but also (expertly) *played* every damn instrument in sight. Come to think of it, he probably played them all at the same time whilst doing a quick costume-change in a 'phone booth. On his little ownsome Klark Kent performs with infinitely more clout than most bands four times his number. As contemporary as today, this green wax three-tracker positively oozes confidence, humour and a bundle of ideas. It's difficult to choose any standout cut because they're all so damn good. But I particularly like the rampant tongue-in-cheek, cool-as-hell narcissism of "Don't Care". This guy's got a future — and not just in comic strips . . .

● EPITAPH OF THE WEEK

THE SEX PISTOLS: The Biggest Blow (A Punk Prayer By Ronnie Biggs)/SID VICIOUS: My Way (Virgin). The Sex Pistols achieved success on their own terms and by the same token publicly lay the ghost to an uneasy rest. The story behind this controversial release was reported in last week's *NME.* All that needs to be added is that, despite becoming everything they campaigned against, as far as the actual backing track is concerned, what remains of Los Pistoleros swaggers out in fine style. No two ways 'bout it, young Jones 'n' Cook really do make a most exciting and instantly recognisable rock 'n' roll *noise.* And, as far as the actual melody goes — a wry pastiche of "Anarchy" and "Queen" plus a strong hook — it maintains their previous single status. "Waddabout Ron?" I hear you holler. I've heard worse and not too many that are any better. However, the real attraction is the bona bizarro B-side — the autobiographical supper-club anthem "My Way" as performed by Sid Vicious. Backed by staggering strings, the suave sophisticated crooner saunters up to the microphone and commences with a straight lock-in-the-lav spoof, before Jones 'n' Cook suddenly appear and rev up the tempo to allow Sidney to deliver a near-as-damn-it parody of the all-too-familiar Lydon Larynx. The lascivious liberties that Sid takes with the original lyrics will ensure a prompt airplay clamp-down and quite probably motivate the publicity-hungry Dorothy "I've suffered for my art" Squires to scream "sacrilege" and be quoted in every rag. I bet Claude Francois and Paul Anka never saw it this way. Just a passing thought, but the last person to record "My Way" died soon after.

● FLAMINGO CLUB REISSUE OF THE WEEK

JULIEN COVEY & THE MACHINE: A Little Bit Hurt (Island). Julien Covey's one and only single shot, but one which (to coin an old cliche) has weathered the test of time. An archetypal mid-60s Mod-mover, which combines more than a smattering of The Kinks' "You Really Got Me" with many of the more obvious devices that producer Jimmy Miller utilised to dress up Spencer Davis hits. As Covey does his Cliff Bennett pieces, a rock-steady rhythm section (including Pirate Johnny Spence) get to work on the hips whilst a strangled-tone Hammond Oran uses up the rest of the oxygen.

● IMPORT OF THE WEEK

JILL READ: Maybe/Wang Dang Doodle (Stiff). One of Stiff's little mysteries and a 1969 Dave Edmunds production which first appeared on the "Bunch Of Stiffs" compilation. Originally recorded by The Chantels as long ago as 1958, the Read/Edmunds treatment of what used to be termed a Big Beat Ballad comes across as a most acceptable slice of contemporary nostalgia. Whilst the little lady wails beautifully in a classic pure pop style, the Edmunds one-man-band supplies precisely the correct *epic* backdrop. Anyone into the more romantic side of Darts will find this indispensable. The B-side depicts Jill 'n' Dave doing justice to the old Howlin' Wolf/Koko Taylor R&B rough-house standard "Wang Dang Doodle". According to Edmunds, the lady seems to have vanished off the face of the planet and so the pic sleeve reiterates the message printed on the original Stiff compilation: "Jill, if you're out there, write to us for your royalties!"

● GREAT BRITISH ECCENTRICS, NUMBER 437

HUMPHREY OCEAN & THE HARDY ANNUALS: Whoops A Daisy (Stiff). Without even peeking at the credits, you can tell immediately that Dinky Dury and Jah-Man Jankel had a hand in writing this song. Featuring ex-Kilburns Kook and Macca's house-artist, this is a knock-about Music Hall ditty in the syle much beloved by Ian. Replete with Looney Toons Dance Band and ricky-tick rhythm, Our Mis'ta Ocean croons in delightful toffee-nosed nuances such catchy tongue-twisting lyrics as: *"I wish I could sing as sweet as Perry/Make you laugh like Tom & Jerry/Love you till you're crazy/Swing you like Count Basie/Rock 'n' roll you like Chuck Berry/Look as very good as Cary/But I can't 'cause I'm shy and lazy/And I'm practically Whoops A Daisy".* Not only is it a perfect accompaniment for Silly Walks but with "The Ballad Of Davy Crockett" as the flip, it's guaranteed a year's airplay on Stewpot's show.

THE CARVELLS: Skateboard Queen/Skateboard Surfing (Rocket). You never quite know in what guise Alan Carvell is gonna manifest. Last time around he almost cracked it with his rather spiffy multi-tracked doo-wopper "Love Music", for which he cloned himself as all Five Sapphires. This time he's Brian and the Beach Boys one minute, Jan & Dean the next and Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons whenever he feels like it. As the objects of his admiration no longer make records like this he must stand an odds-on chance with those Surf Sound nuts who are compelled to purchase re-packagings instead of new releases. And the, of course, there's the Skateboard shrimps . . .

THE COMMODORES: Flying High (Motown). Along with house-genius Steveland Wunderkind, it seems that The Commodores are currently Motown's only saving grace. Any way you look and listen, the 'Dores stand afro and shoulders above most American black funksters for both originality and consistency. As expected, this maintains their quality control.

TELEVISION: Glory (Elektra). No coloured vinyl, no pic sleeve, no 12-inch disco cuts: just Tom Verlaine painfully bleating over a good solid dance beat and possibly the one to reactivate the sudden lapse of interest in last year's Art-Rock Heroes.

LITTLE NELL: Do The Swim/Stilettos & Lipstick/Dance The Cocktail Latin Way (A&M). As the pic sleeve bodily proclaims *"Aquatic* Teenage Sex & Squalor", I assumed this was one of Brian Eno's little wheezes. Sadly, my suspicions were unfounded. Had it been an Eno effort surely it would have been pressed on yellow, not red, vinyl. As to precisely what is a Little Nell? She's the *Rocky Horror Show* starlet seemingly caught between an everything - but - the - kitchen - sink surreal surfin' schtick. And the Monster Mash. And a few other things I still ain't worked out.

JUDIE TZUKE: For You (Rocket). Extremely complex multi-track vocal performance (mainly acapella) from Ms Tzuke, enhanced by a baroque string quartet interlude and deftly skilled Lem Lubin production. As left-field as Kate Bush but a record that could quite easily take-off Stateside. *(That dull, eh? — Ed).*

FILTH: Don't Hide Your Hate (Plurex). If this is a typical example of contemporary clog-rock, then I'll take the song title's advice — to paraphrase John Dowie, I hate the Dutch!

JKD BAND: Dragon Power (A Tribute To Bruce Lee) (Satril). As already reported a few months ago in *Thrills,* there's an increasingly world-wide demand for those hordes of lavishly packaged Japanese-pressed Bruce Lee soundtrack albums, EPs and 45s. Now that celluloid surgery has been completed on the Little Dragon's last-ever movie *The Game Of Death,* this is I suppose a most opportune release. Over a formularised synthesized 12-inch cut disco instrumental sound-effects of Lee's blood-lust whoops, war cries, bone-crunching, verbal threats and a snippet of Zen philosophy are casually slung.

THE SOFTIES: Suicide Pilot (Charly). Picks up on the hell-for-leather licks that The Motors discarded when, after their first album, they went in for a complete re-service.

PRECIOUS SID tries it his way — FATHER PULSE wishes him everlasting piss. . .

EL COCO: Under Construction (Pye). Not those cardboard cut-out Euro-slop contest Abba clone also-rans, but a Yankee disco crew who get more Stateside hits than their talent deserves.

● MIDNIGHT MANOEUVRES OR THE SATIN SHEET STRATAGEM

CHARO & THE SALSOUL ORCHESTRA: You're Just The Right Size (Salsoul); BLACK IVORY: You Turned My Whole World Around (Power Exchange). Over a familiar Salsa disco skip, an extremely excitable and rude sounding Senorita flares her nostrils, flashes her teeth and works herself up in a veritable lather by persistently growling (in assorted tongues) "You're Just The Right Size!" As to what she's ranting on about in between moans and groans, I have absolutely no idea. Meanwhile, back-at-the-couch, Black Ivory's Stylistics-styled boudoir ballad comes in two versions. One suitable for air-play, the more athletic version definitely not!

SALFORD JETS: Lookin' At The Squares (WEA). 'Ere, could you ever, in your wildest imagination, conceive that someone could make a chart-contender by just feverishly chanting (albeit in close harmony) nowt but, *"Walking round the towntown, looking at the squares!"* over a relentless rhythm track. The Salford Jets have. And, it's so utterly ridiculous that in the next couple of weeks it could manifest itself as the latest chuckin' out anthem.

AVERAGE WHITE BAND: One Look Over My Shoulder (RCA). Ally's Army may have relinquished their roles as Ambassadors - Without - Portfolio, but at least Scotland have still got the AWB. Doesn't grab - you - by - the - collar as instantly as material from their still-unsurpassed "White Album" period, but like good malt whisky the taste becomes more enjoyable the longer you savour.

DAVID DUNDAS: Guy The Gorilla (Air). Tribute Schmibute! The accompanying press handout goes to great pains to refute any suggestions of opportunism (!), stating that this song was both written and recorded before the star of Regent's Park Zoo shuffled off to The Great Jungle In The Sky. Fair enough. But I find the remarks about Guy's "punk attitude" not only crass but downright derogatory. Guy was a magnificent beast and, despite the fact that he spent his life in captivity, a creature possessed of a certain dignity. Sadly, even in death Guy isn't afforded respect: seems he's to be stuffed and put on exhibition in the Natural History Museum. If they've got any straw left maybe they can do the same for Mr Dundas — with his blue jeans on.

●ALL SOMEBODY'S YESTERDAYS AND A FEW TOMORROWS

DAVE MASON: Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow (CBS). Ah, sweet bird of youth! Take it from someone who knows — during the late '60s, this much-covered Goffin & King smoocher was the ace *pulling anthem* for any one - night - stand road band looking for a one - night - stand. Just so long as she wasn't jammed - up - tight against some geezer, all any musician had to do was to make eye-contact with the most fanciful chick in the joint, let nature take its course and by the time the song was over. WHAMMO — YOU WERE In-Like-Flynn! If you don't believe me, just ask Lemmy. I dunno Mason's motives for suddenly resuscitating this poignant Shirelles' standard — unless he's recently been lumbered with a few dogs.

JOHNNY RIVERS: (Slow Dancin') Swayin' To The Music (Polydor). The original Disco King of Sunset Strip and the man who made the Whisky A Go Go the most famous of all Amerikan rock joints, the secret of Rivers' staying-power was not founded on his prowess as a highly original performer but his uncanny knack of persistently covering songs popular enough to enjoy a lucrative second-lease of life. In this capacity, Rivers accrued so much excess loot that whenever he hits-the-road, he can afford to cart-along (all expenses paid) arguably one of the best star-studded rock 'n' soul dance bands you'll ever hear in your natural. Originally waxed by the Funky Kings and then more recently transformed into a minor Brit-hit by James & Bobby Purity, Rivers' treatment could possibly chart hot-on-the-heels of his bubbling-under re-run of Major Lance's "Um x 6".

THE HOLLIES: Look Through Any Window/I'm Alive/Just One Look (EMI). A trailer for a Hollies "20 Golden Greats" TV album campaign. One of Britain's longest-running soap operas, I've always had this suspicion that, despite their impressive hit list, had T'Hollies been a Yank band they would have quite possibly achieved the same kind of international legendary proportions as The Byrds, Beach Boys, CSN&Y and the Dead. *(This bit doesn't make sense — Ed)*

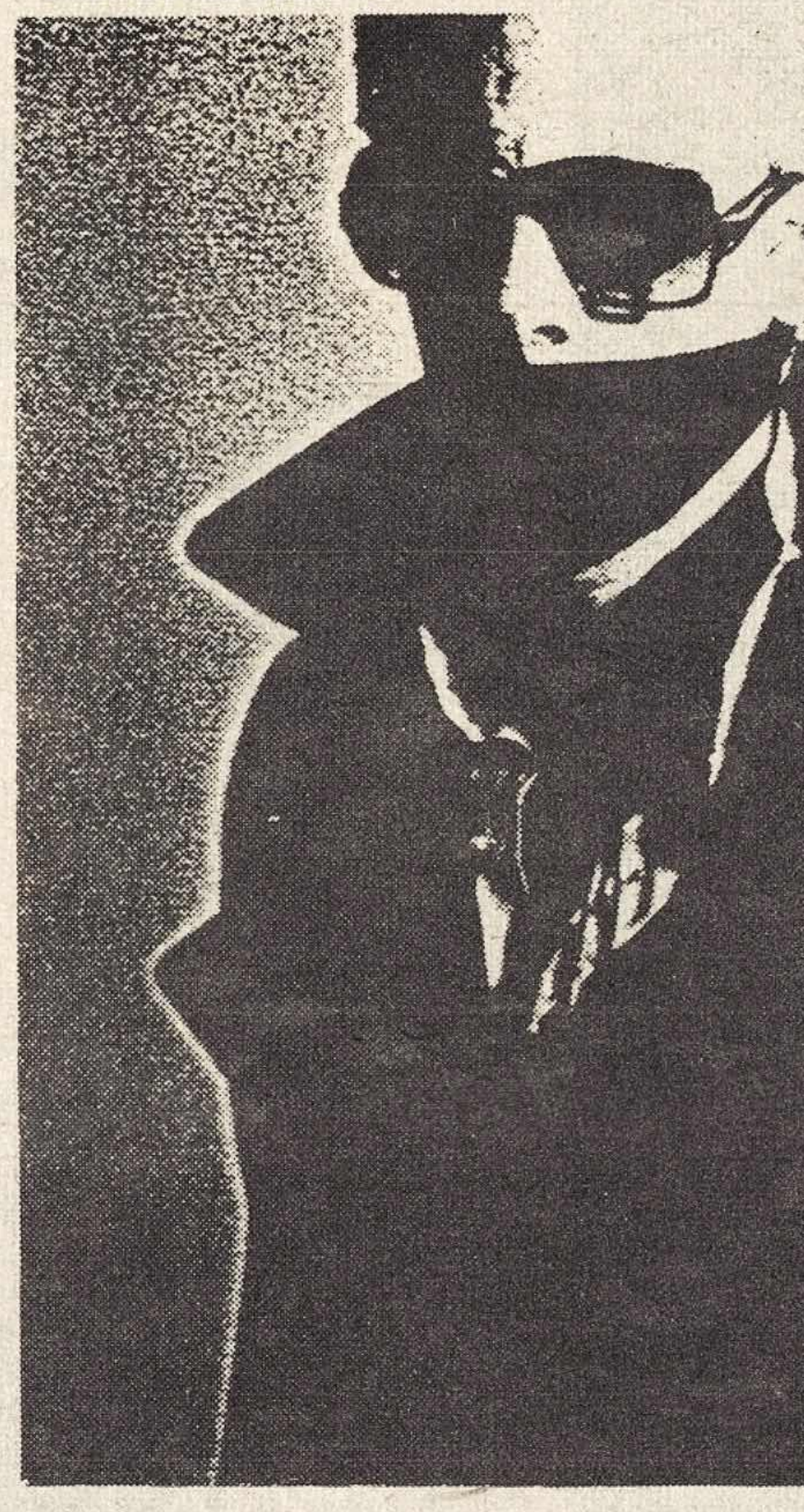
THE STEVE HAYNES BAND: Back In My Arms Again (Black Bear). Just one of thousands to realise the unlimited mileage in Motown's back-catalogue. Whilst the sore-throated singer — who I assume to be S. Haynes Esq. — busts the proverbial gut, his band choogle convincingly Southern-style. Good production chore from John Schroeder who has tailor-made this for all those who go apeshit over the kind of histrionic foot-stompin' boogied-down by the likes of the Marshall Tucker Band.

ROSETTA STONE: Sheila (Private Stock). Jeez, not them again! As Tommy Roe's original was itself a blatant rip-off of Buddy Holly's "Peggy Sue", who the hell needs this revival by a band who, in one foul swoop last year, almost managed to erase the sheer magic of Cream's "Sunshine Of Your Love". Given a choice, I'd much prefer Jeremy Spencer's long-deleted *definitive* "Sheila"-spoof, "Linda". But then, you can't have everything — one thing's certain, I don't want this.

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON & RITA COOLIDGE: Lover Please (Monument). The Paul & Paula of the Coke Generation hold hands and skip along wearily to a Billy Swan song they originally cut almost four years ago. Sounds like someone's getting pretty desparate.

GILLA: Bend Me, Shape Me (Ariola). Hey, you know how record companies just love to pull a quote out of a favourable review and incorporate it in their advertising. Well, if I wrote of this discomat re-make of the old Amen Corner/American Breed hit: "A record which single-handed wipes clean and re-draws the face of pop music in its own image", betcha that next week, you couldn't pick up a music mag without seeing those same words screaming at you. However, I betcha they won't print that, along with the reprehensible sentiments expressed in the accompanying press hand-out (see *T-Zers*), this is singularly the most offensive single of the week. Dunno though — it has been said, just so long as they spell your name correctly, there ain't such a thing as bad publicity.

Pic sleeve of the week for kute KLARK KENT



CHICORY TIP: Son Of My Father (Old Gold). Munich Machine mechanics Belotti and Moroder have come a long way from composing such frozen faecals as this. In keeping with the colour of the packaging they should re-name the label Old Crap.

MUD: Drift Away (RCA). Despite the fact that Les 'n' the lads have re-modelled the old Dobie Gray chestnut for both weary (Tiger) feet and Wunnerfool Radio One's playlist, I'm not sure of their present bankability. Wonder how it compares with the Stones still unreleased treatment? Mick?

ETTA JAMES: Piece Of My Heart (Warner Bros). Though usually associated with the late Janis Joplin, this Jerry Wexler production features arguably the last of the R&B Red Hot Mamas knockin' out an emotive yet controlled performance that measures up to Emma Franklin's 1967 Shout label original. Glad to see someone with taste is looking after this Lady's career.

PATTI BOULAYE: Memories Don't Leave Like People Do (Polydor). A *New Faces* winner attempts to prolong her statutory 15-minutes-of-fame with a not-so-ancient Johnny Bristol toon — the chorus of which is an almost note-for-note lift from Clarence Carter's "Patches". Phil McNeill, sensitive fella that he is, reckons that the title is quite a nifty catch-prase. As to whether the melody lingers on is all down to airplay

THE VENTURES: Walk — Don't Run '78 (UA). Actually, the label clearly states "Walk — Don't Run '77" — the year has been outdated by biro.

Make of that what you will. Seems that since the dawn of creation, The Ventures have made a fast buck (and approx 100 albums) from bandwagon jumping. Whatever the trend, you can bet these guitarmen will have an instrumental hits album out to mop-up some of the luke-warm gravy. When not engaged in such opportunism and an annual six-month Jap junket, they persist in re-recording their biggest hit to comply with current tastes. This time around it has been tepidly *discotized.* Next year can we anticipate reggae, pogo and Kraftwerkian re-runs?

SPIRIT: Nature's Way (Illegal). As far as this writer's concerned, Spirit are one of the select few bands who can do no wrong and this trailer for an album recorded during a night of sheer magic at the Finsbury Park Rainbow doesn't break the chain. Spirit-ualists will already be conversant with this title while, as an added bonus, Randy California skilfully revives Hendrix's "Stone Free" on the flip. Must be Cult Single Of The Week.

SPENCER DAVIS GROUP: Keep On Running/Somebody Help Me/I'm A Man/Gimme Some Lovin'/Every Little Bit Hurts (Island). Five tracks around which the Stevie Winwood legend was built. Durable British-bred R&B with "Gimme Some Lovin' " remaining an integral part of British riff rocklore along with "Satisfaction", "All Right Now", "Ticket To Ride" and "Whole Lotta Love". A prime example of the EP format being utilised to its full advantage.

FAMILY: Burlesque/In My Own Time/The Weaver's Answer (Reprise). That the Yanks never cottonned-on to Family's idiosyncratic originality was their great loss. And the fact that the group broke up, ours. Nobody brayed better than Chapman. To paraphase another hack, a man who tires of Family is tired of rock / life / wine / women / song / *Crossroads / Celebrity Squares* / delete where applicable. Though it charted in '72, "Burlesque" is so contemporary that it could do it all over again. Here's hoping.

TIM WEISBERG: There Is A Mountain (UA). As flautist Tim Weisberg encroaches on Herbie Mann's manor the question that immediately comes to mind is, are we about to be subjected to a Donovan Revivial *(Bleedin' well hope not. — Bob Dylan) (You're wrong Bob, we've already got an album prepared. — The Ventures).*

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GEORGE THOROGOOD, takin' aim at Britain. Pic: CHRIS GABRIN.

AIN'T NUTHIN' BUT THE BLUES BAND

. . . working real hard for you and your party tonight. GEORGE THOROGOOD, fresh out of blood-bucket bar-rooms back in the USA, emerges as champion of the New Blue Wave here in the UK. CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY talks to The Man.

LOOKED AT MY watch and it was almost one, and George Thorogood And The Destroyers are just sloping on stage for their third set of the night. It's the second night of a two-night stand at Dingwalls (Camden Lock's home of the blues); one of those word-is-out gigs where the guest list looks like a random slice out of *Teazers* and where are *you* tonight, Bob Geldof?

Tonight, Dingwalls resembles the kind of club Chuck Berry used to write songs about: noisy, packed and jumpin' and let's hope tonight the poleece won't knock because it ain't just too *late* to step now, it's too damn *good*.

Up by the stage the punters have been saving themselves the hot spots: one quick raiding foray on the bar to replenish at the end of the last set and then back up to the front to save their places. The new generation of teenage R&B fanatics sparked off by the Feelgoods and Lew Lewis and now firmly into Wilke's Solid Senders and The Bishops, riding the Blue Wave and hooking into a new blues demon to add to the pantheon: George Thorogood. One kid down the front seen 17 summers, used to play guitar in a punk band but he jacked it in to look for a hot harp player so's he can form an R&B band.

He was at Dingwalls for Thorogood's first gig, and three nights later he'll be up at Barbarella's in Birmingham for George and The Destroyers' third and last British gig: hitched up there with two of his mates.

There's the man: George Thorogood, 27 years old, from Wilmington in Delaware — well-built, grinning, clean-cut, Bugs Bunny teeth — clutching the big old Gibson ES125 he got to replace the one that got nicked just before he came over, ambling on to the strains of Uncle Chuck's "Sweet Little Rock And Roller" hammering out over the P.A., part of the excellent blues, rock and R&B disco that DJ Mac and Dingwalls mainman Boss Goodman put together in his honour.

Over there behind the drums, saturnine and moustachioed under his white cotton cap, is Jeff Simon, Thorogood's schoolchum and rhythm section teammate to Big Bro' Billy Blough on the Fender bass, hefty, quiet, almost withdrawn behind his Buffalo Bill 'tache. Blough joined up around two years ago, just before the album was cut.

In the DJ booth, Boss Goodman fades Chuck Berry down into silence as the kids down the front give Thorogood a hero's welcome. He's already given them nearly two hours of white-hot wang-dang-doodle bar-room blues and rock and roll. He's back for more and so are they.

As Chuck disappears down the plughole, Thorogood turns around and squints in Goodman's direction. "Hey, Boss . . . why'd'ja fade that out, man? I *like* that song!"

"If you like it that much, Georgie," yells a kid right at the lip of the stage, "why doncha *play* it?"

Thorogood gives him that Bugs Bunny grin, counts the band in. He hits *that riff*, Blough and Simon stampede into the beat and then he's up at the mike, doing it up right, doing it proud.

"Sweet li'l rockanrollaaaaa . . ."

Just like he meant to play it all along. And — of course — it's ace.

SIX MONTHS ago, George Thorogood And The Destroyers were a New England bar-room band. Four sets a night, minimum money, pack the P.A. and the drums and the amps into a couple of beat-up cars, drive maybe 200 miles to get to a job. The band had originally been formed as a baseball team — The Delaware Destroyers — but there weren't enough of them to make a team, so they became a band instead. They played places where the customers were so wrecked that they hardly knew that there was a band on at all, places where tempers boiled over into soups of blood and whisky, places where their gear got ripped off and they had to keep playing just to play the instalments on the next amplifier.

No manager, no roadies, just the three of them — always George and Jeff, but originally George's room-mate Ron Smith on second guitar in a bassless line-up modelled on Hound Dog Taylor and The Houserockers, a cooking, driving slide-driven combo that were the biggest draw in Chicago before Hound Dog died in '75.

Then there was a bass player who quit the band because he didn't want to leave Boston and then finally there was Billy Blough. They taught themselves to play virtually on the job: George had a couple of years start on the others, though Jeff had played drums for a couple of years in his mid-teens before switching to guitar. He and George had started out on guitars together, but one day there'd been a drum kit laying around and the room where they'd been practising and Jeff had started fooling with it and then things had shifted.

They played blues: not the electronic powered blues-rock that the white bands of the '60s had synthesised out of the Chicago scene pioneered by Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf, not the sophisticated lead-guitar stuff played by Clapton and Bloomfield and Green and the other devotees of the Three Kings — Albert, Freddy and B.B. — but the gut-simple bottom-line raunch that developed in the late '40s and early '50s when men like John Lee Hooker's swamp-sinister boogie stomps and Elmore James' slashing slide first got electrified, mixed in with a healthy dose of Chuck Berry and a discreet flavouring of Bo Diddley.

THOROGOOD respects men like Albert King, Buddy Guy, Son Seals and Luther Allison — as he respects all good bluesmen — but their style isn't his cup of club soda (on the rocks, twist of lemon, thank you). "They're too *electric* for me. See, I'm basically an acoustic guitarist."

Thorogood's style is heavily, fiercely traditional, frozen right at the point when the country blues of the Mississippi Delta men first went electric. He doesn't play a single lick that's under 20 years old.

The rhythm section keep it straight ahead: Blough even eschews walking bass lines and boogie runs, simply echoing and thickening the incessant drone of Thorogood's thumb-picked bottom strings. Not because he can't play the other stuff — the stock-in-trade of every blues bassist from Chicago to Southend — but because "that's the way George wants it. *Real* simple."

Real simple. Even the way George Thorogood and the Destroyers made it out of New England and into all the cool-jerk hangouts in New York and California and London was real simple.

Their album was originally cut for the simplest and most blatant of reasons: they were sick and tired of driving all over the

■ *Continues over page*

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■ *From previous page*

place just to audition for club-owners, schlepping themselves and their gear and playing a set just for the chance of some paid work next time. So they figured that it'd be easier to send out an album so that the club bosses would know what they sounded like and whether they could get hired or not (Johnny Winter's very first album, "The Progressive Blues Experiment", was cut for very similar reasons, except that The World's Whitest Blues Guitarist was a mite more ambitious — he wanted to hawk *his* album round the big record companies).

So "George Thorogood And The Destroyers" was cut for local folk label Rounder Records — who were as worried about the effect of Thorogood's rough, raunchy blues on their regular buyers as Elektra were 13 years earlier when they first recorded Paul Butterfield; hence label boss John Forward's liner-note statement: "There is no question of this band's talent or greatness: only the age-old question, will it sell? Rounder Records is taking a gamble in putting this out. It is *not* your ordinary Rounder Record."

It certainly wasn't. In a fit of enthusiasm, someone at Rounder sent this album to *Rolling Stone* and a few radio stations. It garnered a rave review and a lot of airplay, people started wondering who the hell George Thorogood And The Destroyers were and suddenly the band were known and admired by more than just local drinkers and the blues circuit.

"PLEASE DON'T forget your favourite waitress or bartender who're working real hard for you and your party tonight," Thorogood announces, beaming. All barband jive. But where Thorogood comes from the bar bands are also workin' real hard for you and your party tonight. The band who play the pubs in London generally work between 45 and 75 minutes a night, and even veterans like Johnny Guitar from The Bishops admit to being knackered after an hour. Thorogood would probably consider his Brit contemporaries to be a bunch of sissies.

On his first night at Dingwalls he played a 45-minute press reception set, followed by a 45-minute soundcheck/set/jam while the liggers were being cleared out and the punters allowed in, followed by two full-tilt sets built on a firm base of Hooker boogie, Berry rock and Hound Dog Taylor/Elmore James slide.

The following night he contented himself with a mere three sets: his only concession to British tastes and expectations being to abandon the chair on which he normally sits to conserve his energy at the start of the sets and increasing the Berry quotient at the expense of the Hooker factor.

At the Birmingham gig the band were so exhausted and jetlagged that they allowed themselves the unaccustomed luxury of condensing their performance into a single 90-minute set.

And you best believe he's getting it over: the kids in Brum already had the album and were roaring right along to "Madison Bluxes" and "One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer", calling out for "Delaware Slide", Thorogood's own personalised variant on the traditional Delta slide riff best known as Muddy Waters' "Rolling And Tumbling," and the only original number in the book.

"I grew up with rock and roll, but these blues won't leave me alone," he sings, hammering down on the Gibson with a slide blaze so unselfconsciously roots that I'd given up hope of ever seeing anyone play like that live, the precise sound that I'd been digging on records for more than half my life, a sound that you hardly ever hear played right from anyone who isn't middle-aged and black, a sound that you can't get from listening to records and reading blues books.

Thorogood observes mordantly that "I used to get my ass kicked in high school because I was one of maybe three or four people who dug The Rolling Stones instead of The Beach Boys or The Supremes or any of that shit," but by the time he reached his late teens he'd gotten into folk music and the big flash came when he saw the great Mississippi bluesman Fred McDowell.

Thorogood learned his blues by hanging out with the bluesmen, playing with them and learning from them the same way that Paul Butterfield, Mike Bloomfield, Johnny Winter and Bonnie Raitt did.

He and The Destroyers would drive halfway across America to support one of their heroes on a gig. "We'd lend them our P.A. and our amps, we'd carry their guitars into the club for them and be *glad* to do it. They'd ask us how much we wanted and we'd say *nuthin'.*"

As young black musicians ignore the heritage of the blues — "I don't even *know* any black musician my age," Thorogood says with some asperity when I ask him why his black contemporaries don't play blues at all — it's left to white kids like Thorogood to defend the music and the men who make it.

He told me about a young Jewish New Yorker who'd drive Fred McDowell wherever he wanted to go, carry his bags and his guitar, play bass for him onstage and get him his whisky — and do it all for free.

With this spirit and coming from this background, it's little wonder that the prospect of bigtime rock and roll success means very little to George Thorogood. His agency and record company have been instructed to keep the band based around their hometown during the baseball season so that they can keep up with the local games. All they really want to do is earn enough money to build their own baseball field. All in all, it's hard to imagine, in a few years' time, George Thorogood dresssed all in leather, smashed out on cocaine and bourbon in a lush hotel suite with two chicks whose names he doesn't know, wondering why he isn't happy any more.

It's more logical to remember him like this:

"I was jamming with Hubert Sumlin — you know who Hubert Sumlin is, Howlin' Wold's lead guitarist? Of course you do. We had our guitars out, playin' away, and then I hear this other guitar comin' from Wolf's room. It's Wolf, man, and Jubert says, 'Y'oughtta go jam with Wolf, man, he'd really get a kick out of you.'

"I says, 'Aw no, man, I really couldn't go do that,' but Hubert keeps telling me to knock on Wolf's door. So I go round and peek in his window, and he's sitting there with a music stand and he's playing his guitar. So I go back to Hubert and say that Wolf looks like he's busy. But Hubert just says I should take my guitar and knock on his door.

"In the end, I do it, and I go up to the door of Wolf's room and I knock. I hear Wolf's guitar just keep right on going. I knock again and the guitar still keeps on. "So I go back to Hubert's room. I figure Wolf's already got everything he needs in that room. He's probably already eaten, he didn't drink, he got paid last time he worked, he had his guitar . . . so why should he open his door? I mean, what should I have said?

" 'Hey, Wolf?' "

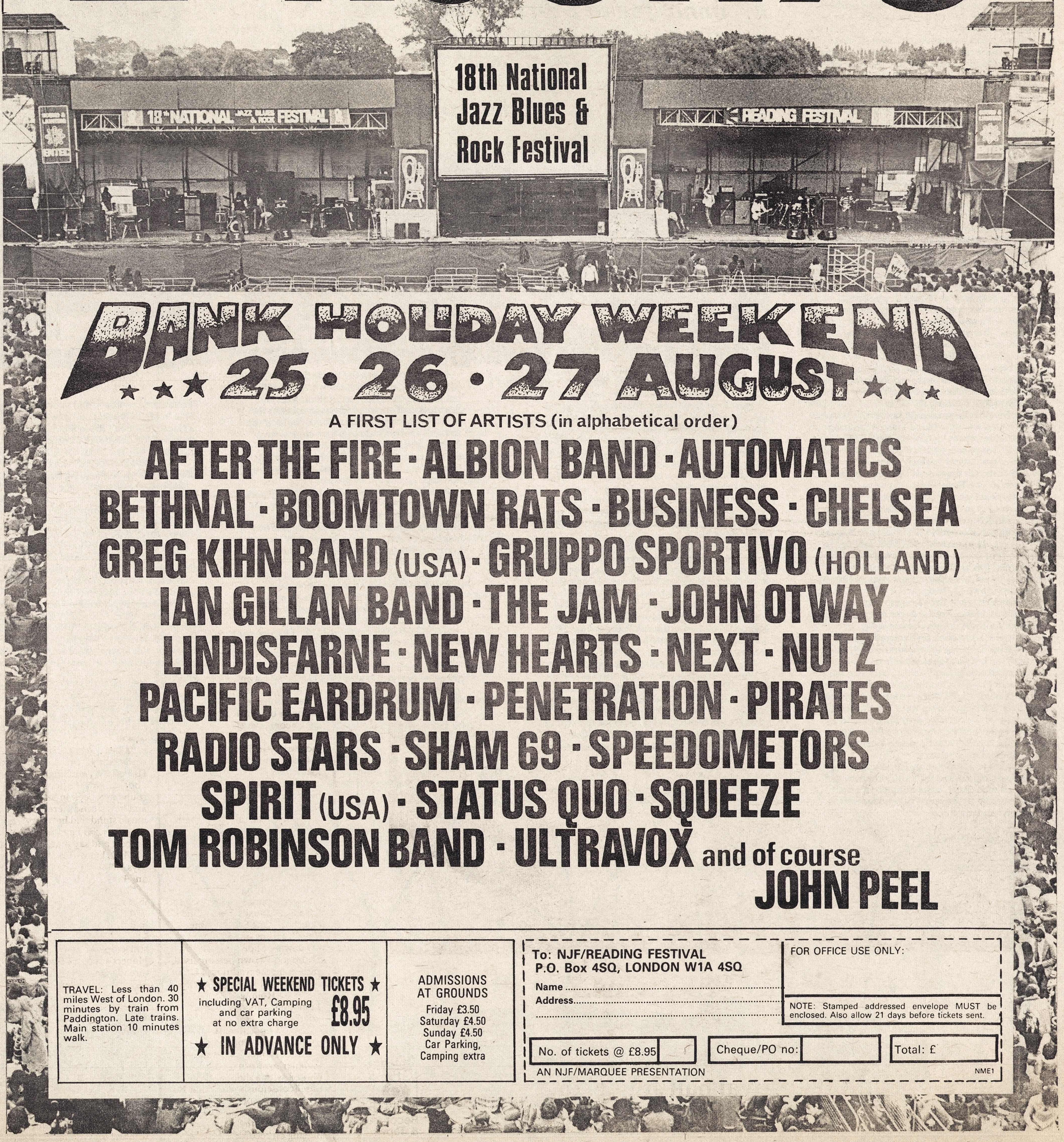
" 'Yeah?' "

" 'Uh . . . this is George Thorogood and, uh . . .' "

" 'Yeah?' "

"I could've been someone wanting to give him a million dollars and he still wouldn't have opened that door . . ."

READING ROCK '78



18th National
Jazz Blues &
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A FIRST LIST OF ARTISTS (in alphabetical order)

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BETHNAL - BOOMTOWN RATS - BUSINESS - CHELSEA
GREG KIHN BAND (USA) - GRUPPO SPORTIVO (HOLLAND)
IAN GILLAN BAND - THE JAM - JOHN OTWAY
LINDISFARNE - NEW HEARTS - NEXT - NUTZ
PACIFIC EARDRUM - PENETRATION - PIRATES
RADIO STARS - SHAM 69 - SPEEDOMETORS
SPIRIT (USA) - STATUS QUO - SQUEEZE
TOM ROBINSON BAND - ULTRAVOX and of course
JOHN PEEL

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HIPPIES — WILL THIS SINISTER CULT CATCH ON?

NME's fluid druid, BRIAN CASE gets unhinged at Stonehenge, meets strange young people with long hair, observes weird rites and inexplicable occurrences and stands in the presence of forces more ancient than man.

PENNIE SMITH monitors the exposuremeter and worries about the weather.

IT WAS A PIPPIN assignment, and our habitual green eye-shields did little to conceal an unnatural brightness of eye as we crowded into The Editor's office. Clearly, competition was going to be pretty stiff, and glances flickered like minnows as each hack took secret measure of his neighbour.

"Is it Bremen?" hissed a senior journalist who had failed to keep up, never got over being grounded, and was high anyway.

There was a fusillade of nervous flatulence as The Editor announced the target: The Stonehenge Summer Solstice Festival! "It's a sacred and darkly supernatural event," he explained, "and no place for the scoffer or profane rollicker. Those guardians of the Ancient Wisdoms, the Druids, will be there, and I don't want them on my ass."

He had, consequently, devised a series of arcane spiritual trials to select the most spotless hack, kicking off with a knockabout match in the washroom which eliminated half of the staff: Millenium Athletic 3 (after extra time) — Atlantean Rovers 0.

Angus McKinnon nodded off in the Contemplation paper, Roy Carr failed to charm a wart, and Monty Smith was last seen heading somnambulistically for the pub behind a divining rod.

Some chaps are rotten losers. The fact that the mantle descended upon my shoulders had nothing to do with nobbling — and only an envious snot-gobbling shite-hawk would suggest such a thing — and everything to do with superior piety. I fizzed in the Wizardry Quiz, and played it close to the chest on The Old Straight Track: Q — How do you feel about leys? A — Non-aligned.

Thus it was that Pennie Smith, grizzled veteran of the Brownie, and I found ourselves chuffing through the drizzly Wessex landscape towards the mysterious and lore-laden plateau known to Modern Man as Salisbury Plain, a stout ashplant in the hand, a merry ballad on the lip, and Pennie grunting under the luggage.

"Why couldn't we come by train?" she complained, as I tucked a rather interested fossilized jawbone into her pocket, and twinkled ahead to cull a noseygay.

"Trains!" I crowed. "All your technological gew-gaws are but a pimple beside the cast brooding inscrutability of our Ancient Forefathers. Those early chaps really had their flints together. Re-discover your legs! And you'll find my steamer trunk much easier to carry if you stop lurching about so."

Alas, Modern Womanhood has learned little and forgotten what the blood knows! Ignoring her mutterings about "a Great Pillock" — a reference, I suppose, to one of the tumuli or sepulchral mounds with which the terrain abounds, I took it upon myself to improve her education re The Rude Heap.

Scholars have gnawed their quills to the cuticle over the mystery of Stonehenge. What race of giants begat that ring of stone, schlepping the unwieldly bluestones down from the Prescelly Hills on raft and roller, raising the fourteen-foot sarsen stones and crowning them with lintels? For what unimaginable rites and rituals did these Neolithic engineers court a truss back at the Dawn of History?

Myth numbers Merlin, Hengist and Horsa, Vortigern and King Arthur as the faery navvies. Not until the 18th century did scientific speculation start to cook on the front burner, with William Stukeley first boffin through the trap with the hot flash that Stonehenge had astronomical connections.

Professor Hawkins fed the groundplan of the Mighty Pile into an IBM computer, and proved that its celestial alignments were less than one degree out on the extreme position of the sun, and one-and-a-half degrees out on the moon. Stonehenge, he concluded, was an early version of Greenwich Observatory.

All this led to acrimonious dust-ups between astro-achaeologists, and the fustier chaps with the shovels who clung to the notion of a ruder ancestor unable to see much beyond his next pterodactyl and mash.

The discoveries bucked the Druids up no end, for they could now claim to have been astrologer-philosophers rather than clueless clubmen, but they in turn were embarrassed by the Hippy '60s, which intercepted the ball and ran.

STONEHENGE today is a Tower of Babel, with UFOlogists, pyramidologists, Atlanteans, elf-dabblers, Sacred Mushroom munchers, Third Eye cosmonauts, Rupert Bear fanatics and the odd off-course Ascot punter in the grey topper all converging on the site for the midsummer sunrise.

Pennie had, in fact, thoughtlessly fallen into a ditch a couple of paragraphs back, and, biting back a natural irritation, I seated myself on a tuffet and sent words of encouragement back down the lane to her.

"Look at that," I said, as she limped into view. "Some gentle pilgrim has chalked a message on the highway: 'Today is the happiest day of your life' ".

"Nerts," said Pennie.

At last Stonehenge reared up before us, a gigantic Dirty Fido under the moiling skies. All around the perimeter, the Department of the Environment had scribbled a memo of barbed wire, so that the only approach lay through a concrete underpass. The road rumbled under a constant traffic in tanks, while the song of lark and lapwing was drowned in the ferocious tearing of jets.

A brace of military policemen stared hungrily at the long-haird queue for the refreshment kiosk. "Do you do part-exchange?" asked a chap in Blondel minstrel tights, indicating a Kit-Kat, but the refreshement lady went as pink as her nylon overall at this irregularity. Next door, the postcard trade was brisk, with a particularly murky clairaudient study of the monument outselling the sharper stuff.

A big hippy bubmled by, carrying a frying pan and picking up every scrap of litter in his path.

"Pardon me, Officer," I said to a policeman, "where would be the best place to view the rising of the sun over the Heelstone?"

"Bit early, aren't you, Chummie? It was last night which gives you 364 days to jockey about on your shooting stick." And the Peeler had the gall to chortle.

I tried to point out to Pennie that the Old Gregorian Calendar had much to recommend it, but she was obviously crestfallen. My vivid description of the cowled ceremonials at the Alter Stone, with two charabanc-loads of the Ancient Order Of Druids frowning down at their Timex and up at the leaden heavens — a mess of ruined druids if the old currant bun failed to manifest! — did little to put a spring in her step.

Approaching Stonehenge, however, it was soon apparent that ritual was still seasonable. Alternative religion and the very cream of the lunatic asylums were on display in generous helpings. Protected from the wind by the lowering sarsen stones, the inner ring was huddled with hippies of every hue.

With most of the assembly sporting pixie hats or banded skull caps, they resembled a backwash of winkles left by the tide, or — indulge me, gentle reader — a cache of well-sucked humbugs. Some squatted, some stood on the fallen stones, and one chap wearing what looked like a cake-frill, had got himself stuck in a trilithon.

Tricks were walking. Sid Rawles, erstwhile organiser of free festivals back in the '60s, had trekked down from his commune in Wales where the tribe lives in teepees, to boss a baptism. Infants, mainly ginger, were being passed up to Sid for benediction. Victorian Old Testament, no less — Sid in occassional plaits, blue 'n khaki blanket and unwavering smile, was a ringer for one of those Sunday School transfers awarded for Lamb-like Conduct: Christ Knocking On The Door Of A Human Heart.

"Walla Walla Wooja!" chanted the faithful, clapping palms and beating hand drums.

Sid held the chapped babe aloft to the heavens. The chapped babe turned mauve then red in the wind. "Happy little children!" cried Sid. "O Circe! Here is your brother who has come to play with us for a while!"

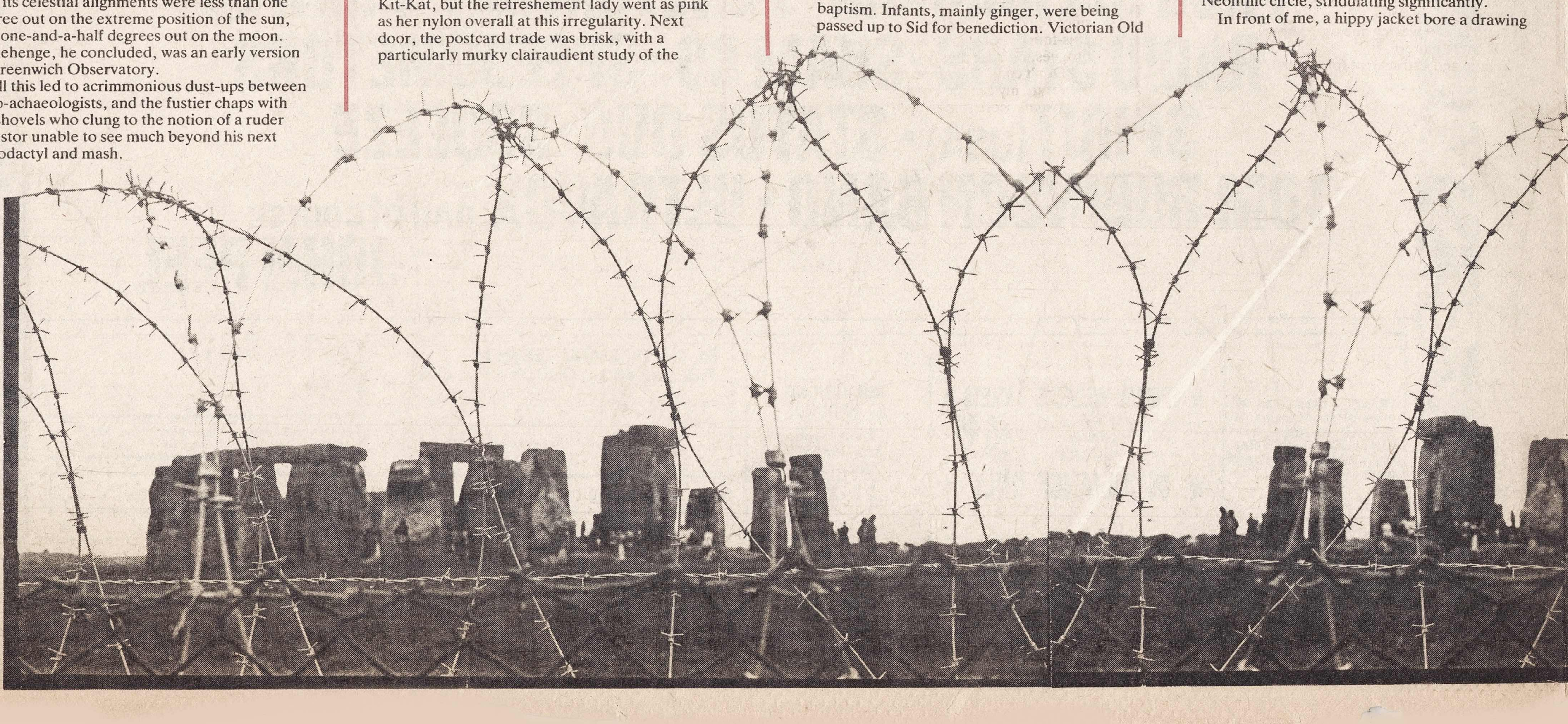
"Stone to stone!" shouted the tribe.

"Behold, the First Avatar of the Seventh Dimension!" bawled a far-sighted chap with a red beard, and everybody put a mixture of ashes and mud on the bridge of the nose.

"I'm dying to get back to the Nick," said a policeman, plainly moved by the vows of poverty which forced the tribe to share the same cigarette. He shot a hopeful glance at the Superintendent who paced and slapped his gloves on his palm, a master of the waiting game.

A jet overhead, trailing its sound of ripped silk, and a trio of helicopters hovered over the Neolithic circle, stridulating significantly.

In front of me, a hippy jacket bore a drawing



"Whaddya mean. Steve Hillage ain't playing?"

of facing gnomes over the legend: ‘Do you want a cup of tea?’

What, I asked myself, did it all mean?

Sid reached for another carroty herbert. His fingers went gentle gentle gentle like thistledown, employing a variant of the Japanese pen-holder grip about the baby biceps. “We are all God’s children!” This went down very well.

A strange processional dance began. Round and round the outer ring of bluestones they pranced, playing flutes and feathered pipes and banging tambourines. It seemed very unlikely that Dean Martin would be appearing as Roy Carr had promised. A pretty West Indian girl with ginger hair and a butterfly tattoo on her shoulder sat on the shoulder of a barefoot chap, beating a brass gong, none of which over-impressed a small, wirehaired terrier which yipped and plunged underfoot. He bore a strong resemblance to Just William’s dog, Jumble: perhaps a re-incarnation.

Everybody seemed to be outfitted by William Morris, pink and silver bloomer-silk, headbands and boleros, corkscrew curls streaming in the wind, a frieze for an urn. Striped shifts, white shifts, a girl with bare breasts, a flautist in unlaced artillery boots. There was no shortage of hieratic arm waving and capering on the Cecil B. De Mille pattern.

Pennie and I struck out for the exit. Only three visitors remained in the inner circle — a stunned African lad in a drip-dry shirt, a Guinivere with her brow pressed to the Altar Stone, and an archaeology major who had been trying to decipher the markings, and check them against a list.

“Now that we’ve topped up our vibrational affinities,” I said, “let’s go and have a shufti at the festival.”

“You haven’t talked to anyone yet,” criticized Pennie. “Except Old Bill.”

“Oh, words!” I laughed. “You’re not still into word communication, surely?”

“THE STONEDHENGE Freek’, as it was colourfully titled, was located in Farmer Jack Wort’s field. Communicants had forced the padlock on his gate, let out the cows who had destroyed his barley crop, and moved in mob-handed to hold communion with wild nature, the dearest Mother yet. Attendance was down, and had been dropping since 1976 when a peak 4000 piled in; this year, there was less than half.

“Giz 10p for summin’ to eat, man,” begged a hippy at the fence, rather annoyingly I thought, since I had taken pains to pass as a brother — plus-fours, thorn-proof Argylle socks, sensible brogues, nothing dressy.

“Don’t come it,” rapped Pennie, and made me return my cheque book.

“Wanna score some grass?” asked a gaunt chap in dungarees, but it looked yellow and trampled and marred with plantain weeds which the gardening manuals advise one to discourage.

Guitar-playing drew me like a magnet to one of the battered vans. I poked the bean in the door. “I say — do you think we might have a rap?”

Several chaps lay inside on the backs of their necks. They looked bored. The music was a bit samey. Nobody said anything.

“What brings you to Stonehenge?” I tried.

“To see how high I can get,” said the guitarist.

“Ah,” I said. I know how to talk to these people. Hearing was a problem though, and I had to request that he desist from strumming. “It’s my only inspiration for words,” he said, “so I’ll probably not know what to say now.”

He was right. We strode on through the encampment, myself explaining the background to the ley line controversy to Pennie, surly under the steamer trunk.

Not only was Stonehenge a digital computing machine capable of predicting lunar and solar events, but the site formed part of a precise network of Neolithic ritual sites throughout the British Isles and Europe, connected by straight lines of leys. The theory, pioneered by Alfred Watkins in his book, *The Old Straight Track,* postulates that the leys make use of existing knolls and gorges, as well as purpose-built barrows and standing stones. More recently, Professor Thom has confirmed this with theodolite, compass and map. Again, hairier heads have taken it further, believing that ley lines possess magical powers of telekinesis..

“What do you think?” I asked a passing rainbow.

“Didn’t work for me,” he replied. “It’s still a crazy place though. I don’t know much about it. I don’t think most of the people here know much about it. There’s lots of different vibes here, man.”

“I wish you could get some of them under this trunk,” said Pennie.

TENTS CAME assorted, from Sid’s wigwams to striped marquees to shanties to the humblest pup tent erected by drop-out sixers. Many of them flew strange flags on crooked poles — a three-lion pennant, a Wally duster — odd emblems which filled like a hobbit’s smalls in the gale. Everywhere dogs were at play, ridge-backed, curl-tailed, loll-tongued, trailing tasselled leads, figures from a medieval tapestry.

A mighty billy-goat stared at us through yellow eyes. No troll would go one round with him, old leader of a miracle-working crusade. Currently, he ate a nettle. Unknowable mammal!

A hand came out of a fly-sheet, holding a toilet roll. Re-cycling was busily under way, with long queues at the Pure Joy Vegetarian Wholefood tent, and not a few purple frowners in the woods. In fact, there weren’t many trees left, suggesting that the cycle had slipped into top gear: go behind a tree, chop down the tree, cook on it, go back and go behind another tree. Little family gatherings shared a hacksaw, father and son moving with slow dopey strokes, piling up the green logs, the family that saws together yawns together.

Stews bubbling in cooking pots. Dogs, ginger children and long second toes ran like a motif across the encampment, in between the melon rinds. Flat on his back between the guy ropes lay a teddy bear wearing a velvet star on a gauntlet, K.O’d.

‘Bay Willow — our tent is behind the Hari Krishna tent’ read a notice outside the Release tent. Lifts wanted, lift offered. Glastonbury was the next target. An information tent promised ATV, Here & Now, Keith Christmas, Nik Turner & Sphinx, Warp III and gangs of unseeded players.

We reached the makeshift stage in time to hear a punkish outfit. Beside the mushroom logo, a Hell’s Angel revved a big blue Harley. There wasn’t much to choose between them.

A crazed hippy invaded the stage yelling “The stage for The People not punks!” only to be swatted aside, “Piss off, maaan!” A few hippies stood around in their Pre-Raphaelite purples and emeralds listening noncommitally. They liked longer loops.

“OWZYERFARVER OWZYERFARVER!” sang the band “Bet yer’ve never seen nuffin like this, ’ave yer?” challenged the singer, hoping to offend, but they had. A red-nosed blonde nodded her head gently to the beat as she trudged back from the woods, bearing fardels.

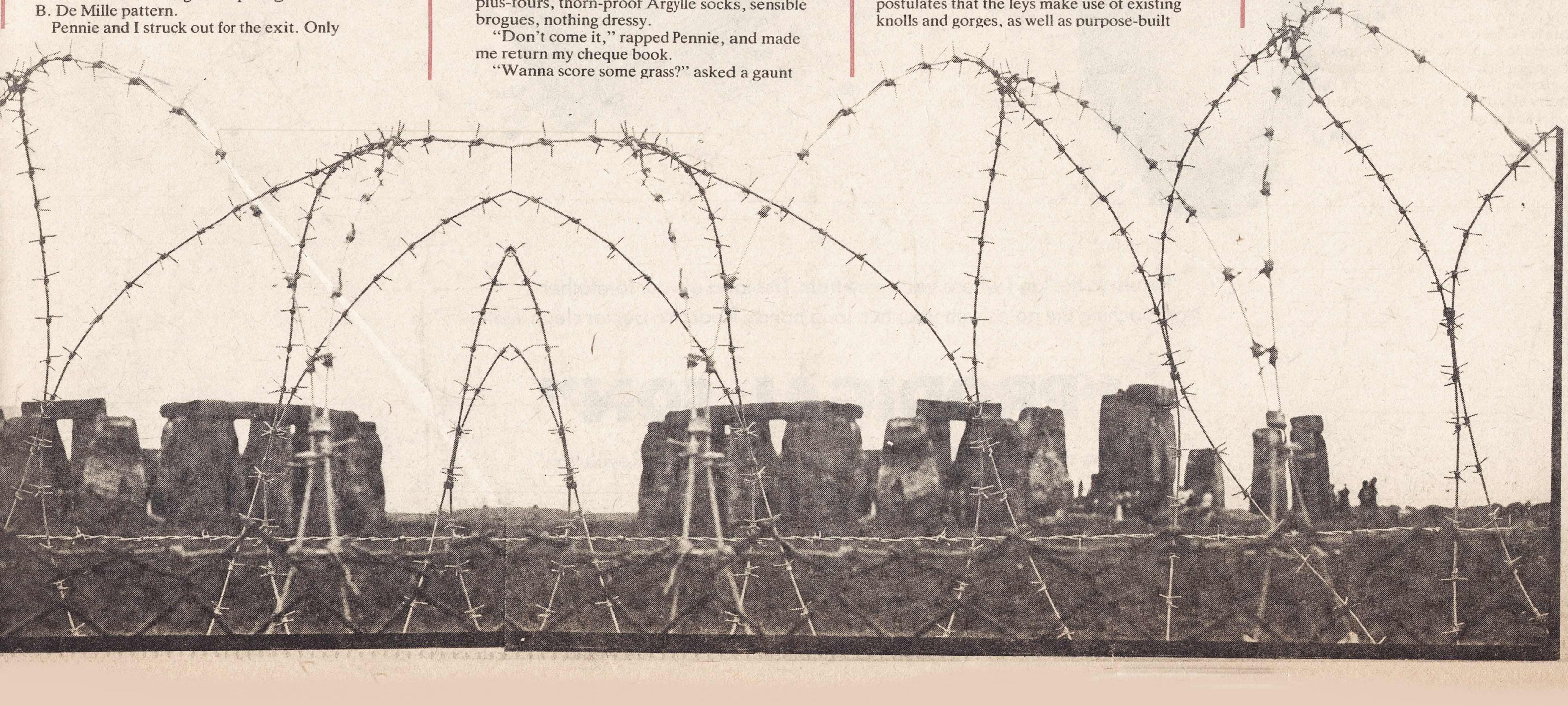
It started to rain. Sectarian queues for hotdogs or lentil soup started to jig up and down to the pelting weather. Non-sectarian goosebumps arose.

A blockage occurred in supply and demand as a dreamy chap tried to recall what he wanted. “Aaah . . . I’ll have . . . aaah . . . have I finished . . .?” A rain cloud passed through his head. A couple sharing a blanket had trouble entering their tent, despite the encouraging amulet of foot-soles in flagrante on the flap.

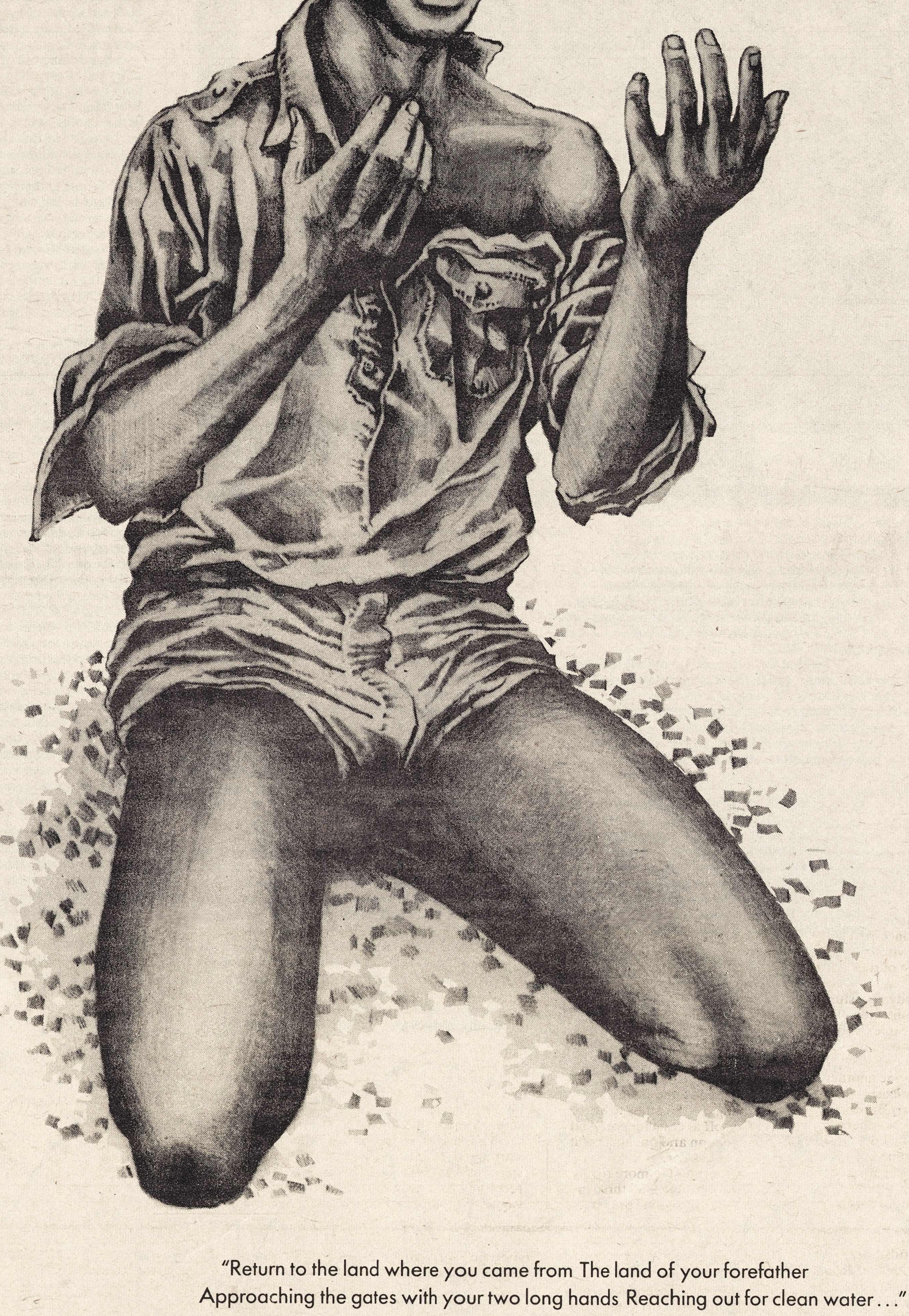
Dean Martin didn’t show up but Nik Turner did, eating a hardboiled egg.

“Are you Nik Turner?” asked an amateur photographer.

Nik Turner smiled peacefully. “Sometimes,” he said.



STEEL PULSE



"Return to the land where you came from The land of your forefather
Approaching the gates with your two long hands Reaching out for clean water . . ."

"PRODIGAL SON"

The single from the forthcoming album "Handsworth Revolution."

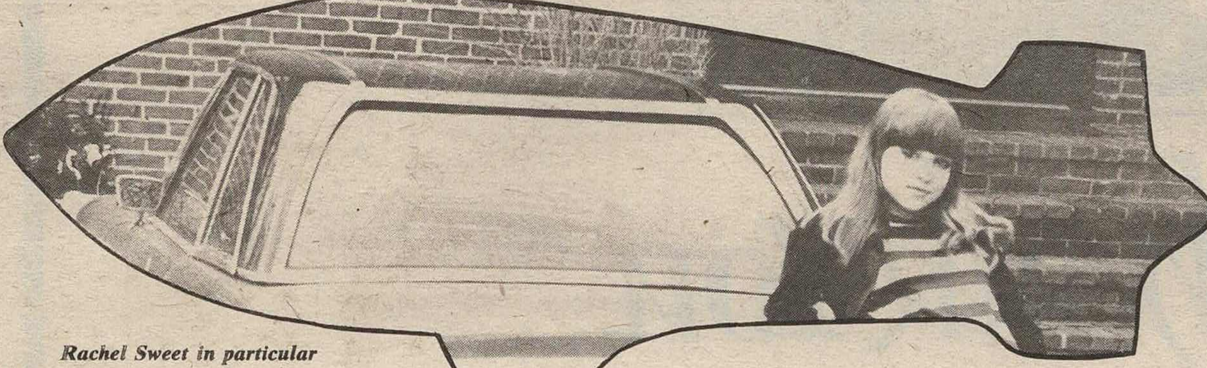
ISLAND

Produced by Karl Pitterson WIP 6449.

ALBUMS

Akron & Aire pix: ADRIAN BOOT

Akron in general



Rachel Sweet in particular

Jane Aire in close-up

Tin Soldiers And Akron Coming One Stiff In Ohio

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Akron Compilation (Stiff)

THE FIRST thing you must know about the Akron sound is that there is no Akron sound.

This is a compilation album. The artists on this compilation album happen to share the same geographical location. Sometimes record companies release compilation albums for no reason beyond the featured artists sharing the same label. It is in the neglected tradition of "Bumpers" and "The Rock Machine" that this album belongs.

The half-expected catalogue of weird industrial robo-music this is not. You'll be relieved to hear that there aren't hundreds of little Devos waiting to march out in perfect formation — the Animal Zoo will have to spread its message unaided.

Instead, there's a group of isolated souls having carefree musical adventures with fairly obvious (usually British) off-the-wall influences. A kind of what - the - hell - nobody's - gonna - hear - it - anyway approach to the tape recorder, refreshingly unconcerned with being in any way vital to the future and/or past of rock and roll.

Given the cloudy, incestuous state of things in the area, it's hard to tell where one band ends and another begins — in more senses than one since all tracks segue into one another — or even if they exist at all. For instance, Chris Butler was a member of The Numbers Band, a snatch of whose music is heard during some contrived radio static. Then he formed The Waitresses, a semi-mythical studio group with three songs featured. Now he's with Tin Huey, who contribute one cut.

Terraplane, who sound like The Bonzo Dog band fronted by an immature Joey Ramone or maybe all-round vintage Kevin Ayers, and Idiots Convention, who come off like a less flag-burning trippy-dippy Jefferson Airplane *circa* '67, are both probably figments of Charles Bailey's and producer/co-ordinator Liam Sternberg's imagination.

Sternberg, who is currently studying composition and working on an experimental ballet score, is also the mainstay of Jane Aire & The Belvederes. Chi Pig sound a bit too much like the Beefheart learnings of Tin Huey to be passed off as coincidence. And so it goes on and on. None of it gets any clearer.

Concerning the more rigidly defined entities — all three in the throes of signing proper recording deals — there is little to add at present. The Bizarros' "Nova", a two year old single, betrays plainly the fixations of someone who regards the purchase of an LP with a banana on the cover as a seminal experience. They have since improved.

The Rubber City Rebels, originally an HM copy band (they still are really) called King Cobra, sound like a lamebrain poor man's Dead Boys, and I've a terrible hunch they're going to make money out of it. Tin Huey will bring renewed hope to any lurking pothead pixies with an eclectric blend of Beefheart and Canterbury esoterica.

Come to think of it, this album has a definite air of the hippie outpost. All the artists seem possessed of that old introspective, anti-commercial spirit, and the semi-pro recording facilities bestow a vaguely late '60s sound quality.

On "When I Was Young" Jane Aire & The Belvederes evoke those no-hope San Francisco Bay area bands like Joy Of Cooking; on "I'm An Actress" they are redolent of one of Joe Boyd's early folk-rock productions. Both songs are cuts above the turgid "Yankee Wheels" single, but still the most arresting female presence here is that of Rachel Sweet, who on "Truckstop Queen" (about a diner hostess who owns the chain but enjoys the company) resembles a debauched teenage Dolly Parton. Elsewhere she offers a fetching calypso lament for "Tourist Boys" who break the local girls' hearts.

Which brings us finally to The Waitresses, who successfully valiumize Bo Diddley's rattlesnake beat on "Slide", parody Devo on an unlisted mystery track called "Clones", and comment wryly on the adolescent disco condition with "The Comb" wherein the boy (Chris Butler) says *"Heeeyy"* and the girl (maybe Rachel Sweet) complains: *"They all wanna play with the girls that dance with the girls but the boys won't dance!"*

In effect this album is more than the sum of its parts — unlike the recent Hope & Anchor album, for which the reverse was true. It plays coherently and, rather than jerking abruptly from track to track, surprises and entices at every turn, confounding expectations all over.

It goes out for well under three quid in the right location, and is sure to be the bane of record shops everywhere as the more pesty amongst you try to sample the sickly odour contained in the scratch'n'sniff sleeve. Just think what The Ramones missed out on there . . .

Paul Rambali

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Roots Rock Reggae (Cactus)

SINCE THE decline of the Trojan Empire to its present nadir, there is now no longer such a voluminous issue of compilation budget albums like the "Tighten Up" and "Chartbuster" series that represented so great a proportion of the company's catalogue in previous years.

This twelve track compilation LP — culled from various independent labels — can hardly be said to compare with the selections of yesteryear; even if it is a fair to middling anthology of 1977 reggae hits, it still retails at full price.

Apart from this, "Roots Rock Reggae" might be said to stand favourably alongside its respective Trojan sets although, in my own opinion, the standards of the music has become decidedly inferior in recent years.

In brief. "We Play Reggae" from The In Crowd was undoubtedly the most successful Creole issue of 1977, though I can't imagine why, it being a pleasant and lightweight eulogy of the music; whilst the reggae *song* of the year, "I'm Still In Love" from Alton Ellis, falls far short of the singer's original rock-steady interpretation for Treasure Isle nearly ten years before.

Trinity's "Three Piece Suit" and "Uptown Girl", together with Dillinger's "Mind Your Own Business", were mildly amusing this time last year, but sound dated in current company; and Danny Ray's version of "Waiting In Vain" no way matches Marley's hardly outstanding original.

My own personal favourite track is Sarge's "I've Been In Love", which is still available on Tops as a single, price 70p.

No slight against Creole, a company that works hard for its successes (Barry Biggs, Ruby Winter), but I wouldn't entertain "Roots Rock Reggae" on my deck.

Penny Reel

THE ALPHA BAND

The Statue Makers Of Hollywood (Arista)

"WHERE THERE is division, confusion, and perversion, may there be unity, clarity and purity."

Wham! As soon as you set eyes on the inner sleeve of this album, the above message lets you know that The Alpha Band believe in God, especially J. H. Burnett, who appears to be their leader and writes sermon-like songs with such titles as "Rich Man", "Mighty Man", and "Perverse Generation".

Now I'm not knocking the guy for his beliefs, but, if Rastas can sing about theirs without sounding condescending, then why can't he?

This is, however, an album of some topical interest which has nothing to do with religion, because two members of The Alpha Band, Steven Soles and David Mansfield, are in Dylan's band. Both play very well, natch, especially Mansfield who dobros, mandolins, and fiddles dextrously, sometimes giving the music a colour it would otherwise lack.

The opening tracks on each side of the album, "Tick Tock" and the aforementioned "Perverse Generation", strike an agreeable medium somewhere between Dylan's "Desire" and prime Fairport Convention, but the rest of the album falls well short of the standard set by these, and, without the diversion of any strong tunes, the lyrics become increasingly irritating, so that "Thank God" becomes quite a fitting closer — fitting in the sense of "Thank God that's finished".

Neil Peters

Scratch this page and sniff the whiff of dying trees

Thin Lizzy

THIN LIZZY
'LIVE AND DANGEROUS'

Thank You

Live and Dangerous	No.1 Nicky Horne, Capital No.1 B.B.C. Radio No.2 Music Week
Rosalie	The hit single from the album
Wembley	Two sold out dates 22nd. and 23rd. June

not forgetting Manchester, Newcastle & Glasgow

"No songs left on my juke box heart
you broke all the records baby"

Disco Ver America And Other Waxy Tales

ROBERTA KELLY
Gettin' The Spirit (Oasis)
UBIQUITY
Starbooty (Elektra)
MORRIS JEFFERSON
Spank Your Blank Blank (Parachute)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Thank God It's Friday (Casablanca)

A DISCO album is like a frisbee with a stable of aliases. No sooner is it previewed, processed and pawned than it reappears with a different name, label and arrangement as dumb and trusting as a death-wish pigeon.

On my way to a gold watch, I lingered in a lame, game manner over above-listed efforts. A pointless, joyless attempt, but it's easy money.

Roberta Kelly, on the other hand, is nothing more glam than Hansa hard labour, sweating it out with the Midnight Ladies and the Munich Machine under the eagle eyes of Moroder and Bellotte all year and being allowed an annual album's worth of unenthusiastic emoting in her own return.

The world could turn without a record per annum from Roberta, you know what I mean? When I dismissed her first album "Zodiac Lady" last summer, she was ape on astrology; this year's twaddle grooves on God. Playing it, I think I understand why Christians used to be tossed to the tabbies. Three old ("Oh Happy Day", "To My Father's House" and George Rutle's "My Sweet Lord's So Fine") and three new (courtesy Kelly and cohorts), all six adding up to nix.

She wears abominable knickerbockers, God help her, and her material is as good as she deserves. "Oh Happy Day" is the catchiest track if you're forced at knife-point to dance, and stands a fifty-fifty chance of getting played at *La Vlabonne* (where the flabby people go), but Roberta's career will never be anything to write home about. *"Album inspired by The Creator"*, lies Roberta, *"and produced by Giorgio Moroder"* — one and the same in Munich, aren't they?

Ubiquity make Roberta look like Margaret Mead, they're so gormless. Look — the entire lyrical content of the title track is *"I'm a star/You're a star/Starbooty"*. That's not smart, is it? And *that's* one of their gems.

What they really want to be, of course, is Rose Royce, but they just don't have what it takes — the songwriters. If they traded material with Rose Royce, you wouldn't know the difference — but that's not the point.

They might be protected and produced by disco-credibility big-shot Roy Ayers, but with seven in the band that pay-check really has to do the split, and I predict they'll be back in the carwash by 1979.

Ubiquity are no conversation piece, and neither is Morris Jefferson. His record has congas, clavinets, string contractors, "moral support", "undying strength", sharp and sweet girl singers — all adding up to less than a minus. Even the concept is redundant, "sex" disco having been brilliantly laid to rest by Michael Zager's succinct smash "Let's All Chant" *"Your body / My body / Everybody with nobody!"* (*—that's* the stuff) not "Dr Spank", "Spank Your Blank Blank", "Spank It Child Please", "Spank A Little Bit", "Spank Your Thang", "To Spank With Love" and "A Spanking Good Time" . . . talk about flogging a dead fad.

Jerry Lee Lewis

Leaving three acts destined for nothing but losing a few thick A&R men their niche in life, let's try and make it in the movies. Hot on the calloused heels of *Saturday Night Ether* and *The Crud* comes a small-time Amerimuck disco talkie *Thank God It's Friday* and it's (naturally) soundtrack double album — in this instance presented within a singularly handsome sleeve and accompanied by 12″ of Donna Summer lying "Je T'Aime" through her teeth.

The albums give you one track of Diana Ross, one from The Commodores, one from Thelma Houston and two from Summer. I'll bet my fillings you haven't heard of the remaining ten artistes who donate (out of charity?) the remaining 12 tracks.

It would have made a nice EP, let's be fair. Side one has Pattie Brooks' "After Dark" and Donna's "With Your Love" — bored, unworthy class: habitual hustles. Side four has D.C. LaRue's creeping, weeping, slick, sick "Do You Want The Real Thing" (there's no question mark, see) and Diana's fascinating post-Summer spine-chiller "Lovin', Livin' And Givin'" (gee, is that title ever misleading — just listen to those synthesizers).

The last album was the best, I guess. I used to have fun formulating theories about disco, but now I just glaze my eyes and think of The Supremes.

Julie Burchill

Shining Donna Summer and Screaming Jay Hawkins: Glitter Best and Skull Wares?

Summer pic: GUS STEWART

VARIOUS ARTISTS
American Hot Wax (A&M)

WHETHER BY design or force of circumstances, when the cameras rolled on this factitious movie — which attempts to distil the essence of '50's rock 'n' roll through a mesh of half-truths about legendary DJ Alan Freed — only three original rock 'n' rollers were on hand to lend their memories to the proceedings.

The rest of this double album is made up of one album of 14 hit records from the approximate period and the balance of the genuine soundtrack, which features unknown singers who assumed fake identities for the film.

The compilation of oldies is fairly typical. By which I don't mean it's bad; on the contrary, at least 11 of the 14 tracks are essential records of the era. But if you've got any kind of collection of '50s R&B/rock/pop you're bound to be facing duplication frustration.

If you're a novice in such matters the selection is catholic enough to introduce you to such diverse acts as Jackie Wilson ("That's Why"), Maurice Williams And the Zodiacs ("Stay"), Bobby Darin ("Splish Splash") and Frankie Ford ("Sea Cruise"); the universally familiar (Little Richard's "Tutti Frutti", Buddy Holly's "Rave On") and the relatively obscure (The Mystics' "Hushabye", The Turbans' "When You Dance").

As for the soundtrack half of the package, it's entertaining enough as a souvenir of the movie but doesn't really make the grade purely on the strength of the music. Both Jerry Lee Lewis ("Whole Lotta Shakin", "Great Balls Of Fire") and Chuck Berry ("Reelin' And Rockin", "Roll Over Beethoven") have been heard on better live recordings and, although it's a rare experience to hear Screamin' Jay Hawkins lurching and spluttering his way through "I Put A Spell On You", his performance loses a certain dramatic interest without the accompanying visuals (which were so severely edited that he might as well have not been in the film).

Of the unknown acts, a quartet of young black doowoppers called The Chesterfields were the hit of the film. Sadly their Coasters/Frankie Lymon & The Teenagers imitations don't do them justice on record. Instead, the stars of the album are The Delights, a black female quartet whose leader, Brenda Russell, does a marvellous job with The Bobettes' "Mr. Lee" and The Chantels' "Maybe", and solo singer Charles Green, who posed as Dee Clark but was mysteriously billed as Clark Otis. His clever recreation of "Hey Little Girl" is probably better than Clark could have done it himself.

Not an essential album but one to investigate if you enjoy the film when it's released and haven't already got too many of the studio tracks.

Cliff White

Don't Mansion It

VARIOUS ARTISTS
White Mansions (A&M)

WHAT WE have here, I fear, is another attempt at the "Evita" scam. The idea is fairly simple. You cobble together together a superficially lavish album of the main tunes from a projected musical and then you sit and hope both for a hit and that, with the hit, Joe Bucks will come hustling along just bursting to put up the cash so the stage production can be presented in all its flaming glory.

Once the stage show is playing to massed coach parties from Macclesfield, the sky's the limit. There's the movie, the book, the T-shirt and the TV sit-com based on the original plot. When all this has been achieved, you finally pass Go with a vengeance, pick up your millions and retire to somewhere hot for the rest of your natural. Who could ask for anything more?

Of course, you have to realise that musicals have been getting a little weird of late. Once the likes of Rice and Webber had thoroughly plundered The Bible, those who came later moved on to a set of very bizarre subjects. At this very moment we have musicals based on Little Orphan Annie, Dracula, and the singing, dancing wife of a South American dictator.

What could top that? Ex-ad man, agent and rock manager Paul Kennerly believes that the entire American Civil War is just the thing to do it. Kennerly has taken this rather unpleasant piece of internecine bloodshed (the US Civil War was the military mid-point between the geometric slaughter of Waterloo and the production line slaughter of World War I) and produced what is described as a "song cycle" or a "movie for the ears".

In order to get the "movie" down onto wax in a viable form, the services of Glyn Johns, Waylon Jennings, Eric Clapton, Jessi Colter, Henry Spinetti, Tim Hinkley, Dave Jennings, Dave Markee, two of the Ozark Mountain Daredevils and ex-Eagle Bernie Leadon were enlisted to pull the whole epic into shape.

To be perfectly fair, the music stands up quite well to the bulk of productions coming out of Nashville or Austin. It's tidy, commercial country music in the so-called outlaw vein. Some cuts, like Steve Cash singing "White Trash", would stand on their own in the context of a progressive country album. Waylon Jennings and Jessi Colter turn in effortless, professional performances, and Eric Clapton throws out a couple of examples of neat, but hardly memorable, picking.

Picster Russell alters entire course of U.S. Civil War

Everyone seems to have done his homework. The lyrics, using the rough personae of the four main characters, the well-to-do Matthew (John Dillon), the redneck Caleb (Steve Cash), the southern belle Polly Ann (Jessi Colter) and the mysterious drifter, a kind of Greek chorus (Waylon Jennings), follow the main events of the war from the very start to the aftermath of the Jesse James period of alienated lawlessness.

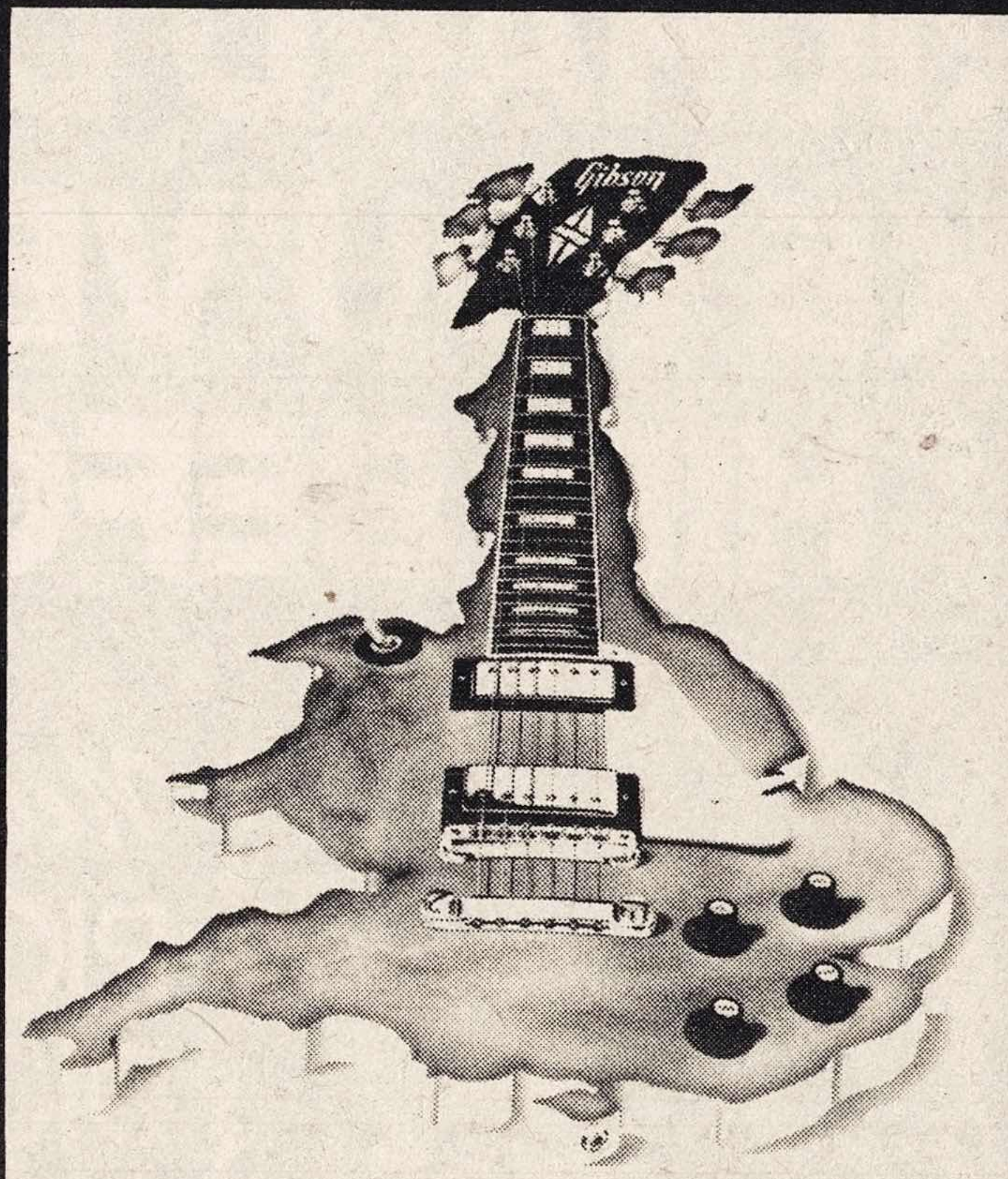
Homework isn't any substitute for soul. Considering there are people in the South who don't really believe the Civil War is over yet, the whole bloody epic deserves something more than the superficial war-is-hell treatment that it receives here.

Glyn Johns may have done a top drawer production and the packaging by Ethan Russell may be magnificent, but it can't disguise the fact that the exercise, particularly the lyrics, is just too damn trite. Dylan's music for *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* is lightyears ahead in terms of finding the feel of an episode in history.

Indeed, The Band doing "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" tells you more about what it felt at gut level after the Civil War in some three minutes than this whole album gets across in 40.

Mick Farren

If you've searched the country for this poster – look no further!



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We Are The Dog Dead

A Canine Cross. *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS

Do It Dog Style (Decca)

UNFORTUNATELY, A posthumous debut album. Quite something, not even the anti-Christ (Sex Pistols) managed to pull that off. But it is a rather sad, inevitably *obvious* affair. A pink tombstone. An obscene epitaph.

Slaughter and The Dogs always seemed to be struggling to keep their head above water, despite the brash leering. Two songs together on side two encapsulate: "Keep On Trying" and "We Don't Care". They were always trying, enjoying it I guess, and really I don't suppose they *do* care, now that it has fizzled . . .

But does anyone else? As I said, they always seem to have been the archetypal doomed-to-fail, semi-detached. Unable, unwilling, or perhaps destined, they never kept abreast of the meteoric custom-changes of the quote-punk-unquote demi-monde. Lacking the sophistry and petit-proletariat sulks perpetrated by their immediate peers, lacking the paraphernalia of a decent record company/management behind them to prod or to purify, they were never anything more than ragged, never anything less than endearingly, optimistically vulgar.

Contrast them with very close contemporaries (geographically, historically) Buzzcocks: the canyon, savage one this, between Identity and Identi-Kit. The failure to resolve initial enthusiasms, the naive and insolent sense of 'pop' and perhaps, the rage into something 'attractive' (however perverse).

Imprecise, unpalatable, albeit well-intentioned, they scream/scramble away into oblivion. Perhaps to be remembered in years to come with the same twisted affection we reserve for curios like ? And The Mysterions and other such fossils dredged up from a by-gone age by chance bulldozers.

A case might almost be made for Slaughter and The Dogs, even if it is also a casket. They could be the only 'real q-punks-u'. They were, laboriously it seems, a round peg in the proverbial square. Uh, the Decca record label? For a debut/commemorative album they deserve better than "Do It Dog Style's" conscientiously awful sleeve, one destined to repulse rather than attract sales. (Look again to Buzzcocks.) Am I missing some point?

Their music came out of the Reed-Bowie as Ziggy-Ronson adulation experience, later the "I'm Bored You're Boring, I'm Sick You're Sickening etc." epiphany and was, the routine disease, peppered with the graceless savoir-fast of last year's morons — The Ramones (boys from New Yack, New Tack).

"Where Have All The Boot Boys Gone" sounds like a diesel engine corroding in motion, Sham 69 stuff, not that it kindles fond memory or the like in me. "Victims Of The Vampire", "Boston Babies" and "I'm Mad" all flounder for the reasons inherent in their titles: bit like reading *The Victor*, or *The Hotspur*.

"Quick Joey Small" features Ronson the cameo guitar, more ripping-tearing through comic-strip/ITV life. Never 'dumb' or 'trashy' (I cough here), never the 'intellect' evinced by people like Rezillos, Ramones, Table, and soon The Soft Boys. Slaughter and The Dogs weren't lucid enough to be ludicrous.

Slaughter and The Dogs didn't know why they were using the words, perhaps they didn't even know why they were degenerates (?). They had, many people had, fun-while-it-lasted, as is usually said on occasions such as this. The world didn't need, will it mourn?

Unfortunately, I've got a headache and I'll have to leave. I can never stay a wake . . .

Ian Penman

THE COASTERS

20 Great Originals (Atlantic)

TO DO full justice to The Coasters and to their producer-/writers Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, you'd have to write a book and — as a matter of fact — a gent named Bill Millar already has. It's called *The Coasters* and it's published by Star Books.

The songs on this record were an expert and intuitive blend of satire, R&B, belly laughs and first-generation rock and roll, a body of work at least in the same league as that of Chuck Berry.

Even if you've never heard The Coasters in your life, you'll know the songs: "Riot In Cell Block 9" and "I'm A Hog For You Baby" were staples of Dr. Feelgood's repertoire; "Framed" was The Sensational Alex Harvey Band's *piece de resistance;* the Stones cut "Poison Ivy" back when they still had spots; Darts did "Young Blood" on their first album (with "Framed" and "Riot" just for good measure); The Hollies recorded "Searchin' " back when their main influences were rock and roll and R&B; Elvis Presley included a terrible version of "Little Egypt" in one of his godawful '60s flicks . . . these songs've been around some, Jack.

These versions are the best, though; sly, sneaky lead voice, ferociously cool/dumb bass-voice interjections and rough, street harmonies are all wrapped up in Mickey Baker's wry guitar and King Curtis' superbly witty tenor sax fills. Gems not mentioned above include "Yakety Yak" (don't talk back!), "Along Came Jones" (the first and greatest rock and roll putdown of the inanities of television), the Super Hot Dog classic "Shoppin' For Clothes" (the perfect companion piece to Chuck Berry's "No Money Down"), the first overtly socialist rock song "What About Us" and . . . listen, there's twenty tracks on this album and *they're all killers !!!*

If you love rock and roll — any sort of rock and roll, ancient or modern — enough to buy this or any other rock rag, then you've got to have this album.

Charles Shaar Murray

AVERAGE WHITE BAND

Warmer Communications (RCA)

A SAD liaison with mediocrity. A lesson concerning the inability to come to terms. There is a great deal of confusion and/or contrivance here. Look up 'sophisticated' in your dictionary and you will understand all there is to understand about this album . . . Including the cover. I won't make too much of the cover. But it is a helpful symbol, this soap-sud-sex-object (even if the AWB had no say in the art-direction; perhaps they visualised central-heating for phone booths).

Anyway, the 'soul' music here resembles this bath-time technicolour-sex cover. Pretty, nothing forward enough to be offensive (to some), or to be stimulating (to others). Alienating, it is too sophisticated (look it up), too contrived. It has little feel for 'tack' or fantasy — in other words it asks that you accept its (alluring?) superficiality as a reality, at the same time hinting that you too can enter this (alluring?) reality: sophistication (look it up).

It would function perfectly as a soundtrack for the motion picture film called *The Stud.* Perhaps it already is.

On the cover a slogan reads: 'A Product of Average White Band Inc.'. Now I understand; they are a hip version (rival?) of 'Muzak Inc.'. So, this is essential in-car, in-bed, or in-bath listening for boys with straight jackets and sharp shoes, who KNOW that girls want 'it' off them . . . and girls who do.

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Ian Penman

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IMPORTS

I GRABBED a copy of **Roger Williamson's** "American Stonehenge" (Flying Fish) and proceeded to make notes.

The Man Who Knows All About Such Things shook his head. "Comes out on Criminal Records soon," he said.

"How about **Herbie Hancock's** 'Sunlight' (Columbia), then?" I asked, "I suppose someone will be interested to learn that he's opted for a vocal career?"

"British CBS are bringing that one out soon,' said The Man, "you'll blow your credibility as an up-to-the-minute operator if you include that one."

I pointed to the US version of **Tom Robinson's** "Power In The Darkness" (EMI) and waited for approval. He nodded and I began to flail away at the Underwood.

Y'see, in the land of coke and hamburgers they do things differently. And while TRB were granted a single album release here, Stateside it became expanded to a double — which means that if you're willing to lash out around £6.50, you can obtain not only the normal EMI LP but also the additional disc which contains such TRB single and EP cuts as "1-2-3-4 Motorway", "I Shall Be Released", "I'm Alright, Jack", "Don't Take No For An Answer", "Martin", "Glad To Be Gay" and "Right On Sister".

"Perhaps I can hear **O. V. Wright's** 'The Bottom Line' (Hi) now?" I mused, "Hi haven't got a deal in this country so that one can't be facing an immediate release on a British label."

"We've sold out," claimed The Man.

"The Fania All Stars' 'Spanish Fire' (Columbia) then? At least three of our readers are known to like salsa-funk."

The Man sighed with the resignation of a Beatle being asked about a reunion. "Out of stock," he mumbled apologetically, "but you can tell 'em about the US version of the **Flamin' Groovies'** 'Now' (Sire) — that one contains two extra tracks in 'Paint It Black', which was only released on 12" single here, and 'Blue Turns To Grey', the Groovies' version of the song that was a 1966 hit for Cliff Richard. That track's not available anywhere else."

"I suppose I could mention that **Squeeze's** debut album is released in the States as being by 'U.K. Squeeze' (A&M) and that it comes in a fetching shade of red vinyl?

"Nothing else?" I enquired again.

"Well . . . in Japan they've released live albums by **Ray Charles, Millie Jackson, Shocking Blue** and **Janis Ian.** They're all due in anytime now. The Millie Jackson looks good and contains medleys of such songs as 'I Gotta Get Away', 'I Just Can't Stand It', 'I Miss You, Baby,' 'My Man, My Sweet Man', 'Ask Me What You Want', 'It Hurts So Good' and 'Breakaway', plus complete run-throughs on nine other numbers."

"And how about the track listing for the Janis Ian?"

"Oh, that's a double, with about 20 titles . . . including 'Hymn', 'When The Party's Over', 'I Want You To Make Love To Me', 'Party Lights', 'Bright Lights And Promises', 'New York In Springtime' and so forth."

"But apart from that, there's nothing around right now?"

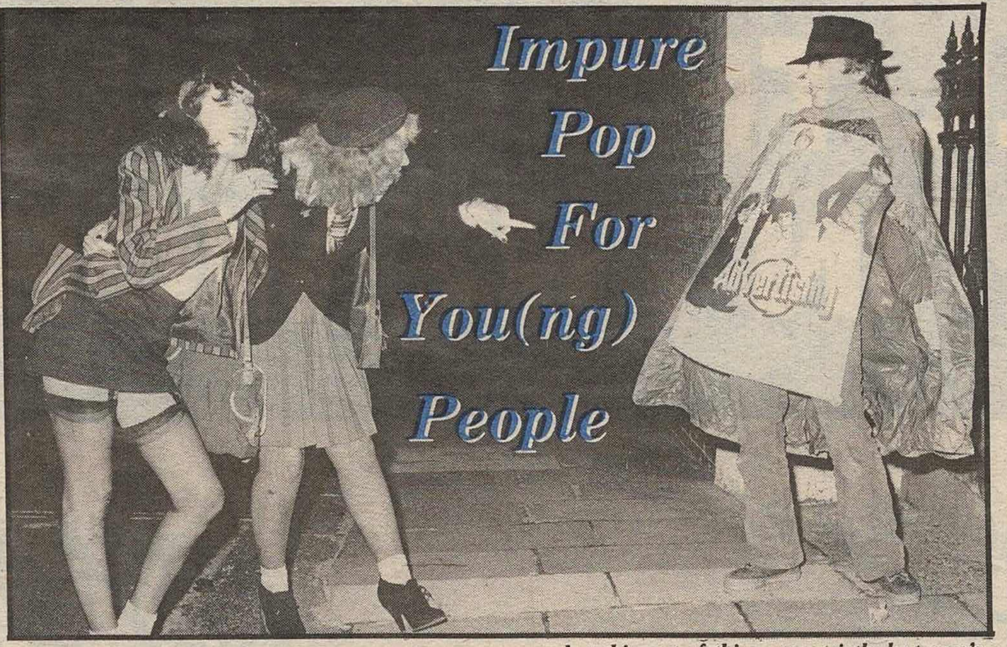
"Nope. It's been real dullsville lately, just disco dum-dums half of which include the word 'dance' in their title."

"Well, perhaps I won't do an import column this week."

"Yeah. Good idea — give it a rest."

Fred Dellar

We here at the fashion centre of the western world thought . . .



Impure Pop For You(ng) People

. . . that this sort of thing was strictly last year's.

ADVERTISING
Advertising Jingles (EMI)

JUST AS The Clash created — by inspired use of stylised clothing, backdrops, and publicity as well as music — a powerful and convincing evocation of violence, frustration and the urban nightmare, Advertising — by an equally comprehensive manipulation of each aspect of their public exposure — have become perceptive commentators on a completely different angle of the modern world.

The gaudy, tasteless clothes; the colourful, posed posters; *Starsky & Hutch* T-shirts and *Daily Mirror* Pop Club badges; the obsession with real-life commercials and the tacky consumerism that surrounds them; they're the perfect trash group for a trash culture.

I'm not saying their images and implications are more or less important than those of The Clash, and I don't want to stretch the comparison too far. But if you look around a modern artificial city with plastic restaurants and plastic food, comic newspapers, TVs spouting attractive nonsense, a picture on every wall and screen trying to sell you something you don't need, Abba albums, pretty clothes, skateboards and all the trappings of the *Star Wars* generation — how can you doubt that Advertising are one of the true soundtracks of today?

The sound is Simon Boswell's chirping guitar and Tot Taylor's rhythm and keyboard passages over the awkward, catchy but unpredictable rhythms of Dennis Smith's bass and Paul Baltitude's drums. They're not a rock band, they use snatches of reggae and even Latin beats to break the uneven bubblegum flow of the music.

"Pleasure Seekers" is the nearest thing to a jingle on the album; there's a strange, offbeat twist to all the lyrics, phrases that sound familiar given new meanings and emphases. "Lookalikes" is for the dedicated followers of fashion; the haunting night-club tango of "Lonely Guys" is for the boys who wear shades after dark.

The other songs are concerned mainly with relationships, serious, funny or just odd.

There are hints on some tracks of calculated Beatles pastiches, but unless you're obsessed with the Fab Four's influence, you won't be too disturbed by similarities. With fourteen cuts, there's room for the two singles you probably missed, the rather heavy-handed "Lipstick" and the triumphant "Stolen Love".

There's a lot happening on this record, complex backing vocals and unexpected effects, and some tracks are perhaps over-produced.

And if you think I've been reading too much into it, then it's 12" of pure fun.

Kim Davis

RITA COOLIDGE
Love Me Again (A&M)

BONNIE TYLER
Natural Force (RCA)

MISS TYLER vs. Mrs. Kristofferson and Miss Tyler scores a clear victory, her opponent suffering badly from the numbing and far-reaching influence of the Los Angeles stigma.

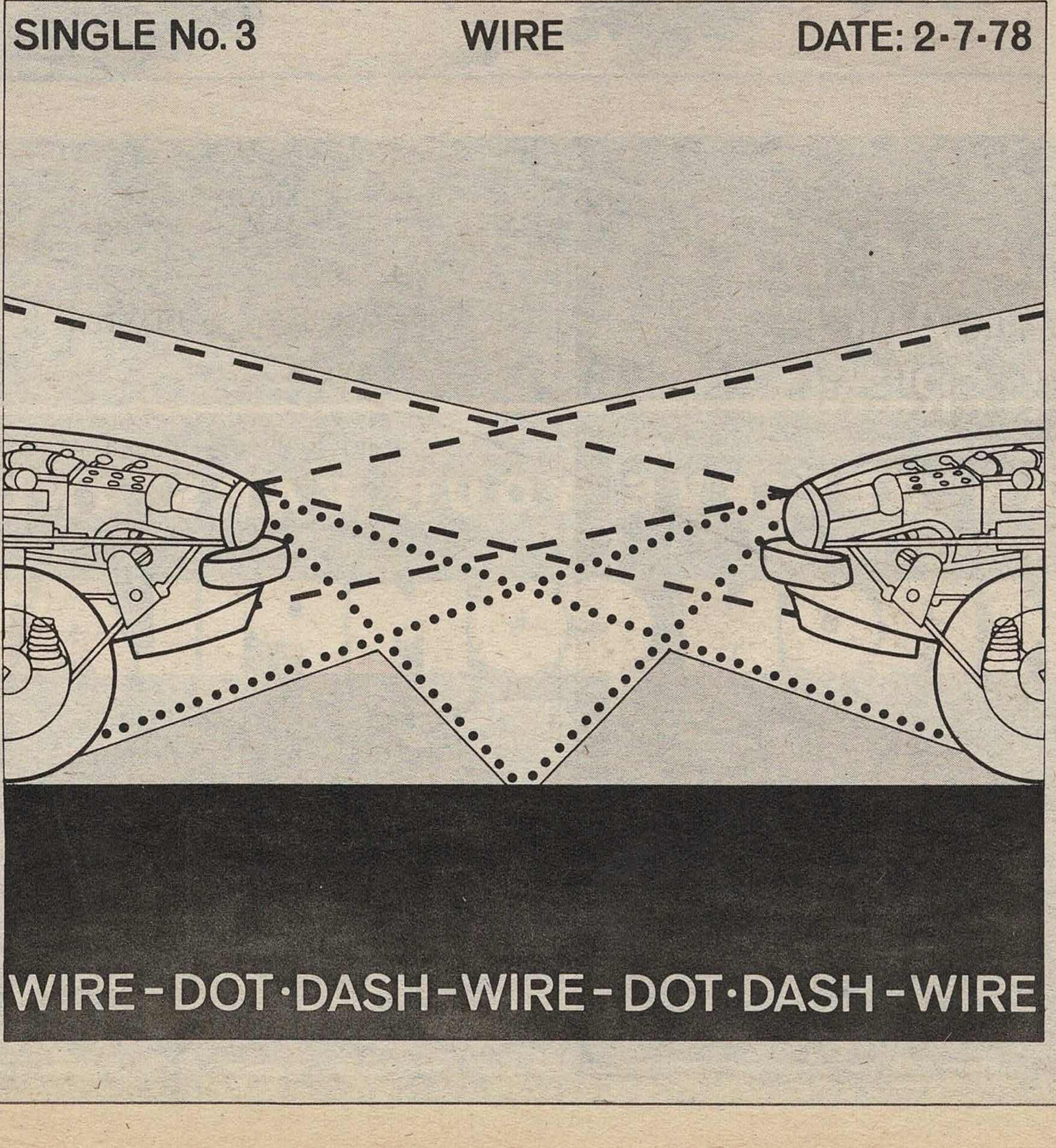
The press hand-out for Mrs. Kristofferson's album is at pains to point out that all those groovy people over there in LA think she is one helluva singer, which can only be an indication of the twisted sense of values that seems to prevail in the city (i.e. bland = grand), because here she sings with such a lack of colour and expression that she really does sound as though she's only reading the words for the first time.

All the hallmarks of an LA album are here; dull songs, Christine McVie's "Songbird" and Boz Scaggs' "Slow Dancer" among them, sessioneers, and soft production combine to make muzak and money.

Miss Tyler has a head start over Mrs. Kristofferson on several counts; her album wasn't made in LA, she has her own band who, though far from inspired, are still better on the harder stuff, something she only has the chance to demonstrate properly on her version of "Living For The City". Elsewhere, her songwriters, a pair called Ronnie Scott and Steve Wolfe, are too often content to re-cycle "It's A Heartache", presumably to keep her in with her Top 30 fans.

She comes out on top by virtue of trying to impress some character on her music and by occasionally succeeding in doing so. Mrs. Kristofferson may also have tried to do this, in which case she has failed dismally, but one suspects it is more likely that she didn't have much character to impress on her music in the first place.

Neil Peters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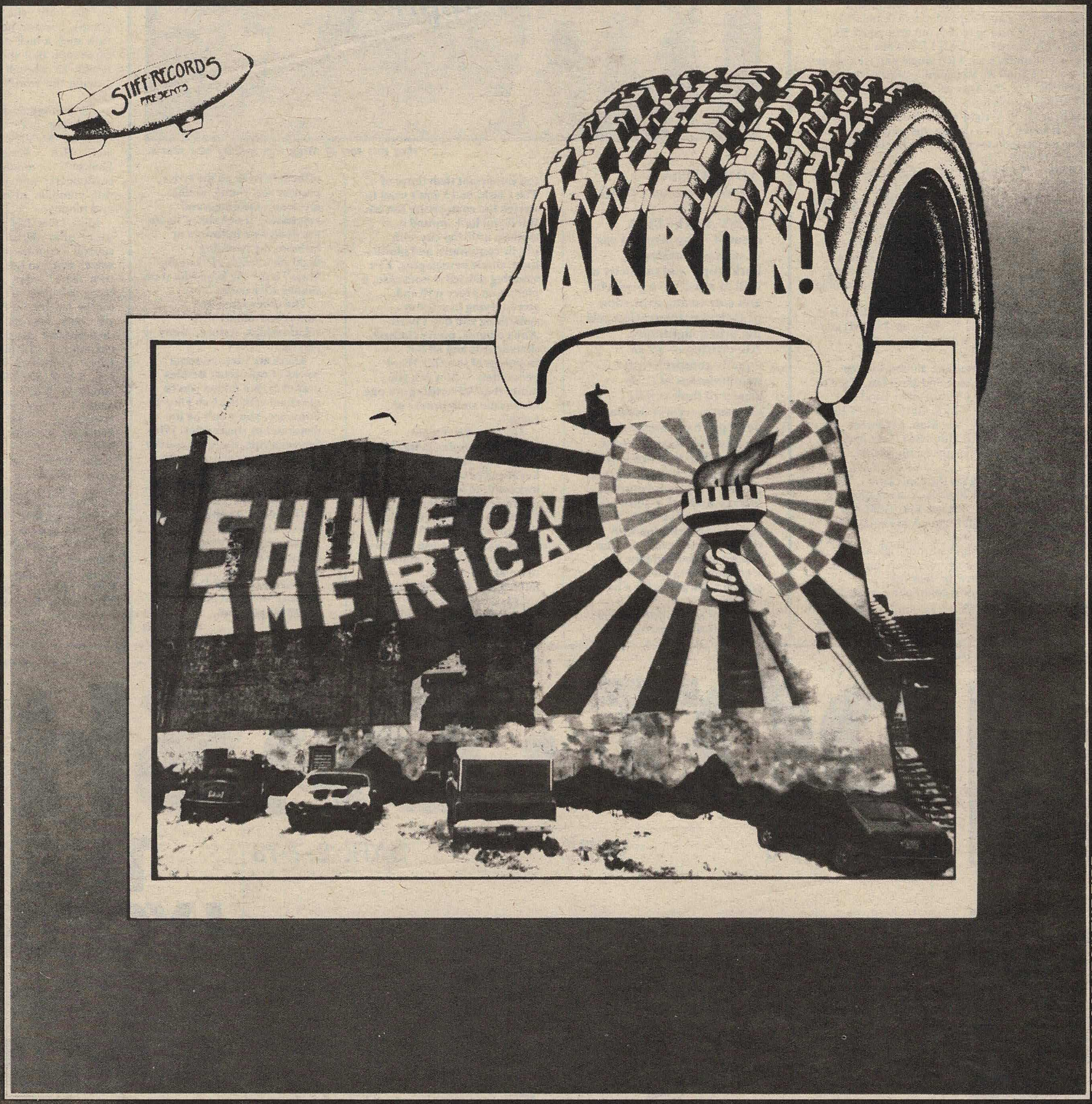
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BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
Live Tapes (Polydor)

OH GOD, another three sides to go. These guys got shares in Mellotron or something? Eight or so years ago, at one of those Midnight Courts at The Lyceum, I'd probably have thought BJH fantastic (I was so much younger then, y'understand). But now, with the time approximately 1978, who needs a double live Barclay James Harvest album?

Listening to it (contrary to popular opinion, some *NME* critics *do* actually play the records under the hammer), I found myself wondering if there can be anthing more pliable than your average rock audience. Just dim the lights, roll the drums and present the deities in a mortal situation and you've got an audience in the palm of your hand.

Sure, that's the way it should be; you've paid your money and you want to be entertained or stimulated, but spare (me) the blind acceptance displayed here. Meanwhile, in the unemotive tranquility of your room, whatever catharsis which may have been achieved at a gig can get lost in the transfer onto hot wax, which brings me back to "Live Tapes", four sides of redundant (it's their *second* live double), light-as-air inconsequentiality.

Take a look outside the window, lads, there's more to life, ergo rock and roll, than your whimsical songs of mockingbirds and the angst of a rock star's life. "Hymn" was nice, loved hymn, hated the rest.

Frustrating in its banality and length.

Patrick Humphries

THE MOVIES
Bullets Through The Barrier (GTO)

THESE MOVIES are badly in need of a director to rectify the confusion they show here.

It's not hard to figure out where they're coming from. They're trying to emulate — sorry, are heavily influenced by Little Feat circa their last two studio albums — even their instrumental line-up is exactly the same, but in terms of empathy El Feat leave them high and dry. Anyway, Lowell George and Co. always were a very American band, and British boys like The Movies just don't have the same feel for that style of urbane funk.

But, even within their chosen direction, The Movies sound unsure of themselves, and the consequent confusion plagues most of the tracks on this album. "Berlin" is probably the worst offender, coming on like a surrogate Feat trying to recreate the mood of Bowie's "Heroes", an alliance which is doomed to failure from the start.

The title of "Blow It All Up And Start All Over Again" says it all, while "Love On The Run" verges on heavy metal. "The Last Train" and "Merci And Bye, Bye" are two attempts at a Featesque boogie which might have benefitted from a more immediate production. "Horror Story" and "Nobody Loves An Iceberg" both over-funk and become turgid, a trap which "No Class" avoids to stand out as the best track.

On this showing, though, the Movies are sadly like the vinyl the album is pressed on — see-through.

Neil Peters

LINDISFARNE
Back And Fourth (Mercury)

WHEN RECENTLY announced, Lindisfarne's reunion appeared both desperate and pathetic. Neither of the five group members had succeeded in establishing himself outside Lindisfarne and they seemed to be attempting to turn back the pages at a time when they'd been most criticised for doing so. The release of a single bereft of any of the old spirit only added to the feeling that a Lindisfarne reunion wasn't likely to bear fruit.

that it's too soon yet to write off Lindisfarne though. While it isn't an album I'd wholeheartedly recommend, "Back And Fourth" has enough of what it takes to convince me that a Lindisfarne reunion is the best possible move the individuals concerned could currently make.

Alan Hull, for instance, sounds more enthusiastic here than at any time since his first solo album "Pipedream". And as players, the rest of the band all turn in creditable performances. If Gus Dudgeon's penchant for MOR pop smothers the group on the string-laden "Run For Home", elsewhere his production is effective without obliterating the group's life and soul.

Hull has had to carry most of the writing burden. He provides nine of the 11 songs, of which the best is the opening "Juke Box Gypsy", a tight, saucy romp replete with exemplary harp from Ray Jackson which succeeds in capturing the band's Saturday Night On The Town ethos.

Hull's songs are rarely less than interesting and, while none of the rest of his compositions are fit to sit beside his best work, "Marshall Riley's Army" comes closest. It's reminiscent of the classic "Meet Me On The Corner", but this time Hull pays tribute to the Jarrow marchers, and not the local dealer. It's an important track because, with its more traditional arrangement and band production, it shows that Lindisfarne are more effective when they drop Dudgeon's slick, albeit tasteful, ideas, and become more themselves.

If Lindisfarne had thought (or maybe Phonogram told them what to do) less about commercial potential and more about what they represent as a group, "Back And Fourth" might well have been a better album. As it is, it comes as something of a pleasant surprise.

Steve Clarke

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
Livetime (RCA)

FALLING DOWN once again into the dreaded live album oubliette — a chance which often mocks careful discrimination. Yours is the extreme pain or extreme pleasure, depending . . .

Thus, judgment passing on Hall & Oates' (inevitable) contribution to the oeuvre cannot but reveal the 'critic's' prejudices or expectations, past allegiance taking a fall maybe (not me, incidentally).

I imagine that membership of the John and Daryl fan club has been pretty dodgy recently, what with their continued slide (last year's "Beauty On A Backstreet") into creative redundancy, fairly empty Philadelphia muzak. Which would suggest that the uninitiated might benefit more from inspection of the duo's premium Atlantic compilation set of their early, thematically stronger material, also released last year.

I suggest that this album succeeds, more for the novice — which I am. "Rich Girl" launches, short and snappy with light, buoyant keyboards riding a smooth-killer rhythm, decoration from an effective, thankfully understated synth. Taken by surprise, I sing along. Shocked. "The Emptyness" is similar in construction, starting leisurely and pleading, the changes take it invisibly into a full-bodied swing. There is one flaw, a tendency toward vocal affectation (mainly Hall, I think) — white boy tryin' too hard t'be funk-AY (criticism which sounds as cliched as the aberration itself).

"Do What You Want, Be What You Are" is gorgeous though; effortless interplay between vocals falsetto and otherwise, soaring and soothing out in seven minutes tight, a soulful intrepetation with faultless, open, free, empathetic playing from the band behind the Glamour Twins. "I'm Just A Kid" is fair enough, midtempo Philly fibre, a slight too tacky, too light to end the first side of a single album with.

The lift is provided by "Sara Smile" — which had this usually austere listener ad-libbing along with the irresistible vocal exhortations. As far as composition goes, this and the next track, "Abandoned Luncheonette", highlight the Hall & Oates feel for structure and the right stress in the right place, time, etc. Very nice.

"Room To Breathe" is the up-tempo keynote all live (rock) albums end on, I guess. This is suitably breathless, claustrophobic, frantic like the title implies. So . . .

I was seduced, perhaps you will be. What this forecasts for the H&O future I cannot say. New converts such as myself will be most easily disappointed. MOR fool who?

Ian Penman

Last night I dreamt I saw St. Felix

Kiss pic: FIN COSTELLO

EUREKAT!!

KISS
Double Platinum (Casablanca)

THE CHANCES are that when these guys head for the big Kiss-off in the sky the doctors won't be fighting amongst themselves for a go at lifting open the frontal flaps on America's greatest brains.

Not that Kiss are in any way dumb. How else could three nice Jewish boys from Brooklyn and a specially stage-trained cat drummer have raised their lube-ridden carcasses from off the floor of a ten dollar a week loft to become the biggest gross-out in the history of pre-pubescent teen-shock gonzo rockerama?

Until John Revolta, the excellent Kiss were more popular than God and The Beatles. For why is not quite clear. Forgetting the easy jokes that are made at the expense of a phenomenon no-one can understand (least of all Kiss) and examining the uh, music on display in this lavishly presented double-cert blockbuster, it becomes apparent that Kiss really are a bunch of patsies as far as a stake in the heavy league goes.

The material here, save for a revamped version of "Strutter", has been remixed to a level of smooth-jowled flatulence. The jerking lurch of former head-banging epics such as "Firehouse", "Black Diamond" and Kiss best song, "Deuce", has been replaced by a safely streamlined dose of non-events.

Songs that hitherto fried on the memory chart now come across as nothing more than calculated exercises in subliminal semantics of the lowest common denominator.

For instance, five of the numbers incorporate the word 'Love' in the title, and the rest make arbitrary use of the usual nomenclature of rock and roll parlance, idiot division.

It must be that incredible simplicity which has guaranteed the success of Gene Simmons, Paul Stanley, Space Ace Frehley and pussycat Peter Criss. Once upon a time I could accept that Kiss were taking the lessons of a bunch of English loonies like Reg Presley and Arthur Brown to a hideously deranged conclusion. Their appeal lay in a complete disregard for taste and a total inability to play an instrument properly. Half the songs were in E, the other half were in A and seven different producers — from Bob Ezrin to Eddie Kramer to big cheese Neil Bogart — couldn't ever make Kiss sound sophisticated.

I got off after seeing Kiss deliver the most excruciatingly limp live show in London two years back on their first visit. Then everything in their image that seemed to possess a redeeming humour was shattered by the fact that people actually took this rubbish seriously, though the Kiss machine rolls mainly on the ambition of Gene Simmons to make his million bucks and retire his tongue someplace where a man can walk the streets without makeup and live to tell the tale.

"Double Platinum" is chapter seven in that ambition. It will be followed at the end of the year by four solo albums and a film and that will be it — a con trick delivered with such unbelievable precision that only Kiss's bank manager really knows how dangerously funny this animal could be.

Meanwhile, Kiss fans everywhere, it is your duty to buy several copies of this album and thrill to the baroque pastoral sentiment of Simmons' superb Rod Stewart pastiche "Hard Luck Woman", marvel at the expertise of Ace's solo spree on "Detroit Rick City" and wonder what delights the Kiss Army, Canoga Park California have up their sleeves for the next visit of America's finest.

In the words of the old song Kiss are here to rock and roll all nite and paaaarty every day. That's what I call enlightenment.

Max Bell

Are We Not Meaningful?

THE MOODY BLUES
Octave (Decca)

THE ELECTRONIC cricket-twittering emanating from the speakers signals the return — after a mere five years' flooding the market with 'meaningful' solo projects — of the Massed Cobham High Street Rod McKuens.

Better known, perhaps, as The Moody Blues. Welcome back, men. Actually, the Rod McKuen snipe isn't entirely accurate — for Surrey's favourite hairdressers could learn a trick or two about cosmic couplets from tall blond men sitting around on clumps of rocks wearing chunky white sweaters *(And walking shaggy dogs—Ed.).*

Because — regardless of how many millions their 19 (count 'em) albums have sold — the Moodies' preposterous Hallmark-card philosophising makes McKuen a poet laureate and Neil Diamond Stanley Kubrick's Space Child. Surely not even the dopiest disciples of Californi-yawn could mistake the Moodies' lugubrious attempts at 'tasteful' pop poetry as anything other than asinine anodynes for the feeblest of minds?

Whether accompanying Ray Thomas' simpering sonnets *("The dawn crept into my room and stole my dream / Now I'll never know what it means . . .")*, Justin Hayward's soft-focus filigrees *("Just like the driftwood of a dream left on the seashore of sleep . . .")*, Graeme Edge's grossly grandiose condescension *("What you gonna be, what you gonna see / When your eyes are level with mine . . .")* or Mike Pinder's pathetic proclamations *("There's one thing I can do / Play my mellotron for you / Try to blow your city blues away . . .")*, the muzak is Mantovani syrup with Joe Loss rhythms.

"There's a new kind of freedom, less stiffness, more rock'n'roll," says Hayward of "Octave" in the glossy blurb. Yeah? Well, you'll be hearing from my solicitors, Justin. 'Cos the 'daring innovation' of horns and strings lends an already overweight sound cumbersome flabbiness and no matter what level you play it, it's still faded Paisley wallpaper, the multifarious production embellishments as perfectly cast as plaster ducks.

Here's to the Moodies — may all your champers be as tepid and flat as your blue chewns.

Vidal 'Siegfried' Sassoon

The men who brought you the first blue wave

JAZZ

By BRIAN CASE

JEWELRY
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ROBERT WATSON on the sleeve of "Estimated Time Of Arrival" (Roulette-Pye)

THE PORSCHE EFFECT

Kaycee altoman BOBBY WATSON reports from Art Blakey's Boot-Camp . . .

KANSAS CITY WAS a hellraiser's town, a Mid-West mixture of wheat, cattle, blues and riff. "Kansas City is a cellar," said the late Art Tatum, "a dark place where the best wines are kept." Stomping ground of Lester Young and Charlie Parker, where big-shouldered blowing-sessions ran their chain-lightning along 12th Street & Vine, filling the Bucket Of Blood, Lucille's Band Box, The Reno, The Sunset, The Hi-Hat, The Cherry Blossom, Elmer Bean's Club. "Come with me" exhorts King Pleasure's "Parker's Mood", "if you wanna go to Kansas City."

Well, you'd need a ticket on a time capsule to find it today. I talked to young Kansas City alto Bobby Watson, who grew up on the outskirts of town and had to hunt to find his heritage.

"There's a few people in Kansas City who'll pull you over to the side and pull your coat — if you're willing to listen. The ways things are set up now, people my age, you don't grow up getting jazz. You have to search. I got the rock first just by turning on my radio every day and hanging out with people my own age. The jazz thing, I had to actually search. I was lucky I guess. I met cats who told me, Look, man — you hafta learn the standards."

It was easier in the late '30s. Charlie Parker picked up some of his musical education in the balcony at The Reno, floating on the rising riffs and grass smoke from the Count Basie band, and miming along to Lester's solos. Tamla Motown and electronics killed that kind of apprenticeship for Bobby's generation.

"There's not too many active jazz clubs there now. There's the Charlie Parker Foundation, which is a community centre where people can learn and get lessons. For a time, they were bringing in all kinds of musicians — everybody'd come and do clinics — Cannonball, Max Roach, Dizzy Gillespie. It's discontinued now."

Bobby Watson was born in 1953, started piano at 11, clarinet at 12. He studied theory and composition at the University of Miami, and narrowly missed going with the band to the Montreux Jazz Festival because his off-campus unit had scored an engagement in Venezuela which — tough luck, Bobby — also blew out.

A single-minded young cat, Bobby lit out for New York.

"I went out every night even if I didn't play — at least I was there. New York's that kinda place — the scene can change at the drop of a hat. I got to New York on a Saturday night and I went to Folk City next day. There were about 20 horn players and I waited in line. By the time I got to play, next thing I knew the whole rhythm section had changed around and there was Rufus Reid on bass and Billy Hart on drums."

The policy paid off. Bobby was sitting in with the Curtis Fuller Trio at Storyville when Art Blakey, Fuller's ex-boss, dropped by. "It was Art's birthday. A friend had brought him down there for some champagne, and he ended up sitting in too. He asked me if I'd like to join the Messengers and I said just tell me when!"

Bobby joined in January, 1977, the latest in a long line of young musicians to study under the great drum master. The Jazz Messengers have fielded Horace Silver, Clifford Brown, Kenny Dorham, Lee Morgan, Bill Hardman, Freddie Hubbard, Lou Donaldson, Jackie McLean, Johnny Griffin, Hank Mobley and Wayne Shorter over the last couple of decades, usually transforming tearaway youth into towering professionalism in the process.

"He's somethin' else! Art, he teaches you order, just order on the stage and off the stage if you dig where he's coming from. That's where it's at — order. No matter where you go when you leave him, you'll really have a good foundation. He teaches you how to walk, you know — how to be a pro. Art paces the whole set, the way he calls the tunes, picks the tempos, his dynamics. He never forgets his audience no matter how far out he goes — he'll take them with him."

I told Bobby about Woody Shaw's teething troubles with Art, the terrifying press rolls that welled up under the soloist who had prematurely peaked.

Bobby laughed. "That's it! That's exactly what happened to me too. I'd start out playing and by the time he'd throw one of his first rolls behind me, I'd already gotten everything out, man. He'd got so much MORE to give!

"I felt like I was drowning, you know — treading water in a stormy sea or something. I'd just say a little prayer and go out to the mike, and that was all I could do, because I didn't know WHAT was gonna happen this time! Now the fog's beginning to clear a little bit, and I'm beginning to make some sense of it. You really have to slow it down and stretch it, and that's what I'm trying to do now. I don't get as excited as I did, and I'm spacing more."

Audiences at Ronnie Scott's hadn't seen such a sheerly happy-looking band since The Jazz Messengers last delivery. Tenorman Dave Schnitter is the young veteran of the front line, while Russian trumpeter Valeri Ponomarev is another cat who had to search — Moscow ain't a jumping town — to find the stuff. Bobby's impassioned alto fits in there like white on rice, looks like a Christmas cracker novelty in the tall skinny cat's hands.

They get off on each other, laugh a lot on the stand. With most of the band sporting stickbuddy overalls, they resemble the cast of *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers,* Hard Bop for the Hay Wain.

"Art will not intimidate you at all," said Bobby, "other than the fact that he's so great — I mean, you can't just step around his musical ability. He's the most patient guy I've ever seen in my life. He lets you go ahead and bump your head, just laughs and points at ya. Oh shoot! We're trying to be a family, otherwise it won't work."

Benny Golson — and yes, the band are still playing his "Blues March" — told me about Blakey's technique for dealing with hungover sidemen: call three consecutive solo features.

"Yeah. If you're a player like you say you are, then do it. Art says music is supposed to wash away the dust of everyday life and people come there to leave with a good feeling. They don't wanna hear you announce from the stage, Excuse me, people, you'll have to excuse this next solo because I'm feeling kinda sick. Art knows something we don't know, but we're learning. Being with this man is like a blessing from God."

Bobby's admiration for the Old Volcano knows no bounds. The band had recently made a three-day drive from San Francisco to New York, jetted out to Amsterdam, and tottered straight onto the bandstand. "We somehow did it. Everybody was tired, but Art doesn't let you know how he feels. He played his ass off. You see him over there and you've got no excuses."

The lunging, convoluted attack of Bobby's early work on The Jazz Messengers' "Gypsy Folk Tales" has altered a lot over 18 months. Had Eric Dolphy been an influence?

"Eric was a fiery player. He was like a Porsche, you know, going round the mountains wide open — BRRRR. I guess that's what people saw in me, that Porsche effect. I never really listened to Eric that much in my growing up because he was such a highly individualised personality. I studied on Cannonball, Charlie Parker, Phil Woods and Johnny Hodges — they all had a great sound on the horn.

"I try to keep it below me and go ahead and play, but I'm very conscious of reeds. You find a lotta young reeds and green reeds, and it's really hard because I'm particular. Art has the same trouble with the sticks. It's something to do with the cane crop. I ran into Sonny Fortune and Sonny Rollins together once in New York, coming out of my repairman's office, talking about mouthpieces. I'd heard Sonny Fortune about a week ago in a club — and here he is saying, I've just changed my mouthpiece.

"I just couldn't believe it! I thought WHY? He'd been just great. Everybody's problem, I guess."

Like most of his generation, Robert Michael Watson Jr. did his teething on the modal scales.

"I'd be playing modal and there might be a guitar player who knew thousands of tunes, and he'd say, Oh man —this is a drag, let's play tunes. I'd say, well, I don't know tunes, and he'd teach me a tune. That's how it started. I'm still learning 'em in fact.

"I've read like that jazz is the classical music now, and you have to go off the track to get it. It's not until you get up in your late 20s that you realize what you've missed, and that little light bulb lights up. So I always try to listen to people who are older than me because that's where it's at in my eyes.

"Art knows the words to thousands of tunes, the lyrics. It's almost impossible to play a tune if you don't know the words. That's the truth. Even in schools today it's not geared that way — you learn the melody and the chords and that's it. Free Music? I've probably played that accidentally! Freedom is once you find the chord changes and understand them. I hate to see cats disregard structure and swing."

Apart from three albums with The Jazz Messengers — "Gypsy Folk Tales" and two volumes of "In My Prime" — Bobby has also cut his debut album for Pye, "Estimated Time Of Arrival". He's in good company, with Pat Patrick, Billy Higgins and Billy Hart on the session.

"Pat Patrick — I just ran into him in New York, and I didn't know he played with Sun Ra. That's somethin'! As a matter of fact, he had a Muslim name so I didn't recognize him. I'd had some sorta run-in with the drummers in New York — I was lucky to get them."

With a programme of originals, the album covers a wide stylistic area from Be-Bop to Tamla. "I'm trying to incorporate everything I've heard in my life, and regurgitate it. It's just a reflection of my life. People my age have been affected by the Motown sound and Blood, Sweat & Tears. Just can't help it — grew up on that stuff. But I don't think a musician should go for the electronics until he's actually master of some kinda acoustic sound.

"That first album has a lotta experimentation, lotta things I'd always wanted to do but never had the opportunity.

"I'd be going into an explanation of what I had in mind with the rhythm section — concept, feeling, flavouring — and the producer'd be saying, Come on, Bobby — keep it going. He stopped me from wasting time. Sometimes I like to get into a verbal thing too much."

Glad you did this time, Bobby.

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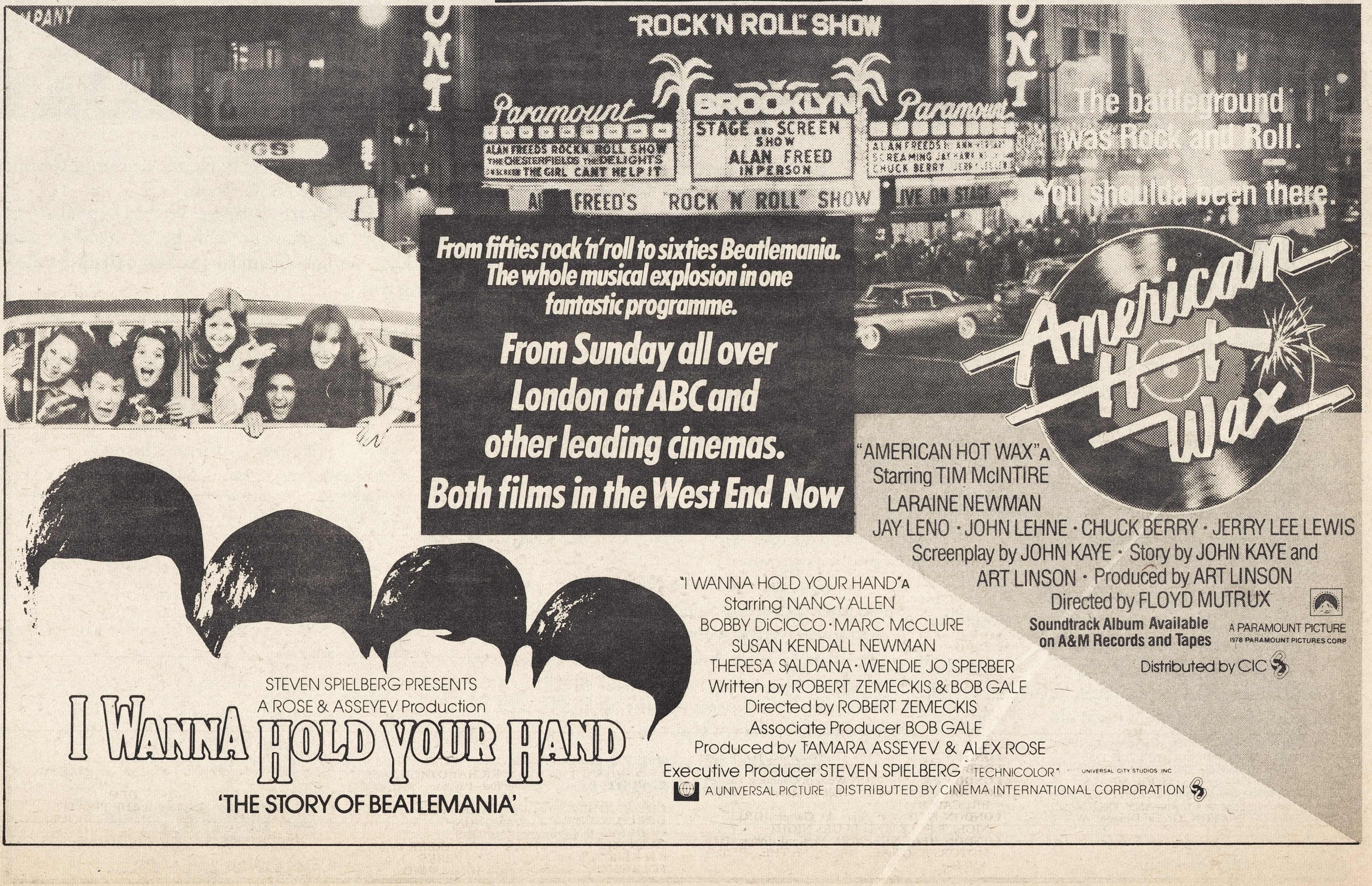

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The Clash are on tour

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THE CLASH are back on the road again. They visit Leeds (Thursday) and Sheffield (Friday) — and from then onwards they're joined by that enigmatic U.S. duo Suicide, who are special guests for the rest of the Clash tour. First dates involved are Leicester (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Glasgow (Tuesday) and Aberdeen (Wednesday).

No other tours of any significance open this week. It's a fairly quite period, the lull before the summer storm. But David Bowie's outing reaches its climax at London Earls Court on Thursday, Friday and Saturday; The Rubinoos are back for a four-day season at London Marquee (Friday-Monday); and The Enid have a big London Saturday concert.

Thursday

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BRISTOL Granary: DIRE STRAITS
CHESSINGTON Junior Ranks Club: PINUPS
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
COVENTRY Robin Hood: PARADOX
COVENTRY Warwick University: THE RUBINOOS
CRAWLEY Pelham Buckle: SOUTHERN RYDA
DERBY Assembly Rooms: SHOWADDYWADDY
DONCASTER Outlook Club: TYLA GANG
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF THE EARTH
HARTLEPOOL Gatsby's: THE CARPETTES
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE SKIDS
HINCKLEY Liberal Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
HOLBURY Old Mill Inn: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
ILFORD The Cranbrook: JERRY THE FERRET
LEEDS 'F' Club: CYANIDE
LEEDS Gaiety Bar: RAY KING BAND
LEEDS Queen's Hall: THE CLASH
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: WHITE ISLAND / STEAM HEAT
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: U.F.O. / MARSEILLE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE EDDY / HOT WATER
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: ICEBERG
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE DICKIES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HINCKLEY'S HEROES
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: BOB DOWNES MUSIC
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEE KOSMIN / HOT RUMOUR
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: DAVID BOWIE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: TRAPEZE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JASPER CARROTT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Prince of Wales: JOANNA CARLIN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE BUSINESS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE RETAINERS / THE DODGERS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: THE CROOKS
LONDON N.W.1 Film Makers Co-op: U.K. SUBS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: STEEL PULSE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FLYING SAUCERS / GINA & THE ROCKIN' REBELS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE VIPERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE MEMBERS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: THE EXILES
LUTON Library Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: ACME QUARTET
MANCHESTER Rafters: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
MARGATE Dreamland: J.A.L.N. BAND
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: THE FANTASTICS (for three days)
NEWCASTLE Hawthorn Inn: AVALON
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: SABRE JETS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Town Arms: THE NEXT BAND
NOTTINGHAM University: JAB JAB
OXFORD New Theatre: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
POYNTON Folk Centre: MARIE LITTLE
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE RETAINERS
SHEFFIELD Art College: SCHOOL MEALS
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: KRYPTON TUNES
STOKE Etruria Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Green Dragon: WATERFALL
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE BANNED
SWANSEA Nutz Club: HEATWAVE
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: MUD

Friday

ABINGDON Culham College: THE FABULOUS POODLES
BASILDON Double Six: THE CROOKS
BEDFORD Mander College: PATRIK FITZGERALD
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUPERCHARGE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: THE HUMANOIDS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOGNOR Pier Ballroom: PINUPS
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: GEORGE McCRAE
BRADFORD Royal Standard: SHY TALK
BRADFORD Star Hotel: OULD TRIANGLE
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: DINO DAZ & THE MACHINE
BRIDGWATER Manor Hotel: ZHAIN
BRISTOL Colston Hall: HEATWAVE/HI-TENSION
CASTLE DOUGLAS Town Hall: IGNATZ
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: SWIFT
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: THE REAL THING
CHESTER Arts Centre: JEFF CLYNE'S TURNING POINT
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
DUMFRIES The Windsor: CHARLEY BROWNE
EDINBURGH Odeon: U.F.O./MARSEILLE
GRANTHAM Guildhall: THE NEXT BAND
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
GUILDFORD Royal Hotel: THE VAPORS
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: JAILER/SWEATEFFECTS
HERTFORD College: J.A.L.N. BAND
HUDDERSFIELD Coach House: BAD NEWS
HULL Technical College: BLISS BEATS/SECTION 60
IPSWICH Suffolk College: RICHARD DIGANCE
IPSWICH The Manor: BUSTER JAMES/THE NEEDLES
KIRKLEVINGTON County Club: THE MOVIES
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: ENGLISH TAPESTRY
LEEDS Polytechnic: MEKONS/2.3/TRIBESMAN
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: ARC ROUGE
LEICESTER Croft County Club: PARADOX
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: WINDJAMMER
LEICESTER Polytechnic: WENDY TUNES/ FOAMETTES/ART FAILURES
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: EMERGENCY
LINCOLN R.A.F. Digby: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
LIVERPOOL Eric's: WIRE
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: ALWOODLEY JETS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FUMBLE/THE CRUISERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE PLEASERS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: SPEEDOMETERS
LONDON Central Polytechnic: MERGER/CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON CHARING CROSS Global Village: CHINA STREET
LONDON CHELSEA Wheatsheaf: TOYAH
LONDON CHISWICK Polytechnic: MISTY
LONDON CITY University: THE RESISTERS/CHARGE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES/THE ACTORS
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: DAVID BOWIE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: ROLL-UPS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JASPER CARROTT
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: PENETRATION/JOHN COOPER CLARKE/THE REINFORCEMENT/RANK/THE MONOCHROME SET
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TONIGHT
LONDON Marquee Club: THE RUBINOOS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: REBEL
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: CHUCK BRUCARDI
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: THE MOTORS/REGGAE REGULAR/THE RESISTANCE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: DELEGATION
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: WHITE CATS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: COOL NOTES
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic (11 pm): VICTORIA WOOD
LONDON WIMBLEDON School of Art: SONJA KRISTINA & ESCAPE
LONDON W10 Acklam Hall: TERESA D'ABRAU/ROOTS/GLISSANDO STEEL BAND
LONDON W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre: THE POP GROUP/THIS HEAT
MACCLESFIELD Travellers Rest: HYBRID
MAIDSTONE Art College: THE ADVERTS
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
MANCHESTER New Century Hall: THE PIRATES
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE SMIRKS
MANCHESTER Valentine's Club: LABI SIFFRE
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: GOATS
NEWCASTLE Jazz Festival: CHRIS BARBER BAND
NEWPORT Harper Adams College: LITTLE ACRE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS/CHELSEA
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: SHOWADDYWADDY
PLYMOUTH Metro: DIRE STRAITS
PORCHESTER Community Centre: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: BLACK SLATE
ROCHFORD Rocheway Centre: ESSEX FOLK '78 with TANNAHILL WEAVERS/BILL CADDICK/ ROBIN & BARRY DRANSFIELD/GEOFF & PENNIE HARRIS/TICKLER'S JAM/MARTIN SIMPSON/ ROSEMARY HARDMAN/HOGSHEAD etc. (for three days)
RUGBY Emmaline's: RAY KING BAND
RUGBY Railway Club: THE RANKERS
RUSHDEN The Wheatsheaf: BLEAK HOUSE
RYDE I.oW. Town Hall: THE AUTOMATICS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: TYLA GANG
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: ARBRE
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE CLASH
SOUTH SHIELDS Bolingbroke Hall: ANGELIC UPSTARTS
ST. ALBANS College of Agriculture: DAVE LEWIS BAND
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: ROGER THE CAT
SUNDERLAND Annabel's: J.A.L.N. BAND
SWINDON Oasis Centre: SUZI QUATRO
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: ALAN BOLT
WAKEFIELD Breton College: KRYPTON TUNES
WATFORD Wall Hall College: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
WEYMOUTH College of Education: FRINGE BENEFIT
WINCHESTER School of Art: DESMOND DEKKER
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE BOYFRIENDS

Saturday

AYLESBURY Civic Centre: THE REAL THING
AYLESBURY R.A.F. Halton: GIMIK
BASILDON Double Six: ROLL-UPS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: MAGAZINE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: JO ANN KELLY & PETE EMERY
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Sydenham Club: MATCHBOX
BRADFORD Royal Standard: SHY TALK
BRIGHTON Hove The Adur: SOUTHERN RYDA
BRIGHTON The Centre: FRANK JENNINGS SYNDICATE/THE HILLSIDERS/DUFFY BROTHERS
BRISTOL Brunel Technical College: LITTLE ACRE
CAMBOURNE Folk Festival: RICHARD DIGNANCE
CARDIFF Pentwyn Eisteddfod Pavilion: RACING CARS
CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: VESUVIUS
DORCHESTER The Tavern: ZHAIN
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: CHAMPIONS
DUMFRIES Lorebarn Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
FALKIRK Tom Bain's: THE DEFT JERKS
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: WHIRLWIND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: U.F.O./MARSEILLE
GOOLE Station Hotel: RED EYE
GUILDFORD Surrey University: THE VIBRATORS/ ZOUNDS
HAINAULT Festival (Essex): ADVERTISING/JENNY DARREN BAND/JOHNNY MOPED/SCENE STEALER
HARLOW Spurriers Town Park: HEATWAVE/HI-TENSION
HUDDERSFIELD Cleopatra's: BLACK SLATE
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: SHOWADDYWADDY
LEEDS Haddon Hall: JUGGERNAUT
LEICESTER Granby Hall: THE CLASH/SUICIDE
LEICESTER Newbold Vernon Club: STRANGE DAYS
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: THE LURKERS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE ADVERTS
LIVERPOOL Hope Street Fringe Festival: BIG IN JAPAN/MONTREAL/MARDOX & THE ZINC/THE MUTANTS/SECOND THOUGHT BAND/MOONDOGS/THE ACCELERATORS
LONDON Alexandra Palace: GONZALEZ
LONDON BARKING Dukes Head: GUTZY, BRASH & THE BLUEPOLES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PANTIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SONJA KRISTINA'S ESCAPE/LIVEWIRE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE PLEASERS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: DAVE LEWIS BAND
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: IVOR CUTLER/MAAS MOVERS
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COCKFOSTERS Middlesex Polytechnic: GENTRY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHINA STREET
LONDON CROUCH HILL Stapleton: REDNITE
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: DAVID BOWIE
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: THE VIPERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JASPER CARROTT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WHITE CATS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: THE MOTORS/THE JOLT
LONDON HIGHGATE Jacksons Lane Community Centre: WORLD SERVICE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE RUBINOOS
LONDON Middlesex Hospital: THE FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: SAM MITCHELL
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: THE ENID/90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PATRICK FITZGERALD
LONDON TWICKENHAM Richmond College: VISITOR 2035
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: COOL NOTES
LONDON WATERLOO Colombo St. Sport Centre: THE RESISTERS/OX EYES
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic (11 pm): JEFF CLYNE'S TURNING POINT
MANCHESTER Valentine's Club: LABI SIFFRE
MIDDLESBROUGH Madison Club: MUSCLES
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE MOVIES
NEWBURY College of Further Education: DOUBLE XPOSURE
NEWCASTLE Festival: TRIBESMAN
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: THE INN THING
NORWICH White's: DIAMOND LIL
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: THE BOYFRIENDS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: TYLA GANG/ STRAIGHT 8
OXFORD Polytechnic: DIRE STRAITS
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: THE CIMARONS
REITH C.B. Hotel: ALWOODLEY JETS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: APOSTROPHE
SILLOTH Sunset Inn: RAY KING BAND
SLOUGH College: THE PIRATES
WAKINSHAM King Of Clubs: FRINGE BENEFIT
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: BUSTER JAMES
WHITEHILL Royal Oak: JASMINE PIE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOKING Surrey Town Hall: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND

Sunday

AYLESBURY Kings Head: THE HEAT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: QUARTZ
BIRMINGHAM Centre Hotel: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BLACKPOOL Imperial Ballroom: THE PIRATES
BOURNEMOUTH Jumpers Tavern: DOUBLE XPOSURE
BRIDLINGTON Spa Hall: THE BOOMTOWN RATS

CONTINUES OVER...

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

BRIGHTON Buccaneer: WORLD SERVICE
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
CAMBUSLANG County Inn: IGNATZ
CASTLE DONNINGTON Priest House: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
CORBY Elstree Club: PARADOX
DAGENHAM The Bull: JERRY THE FERRET
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: JENNY DARREN BAND
LEEDS Grand Theatre: U.F.O. / MARSEILLE
LEEDS Staging Post: VESUVIUS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: HYBRID
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE MONOS
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: VISITOR 2035
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: MATCHBOX
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE INMATES
LONDON ISLINGTON Milday Festival: THE SMARTIES
LONDON Marquee Club: THE RUBINOOS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: THE CRACK
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: REDBRASS
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Open-Air Theatre: PETER SARSTEDT / CATHERINE HOWE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE SKIDS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: WIRE / DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
MAIDENHEAD Leisure Centre: HEATWAVE / HI-TENSION
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: THE CLASH / SUICIDE
MANCHESTER Ashton Guide Bridge Theatre: MIKE CANAVAN / HARRY BOARDMAN
MANCHESTER Ashton Tameside Theatre: THE BARRON KNIGHTS
MARYPORT Grasslot Club: RAY KING BAND
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: THE BOYFRIENDS
NEWCASTLE Labour Club (doubling CORNFORTH United Social Club): ALWOODLEY JETS
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: THE INN THING
NORWICH Theatre Royal: SHOWADDYWADDY
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: THE EDDY
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: CO-CO
PETERBOROUGH The Crescent: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
PORTSMOUTH Portsea Rotary Club: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
POYNTON Folk Centre: FRANCES GILVRAY & MICK BURKE / TOM SHEPLEY BAND
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: MAGAZINE
SHEFFIELD Tinsley Club: STRANGE DAYS
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: TRIBESMAN

Monday

BASILDON Van Gough: STEVE HOOKER & THE HEAT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BRADFORD Princeville Club: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: JERRY THE FERRET
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: PENETRATION
DARLINGTON 6th Form College: THE YOUNG BUCKS
DERBY Old Bell: THE NEXT BAND
EDINBURGH Clouds: MAGAZINE
FLINT The Raven: HYBRID
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: U.F.O. / MARSEILLE
KENDAL Brewery Arts Centre: WINDJAMMER
LEEDS Brannigan's Bar: ETHEL THE FROG
LIVERPOOL Kirklands: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: THE EDDY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: REBEL / STEVE BOYCE BAND / THE THRILLERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BUSTER JAMES
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: THE VIPERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: HEATWAVE / HI-TENSION
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Palais: GEORGE McCRAE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SOUTHERN RYDA
LONDON Marquee Club: THE RUBINOOS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: GUTZY, BRASH & THE BLUEPOLES
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: DESPERATE STRAITS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: DINO DAZ & THE MACHINE
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: PRESSURE SHOCKS
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: SHOWADDYWADDY (for four days)
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Newcastle Arms: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
OAKENGATES Town Hall: GIMIK
PRESTON Moonraker: ZHAIN
PRESTON Pear Tree: JUGGERNAUT
REDDITCH Tracey's: BULLETS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: DIRE STAITS
SOLIHULL Cresta Club: MUSCLES
SPENNYMOOR Recreation Centre: ALWOODLEY JETS

SONJA KRISTINA, the former Curved Air singer, is in town this weekend with her new band Escape. You can get an earful of them, and an eyeful of her, at Wimbledon Art College (Friday) and Camden Dingwalls (Saturday).

STOCKTON Fiesta Club: GUYS 'N' DOLLS (for a week)
WREXHAM Yale College: HOT WATER

Tuesday

ANGLESEY Plas Coch: HOT WATER
BILSTHORPE Stanton Arms: THE NEXT BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: DIRE STRAITS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: DOLL BY DOLL
BRIDGWATER Arts Centre: ACME QUARTET
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: EXECUTIVES/RINGMASTER
BRISTOL Locarno: GIMIK
CARDIFF Great Western Hotel: RED SHARKS
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: GEORGE McCRAE
COVENTRY Locarno: BLACK SLATE/PENETRATION
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE CLASH / SUICIDE
ILFORD Tiffany's: BIG TOM & THE TRAVELLERS
LIVERPOOL Kirklands: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: THE EDDY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: LITTLE BO BITCH
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WHITE CATS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: THE CRACK
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: TRADITION / HERBSMAN
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: TRADER
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: ALWOODLEY JETS
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: ZHAIN
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE INVADERS

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Music Hall: THE CLASH/SUICIDE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE RANKERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
BRADFORD Royal Standard: ZHAIN
BRADFORD St. Goerge's Hall: MAGAZINE
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DANDIES
CANTERBURY College of Art: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
GATESHEAD Stirling House: ALWOODLEY JETS
GLOUCESTER Snobs: MUSCLES
HULL Humberside Theatre: ETHEL THE FROG
LONDON ACTON White Hart: THE CRABS/SCHOOL MEALS
LONDIN BATTERSEA Arts Centre: POETRY MONSTERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: WARM JETS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WHIRLWIND
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KRYPTON TUNES
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: DAVE LEWIS BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE SKIDS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON Langans Brasserie: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
LONDON Marquee Club: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
POOLE Chequers Inn: FRINGE BENEFIT
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: 90 DEGREES INCLUSIVE
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
TORQUAY 400 Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
WORTHING Balmoral Bar: JASMINE PIE
YORK Munster Bar: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS

THE ENID (and friend): big London concert on Saturday.

ON THE ROAD

HINKLEY'S HEROES play a one-off summer gig at **London Camden** Music Machine tonight (Thursday) when their line-up will be Tim Hinkley (piano), Mike Patto and Roger Chapman (vocals), Mitch Mitchell and John Halsey (drums), Boz Burrell (bass), Mel Collins (sax), Bob Tench and Henry McCullough (guitars) and Poli Palmer (vibes and synthesiser).

DOLL BY DOLL are so far confirmed for July dates at **Bishops Stortford** Triad Arts Centre (4), **London** Speakeasy (7), **London Chiswick** John Bull (11), **London Epping** Centre Point (13), **Chatham** Tam O'Shanter (14) and **High Wycombe** Nag's Head (20).

CHINA STREET have added dates to their previously reported itinerary at **Blackburn** Mecca (tonight, Thursday), **Accrington** Festival (July 8), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (9), **Sheffield** Limit Club (11), **Hull** Dockers Club (14), **London Canning Town** Tidal Basin Tavern (22), **Oldham** Deeply Vale Festival (23), **Manchester** Band On The Wall (24), **London Camden** Dingwalls (29), **London West Hampstead** Railway Hotel (August 15), **London W.14** The Kensington (16), **New Barnet** Duke of Lancaster (17) and **Stevenage** Swan (18).

BULLETS promote their new single "Girl On Page 3" — issued by Big Bear Records on July 21 — at **Redditch** Tracey's (July 3), **Birmingham** Top Rank (7), **Oldham** Tower Club (8), **Accrington** Lakeland Lounge (9) and **Chester** Quaintways (17). More gigs are being set . . . and label-mates **MUSCLES,** whose single "Love Is All I've Got" comes out on July 7, play **Middlesbrough** Madison (this Saturday), **Solihull** Cresta (July 3), **Gloucester** Snobs (5), **Stafford** Riverside Club (8), **London Paddington** Fangs (12) and **Melton Mowbray** Painted Lady (20-22).

VISITOR 2035 appear at **London Twickenham** Richmond College (this Saturday), **London Chalk Farm** Downstairs at the Roundhouse (Sunday), **Horsham** Capitol Theatre (July 8), **Rochdale** Deeply Vale Festival (21) and **Chatham** Tam O'Shanter (22).

JUGGERNAUT, the Merseyside new-wave band, have summer gigs at **Leeds** Haddon Hall (this Saturday), **Preston** Pear Tree (July 3), **Sutton** Bulls Head (6), **Stratford-on-Avon** Green Dragon (8), **Sleaford** Nags Head (14), **Litherland** Red Lion (15), **Sunderland** Mecca (21), **Ellesmere Port** Wing Hall (23), **New Mills** Bees Knees (28), **Liverpool** Shipperies (29), **Macclesfield** Bears Head (30), **Sutton** Bulls Head (August 5), **Crewe** Grand Junction (6), **York** Winning Post (11), **York** White Swan (12), **Leeds** Viva's (13), **Leeds** Brannigan's (14), **Dewsbury** Turks Head (15), **Yeovil** Duke of York (20) and **Liverpool** Shipperies (24).

THE DICKIES, the U.S. five-piece already set to support Siouxsie & The Banshees and The Shirts at **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse on July 23, also have gigs in their own right at **London Camden** Dingwalls (tonight, Thursday), **Leeds** Roots Club (July 6), **Retford** Porterhouse (7), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (8), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (10) and **Sheffield** Limit Club (13).

ZHAIN have July gigs at **Dorchester** Tavern (1), **Preston** Moonraker (3), **New Mills** Bees Knees (4), **Bradford** Royal Standard (5), **Dewsbury** Turks Head (6), **Macclesfield** Travellers Rest (7), **Chatham** Tam O'Shanter (8), **Cambridge** Alma (9), **Chesterfield** Adam & Eve (10), **Huddersfield** White Swan (11), **Derby** Bell (12), **Nottingham** Town Arms (13), **Leighton Buzzard** Hunt Hotel (14), **London Canning Town** Tidal Basin (15), **London Angel** City Arms (16), **London Harrow Rd.** Windsor Castle (17), **London Hammersmith** Red Cow (19), **Halesowen** Tiffany's (20), **Ipswich** Royal William (21), **Chatham** Tam O'Shanter (22), **Bury St Edmunds** Griffin (23), **Thornley** The Club (24), **Cumbernauld** Kestrel (25) and **Glasgow** Maggi (27).

DESPERATE STRAITS are at **London Tooting** The Castle (July 3), **Glastonbury** Free Festival (8), **Watford** Red Lion (14), **Aylesbury** Stone Festival (24) and **South Croydon** Red Deer (29).

THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS are on tour at **Colwyn Bay** Dixieland (tonight, Thursday), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (Friday), **York** Munster Bar (July 5), **Leeds** 'F' Club (6), **Retford** Porterhouse (7), **Liverpool** Masonic (12), **Manchester** Tyldesley R.C. (14), **Blackburn** Dirty Duck (15), **Whitley Bay** Rex Hotel (16), **Liverpool** Phab Club (24), **Manchester** Rafters (29) and **Chester** Valentino's (30).

CO-CO play **Paignton** Festival Theatre (this Sunday), **Southend** Talk Of The South (July 11), **Liverpool** Valentine's (14-15), **Great Yarmouth** ABC (16), **Sheffield** Fiesta (17-22), **Cleethorpes** Bunnies Club (25-26), **Worcester** Hideaway Club (27-28), **Blackpool** Imperial Hotel (30), **Manchester** Fagin's (31-August 5), **Margate** Winter Gardens (13) and **Coventry** City Centre (24).

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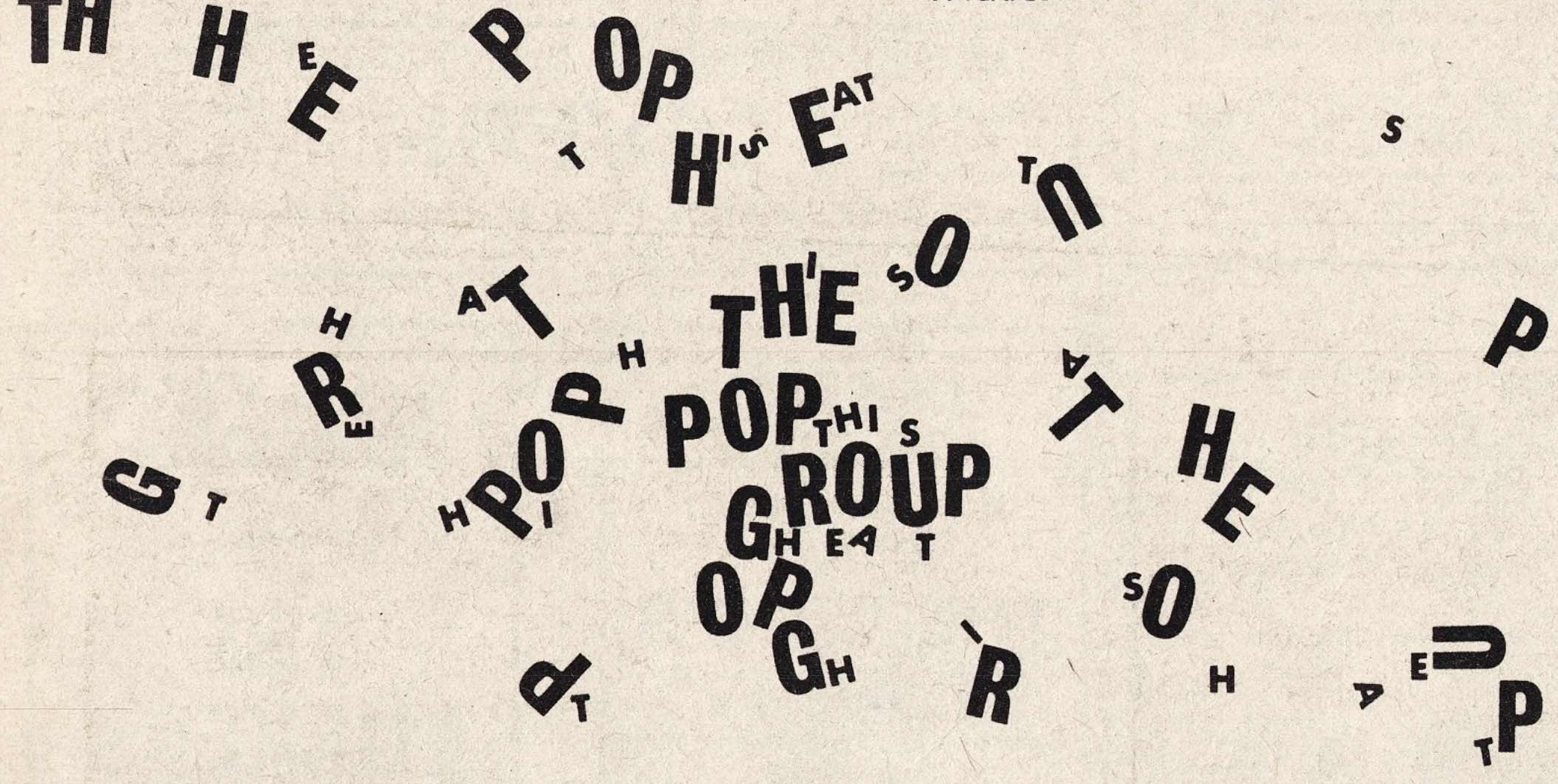

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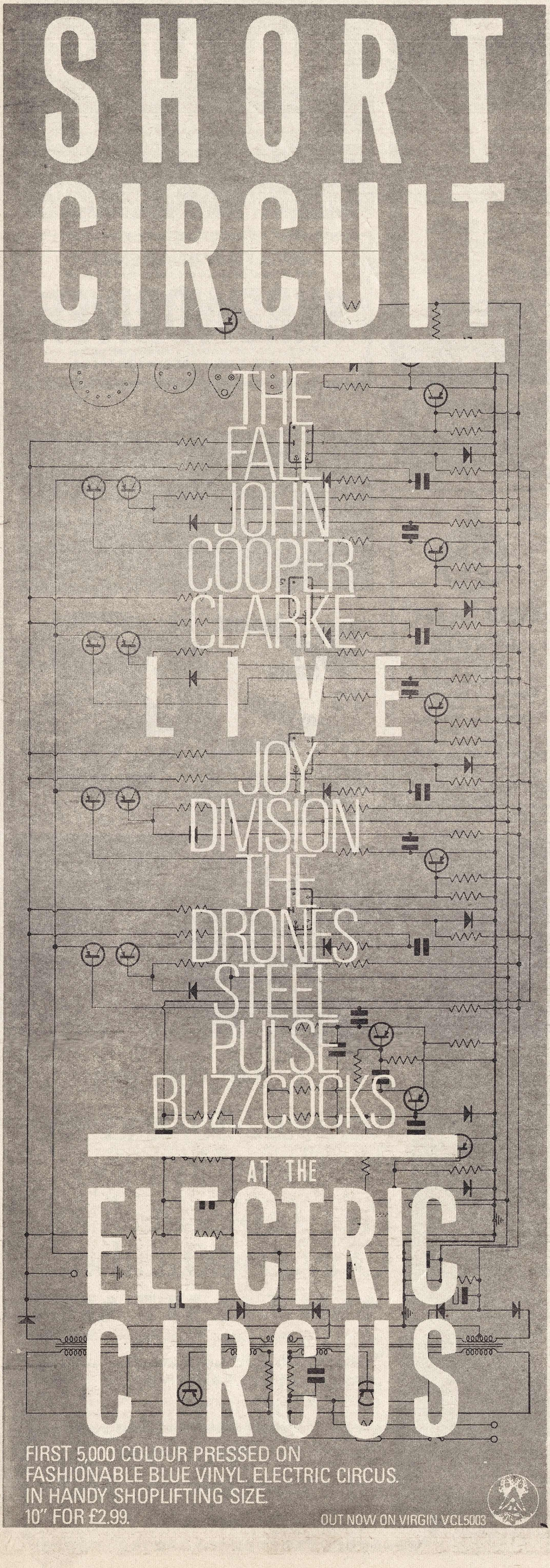

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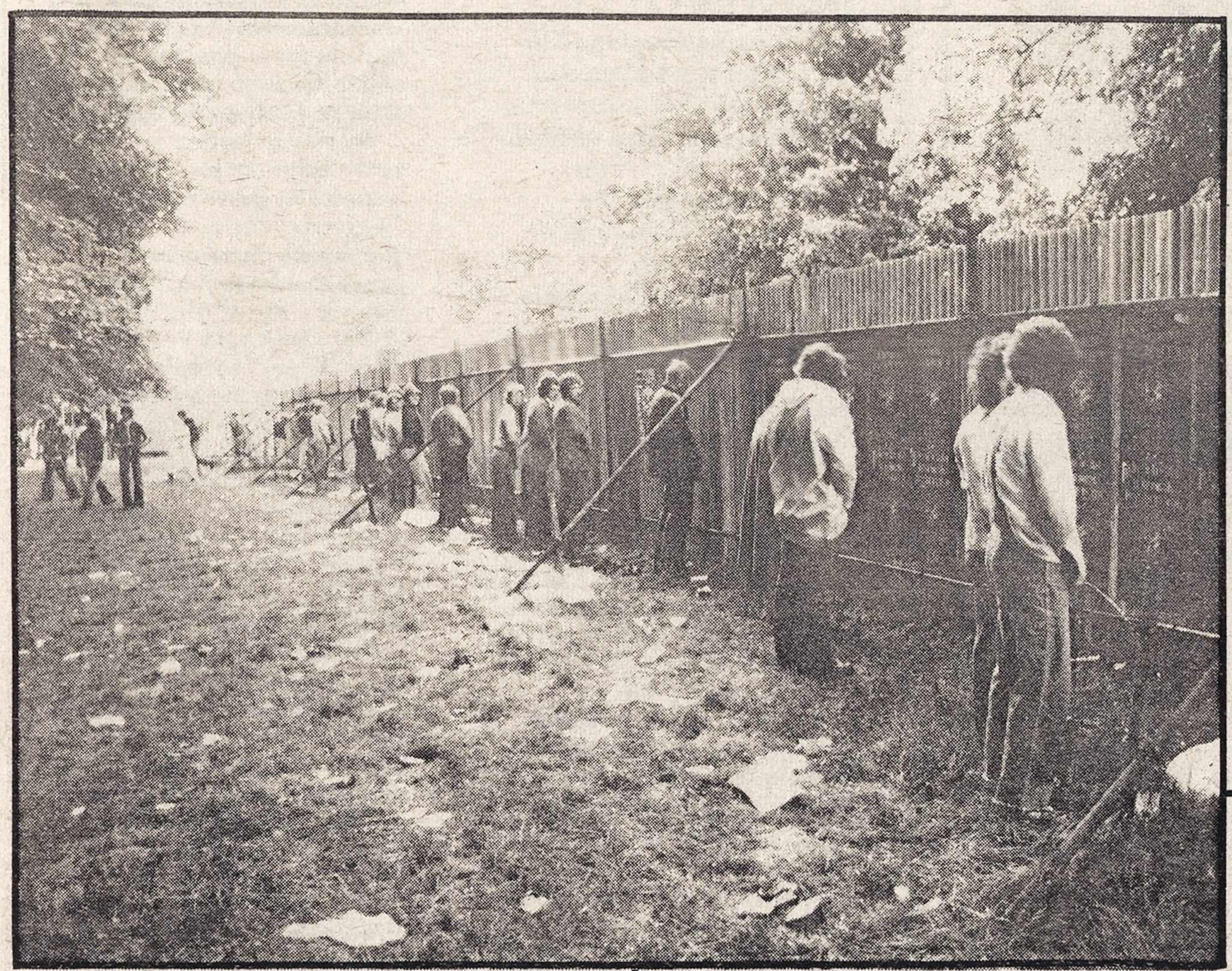

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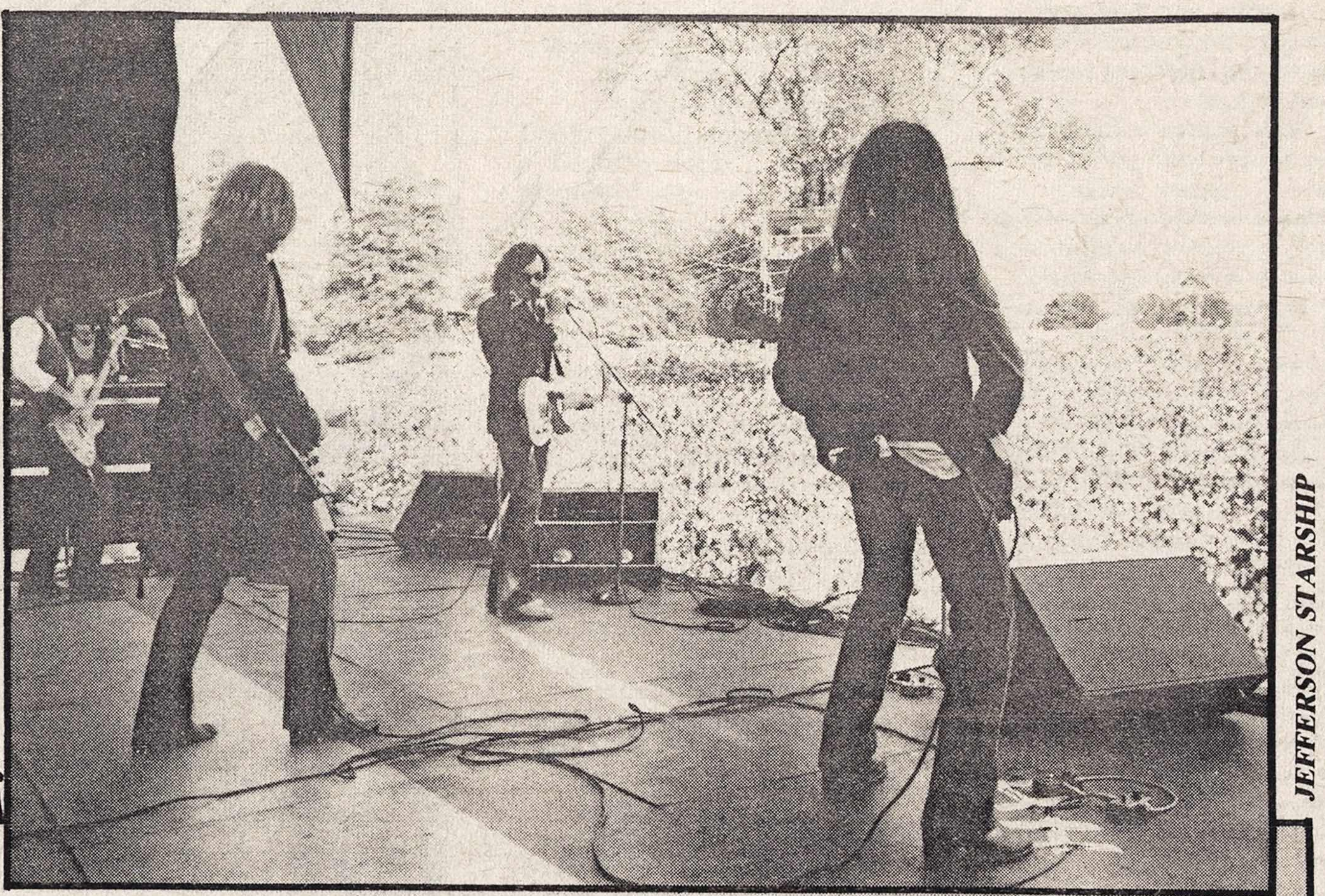


JEFFERSON STARSHIP

YEAH!! IT WAS REALLY. . .DULL

ADRIAN THRILLS 'n' MARK ELLEN at KNEBWORTH

IT'S ALL too easy to be cynical about festivals, but, quite honestly, what can a poor boy say? No, seriously folks . . . I mean, it was just so tedious.

The fourth Knebworth festival — promotor Fred Bannister's "Midsummer Night's Dream", now the biggest event on the British rock calendar — was just about the most unimaginative billing of six acts you are likely find all year.

With the exception of Genesis, their Brand X offshoot, and, of course, Devo, who stuck out like a sore thumb, all the bands on show played watered down Medium Wave American rock.

A muted affair all round. Even the sensation-seeking Sundies had to admit that it had been a quiet day.

In the centre, dwarfing all who dared set foot on its lip, was the stage — apparently one of the biggest ever assembled for a rock-event (and I use the last term loosely).

Ah, well, good morning campers. . .

First up, Brand X play tepid, keyboards-dominated jazzzzzzz-rock. I couldn't even tell you if they did it well.

Next. The Atlanta Rhythm Section exhort a little of what has become the traditional festival spirit — war cries all round for some Goddam Booogey!!!

The band duly provide it — ham fisted, cliche ridden, Southern boogie. I get bored and take a walk around the site. They get an encore and take ten minutes.

As for the crowd, there are roughly three linear components.

Backstage, the pseudo jet setters and those who merely aspire languish in the alcohol tents. Middle-aged men is silky record-company bomber jackets. The Smirnoff set. In the food tent, a meagre salad luncheon leaves yer little change from a fiver.

Front-stage the punters — bedenimed and stringy-haired, carrying their haversacks and cans of booze, Quo and Sab badges adorning the Afghans and leathers.

There's the odd, token straight dude and a few token Hell's Angels.

Further back — at the bottom of stately Knebworth's ancient feudal heirarchy are the casualities, being treated in tents beyond the corrugated, police-patrolled boundary fence — those who took too much too soon.

Elsewhere, queues for the telephones and the hot dog stands are 20 yards deep.

Festival goers remain a strange breed — not the types you see at other rock gigs. Why do they go? Over 90,000 turned up on Saturday. Surely it's not for the music — the sound was uniformly bad from most areas of the arena. (The answer to that one, my friend, was blowing in the wind.)

I reckon most of them were there just because it was the Knebworth festival — an institution paid due homage.

The crowd was of similar size to the one at the recent Carnival Against The Nazis. Even there it was a strain to actually see or hear much of what was happening onstage, but at least there was a characterising spark of moral unity — sorely lacking at Knebworth.

And then Devo.

Back to the press enclosure (Do not feed, these animals are dangerous) for the band who represented the only flash of imagination on an oh-so-dull, 12 hour line up.

Tenuous their concepts may be but, live, Devo are fun. They demonstrated as much with their Roundhouse debut earlier this year.

Now the Devo overalls have been discarded. Their sartorial elegance for this week's ritual humiliation of the species comprised what looked like padded white pantaloons (no, not loon pants) and orange building site helmets.

From garage mechanics to a brickie workforce. Opening with the taped De-Evolution fanfare, they played for about 45 minutes. Muted applause followed the re-worked "Satisfaction", the third number, but from there on it was an uphill struggle.

Which is, apparently, how the band like things.

If what Devo are trying to say is, basically, that we are all brainless idiots, then they cannot have failed to be impressed with the Knebworth reaction.

Through "Jocko Homo" and "Mongoloid" they seemed to be fighting the active disapproval of at least 50 per cent of the crowd, from whom they faced a standing two-fingered ovation. There was also the odd stray flying can — usually badly aimed.

I don't know why though. What Devo play is recognisable as rock music. Even the most Devo'd denimboloid should be able to see that "Too Much Paranoia", for example, is based around one of the most slyly insidious riffs of the year.

Apparently not.

"You did just what you should," they address the can-throwing/V sign contingent as the set closes without an encore.

Knebworth goes Devo.

The Akronite brickies descended from the 210 foot wide platform to a tumultuous cheer.

The disc-jockey, you see, had just put on "Stairway To Heaven". **Adrian Thrills**

■ *Continues over page*

■ *From previous page*

NEXT ONTO the boards, with the unenviable task of trying to rouse the crowd from a Saturday mid-afternoon siesta, were Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers.

They weren't helped much by the fact that Devo had left an air of strained confusion in their wake, and that, even in the close enclosures of the press kind, they just weren't loud enough.

Petty, attired in black top hat, purple satin jacket and shades, struck a perfect balance between heavyweight rock 'n' roll and a euphoric, smooth West Coast sound.

Such numbers as "When The Time Comes" and "American Girl" showed his fairly substantial debt to The Byrds, and "Breakdown", "You're Gonna Get It" and "Fooled Again (I Don't Like It)" started to break through with their punchy, lilting rhythm and some magic guitar work from Mike Campbell.

It would have been easy for The Heartbreakers to have gone out and played an entire set of fast rockers, which couldn't have failed to have hauled everyone to their feet in a matter of minutes. Instead they still managed to get across with a most tasteful collection of slower numbers that, hopefully, will earn them the kind of recognition they deserve.

As soon as Jefferson Starship took the stage, it was apparent that those who had missed Grace Slick's last appearance in England (Bath Festival '71) might have to hang on another seven years to see the lady perform. She was already back in the States still suffering, apparently, from an illness she'd picked up while touring Germany.

As far as I'm concerned, the enormous range of expression of Grace's vocals is the last real link with the Starship's earlier style. With Marty Balin's slightly bland tones now dominating the set, and with the addition of a trumpet/sax horn section, the feel of their music was somewhere in between West Coast rock and a super-smooth "big band" sound.

It took just two numbers to establish that Craig Chaquico was going to steal the show. His fret work was immaculate all the way through, supplying "Skateboard" with the definitive guitar solo, phasing briefly into the strains of "Somewhere Over The Rainbow" in the middle of "Wooden Ships", and doing the age-old tribute-to-Hendrix but by playing a large amount of "Sweeter Than Honey" with his teeth.

In Grace's absence, a hasty re-working of the set had unearthed some interesting replacements for her material. David Freiberg led an old Quicksilver number, "Pride Of Man", John Barbata sang "Big City", and Marty Balin took Grace's vocal part on "Love Too Good", which still worked, but mostly by virtue of being one of the strongest songs on the "Earth" album.

Pete Sears hacked out a bass solo that must have rocked Welwyn Garden City, and the set wound up with the great anthem from the Airplane days "Volunteers", and the encore "Dance With The Dragon".

The main reason why the Starship have never held the same status over here as back home is that a work record of two gigs in seven years can hardly be called over-exposure.

The faithful followers they lost when the band forsook their late heart-felt sentiments in favour of their present controlled, and slightly vacuous ballads, haven't found replacement, if this subdued crowd reaction was anything to go by.

It was a great set, but not a sensational one.

Everything started to make sense when Roy Harper and Andy Roberts made a second appearance, and nobody took any notice. Harper, perennial waster and devout festival veteran, arrived direct from the beer tent for a rare rendition of his late 60s classic "I Hate The White Man" — it was tremendous.

But the crowd wasn't having any. Their strangely unreceptive nature could be put down to the sole interest of a very large contingent in only one name on the bill.

As night fell, Genesis materialised from a barrage of multi-coloured smoke. Decked out in gleaming white suits, and working under the most colossal battery of lamps, their appearance was nothing short of celestial.

Occasionally joining Chester Thompson on a second drum kit, Phil Collins led the way through the likes of "Burning Rope", "Ripples", "The Fountain Of Salamis", "Deep In The Motherlode", and "Squonk".

Apart from "The Lady Lies", no one song struck me as being vastly different from another, but that didn't seem to matter too much.

What we got was a rock show of truly grandiose proportions, a crystal clear sound system, spotlights panning across the sky, and the odd luminous spray of lazers.

I can't say the band's music drives me wild, but when it comes to putting on an act of such technical precision, Genesis can't really be faulted.

And there ended the fourth Knebworth festival.

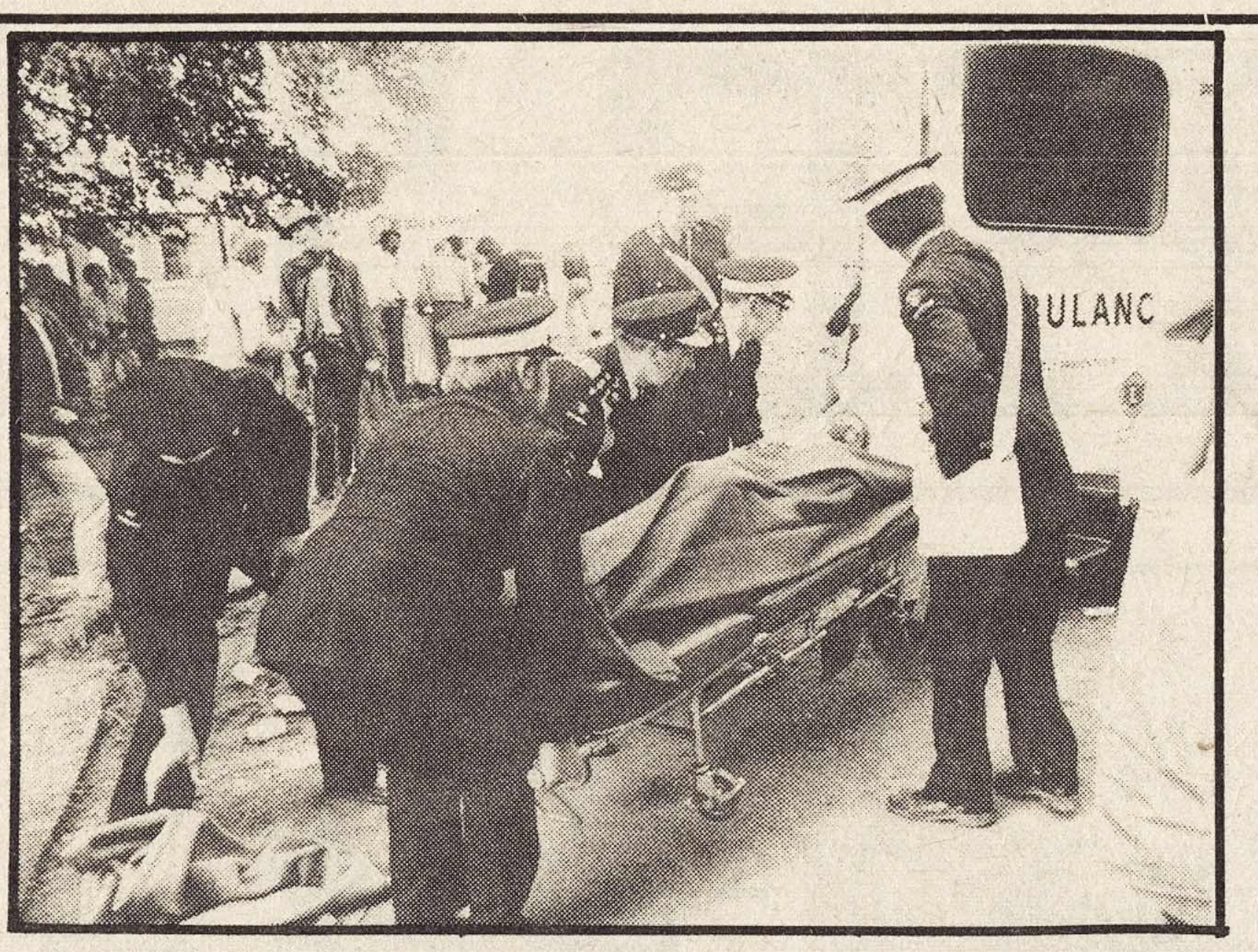
I, stalwart that I am, have been to all of them, and in the light of past headliners the Stones, the Floyd, and The Allman Brothers Band, this one didn't make the same league at all.

Not only that, but I can remember several past support bands, to wit — Van Morrison, Lynyrd Skynyrd, and The Steve Miller Band, as being worth the money in their own right.

Sad it was too, to see the enormous talents of Devo wasted by the insane notion that they would make good festival material. Their robot antics, and humanoid Skate City Rollers gear, were lost on anyone who wasn't either camped up front, or glued to the end of a telescope.

Maybe next time Kneb House flings wide its gates, it will be for a cause more consistently worthwhile.

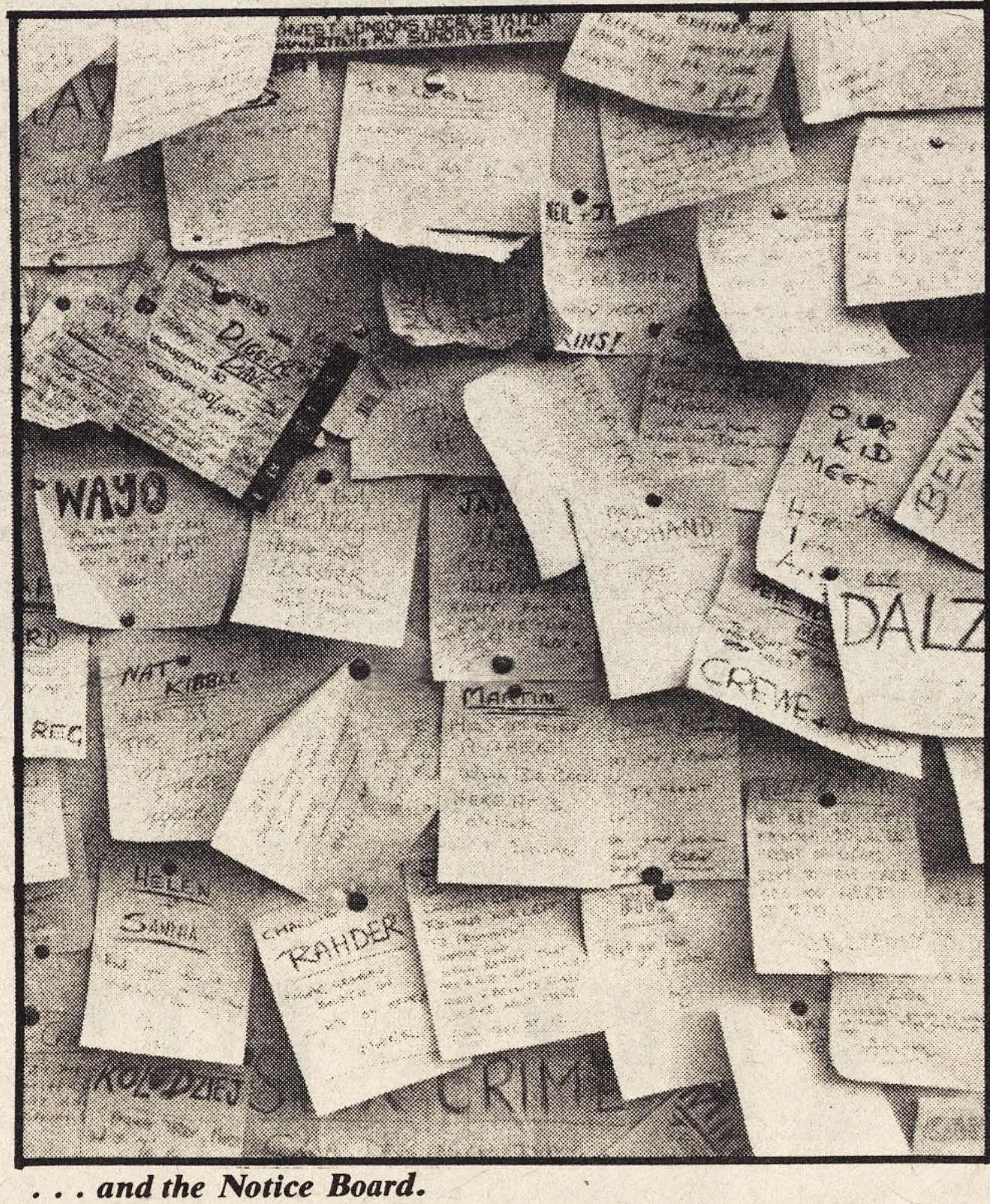
Mark Ellen



Casualities . . .

. . . Big names . . .

. . . Hippies . . .



. . . and the Notice Board.

BABYLON BY

Bob Marley & The Wailers

Stafford Bingley Hall

BETWEEN I AND I, a writer's relationship with his reader is a balance of equal power: the former dictates terms, but only at the latter's discretion — where a page may be turned at any moment's whim.

In the presentation of this particular review, I might abuse this premise with inclusion of any number of irrelevancies. I could, for instance, recount that the three coaches detailed for the record company's guests — press, photographers, and EMI reps — departed Island's St. Peter's Square HQ at 5.30 pm and, due to the consistencies of the rush hour traffic, had crawled no further north than Watford some two long hours on.

To which would be added that only two of these arrived at their destination; the third, the one carrying the hapless EMI reps, disgruntedly gave up the ghost.

And furthermore, those two that completed the journey only made it at the expense of Steel Pulse's 40 minute set — leaving one cynical observer to remark that Island were, perhaps, releasing the Brum Klanners from their contract *(No we're not — Island Records)* **— and midway through Marley's own stage act.**

Less than an hour later, it would be added, the same pair of charabancs were heading back to the capital for the small-hours disembarcation of their respective passengers.

By way of further embellishment and finer detail, a summary description would be given of the more rowdy jounalistic element in concerted lament of King Sounds' "Spend One Night In A Babylon (And You'll See What I See)" by way of comment on the travelling arrangements — although, it must be confessed, the exact relationship twixt this honourable record company and the harlot of the Ancients was never made fully clear, at least not to the understanding of this reporter.

Neither forgetting to mention the want, nay need, of one particular scribe on a rival music publication for such pain-relieving aid as a Phensic could reasonably administer, and the chemical consumption of same to the delight of his fellow travellers.

Nor that, on arriving at Bingley Hall, in the wasteland of a deserted countryside, we witnessed those other Babylonian ravens — the British Police — in descent on individuals of darkskinned hue

WEMBLEY BY

Thin Lizzy

WEMBLEY

EIGHT LONG years grappling with unconvinced audiences, the capricious media, and not least of all, their own internal conflicts, the boys come back to town triumphant.

Thin Lizzy finally enter the hierarchy of British rock 'n' roll in front of two capacity houses at the Wembley Arena. And as they go on stage for their second night, there are still a couple of dozen desperate kids outside in the drizzle, hopelessy begging for tickets.

Ninety minutes later a jubilant mob, battered by Lizzy's musical muscle and as loud in their own excitement, are blinded and deafened by a pair of white bright thunderous explosions, one each side of the stage. And as the grey smoke clouds over the rainbow lights above the now deserted rostrum, the clapping and raw bellowing for the boys intensifies.

"Lizzy!. . . Lizzy!. . . Lizzy!. . . Lizzy!"

A thin green lazer beam penetrates the fug hanging over the arena, twirls gracefully, and then repeatedly flashes onto the stadium's back wall high in the gods the legend, *Live. . . Dangerous.*

It just about says it all.

Yet four years ago Phil Lynott was the gangling black Irishman who seemed to have a stool permanently reserved for him in the Marquee bar. He'd be there every night, only his good humour and sheer physique preventing the caustic remark that he was a one hit wonder failure. And against those odds he dragged Lizzy through every slum gig in the world, and a brace of albums and singles, until he eventually cracked it.

So, at Wembley they're totally confident, rousing the acolytes in the stalls to their feet as soon as they come on; uninhibited enthusiasm, a scorching pace and the volume knob frequently twisted into the red, guarantees ovation after ovation and an electric atmosphere that threatens to crumble the foundations.

Visual flash, mega-riffs and blatant sexual excitement — provided by Lynott, although Scott Gorham with long, flowing hair and physical agility doubtless juices up the girls as well — comprises a formula which allows Lizzy to steamroller through the set. Motifs are machinegunned by guitarists Brian Robertson and Gorham, thumped and batted off Brian Downey's double-kit, and injected with Phil's stout bass veins.

Undisciplined shrieking solos and dark, gruff vocals add up to what ***just*** **escapes**

Britain's leading reggae act
MATUMBI
HARVEST
HAR 5162

BUS...

for the purpose of fairly thorough and totally insulting search, curse them.

Such, I say, could quite easily form the bulk of my copy in lieu of a concert of which I saw a mere portion, but of such, I will forsake exposition for the sake of my readers' patience.

I arrived midway through Bob's performance of "Heathen", and made my way backstage for the introduction of "No Woman No Cry", "Lively Up Yourself", "Jamming", and by way of a single encore, "Get Up Stand Up".

Never has a lyric been more appropriate; *"You can fool some people sometime"*, but you *can't fool all the people all the time"* and *"Now you see the light stand up for your right."*

This was followed by a brief chorus or two of "Exodus"/ "Punky Reggae Party" to the self-absorbed posturing accompaniment of the I Three by way of extra farce, and the Natty One hopping offstage for the last time, leaving behind the voluminous cascade of applause.

And then, finally, yes me frien' me de pan street — or rather field — again; and the depressing interminable journey back to London. Spend one night in a Babylon yard and you'll see what I see — Positive Vibrations!

Penny Reel

GUTS...

being firmly labelled Heavy Metal; especially as the lyrics are inevitably lost in the turmoil and a lot of songs rely on power rather than melody, brute force rather than dynamics.

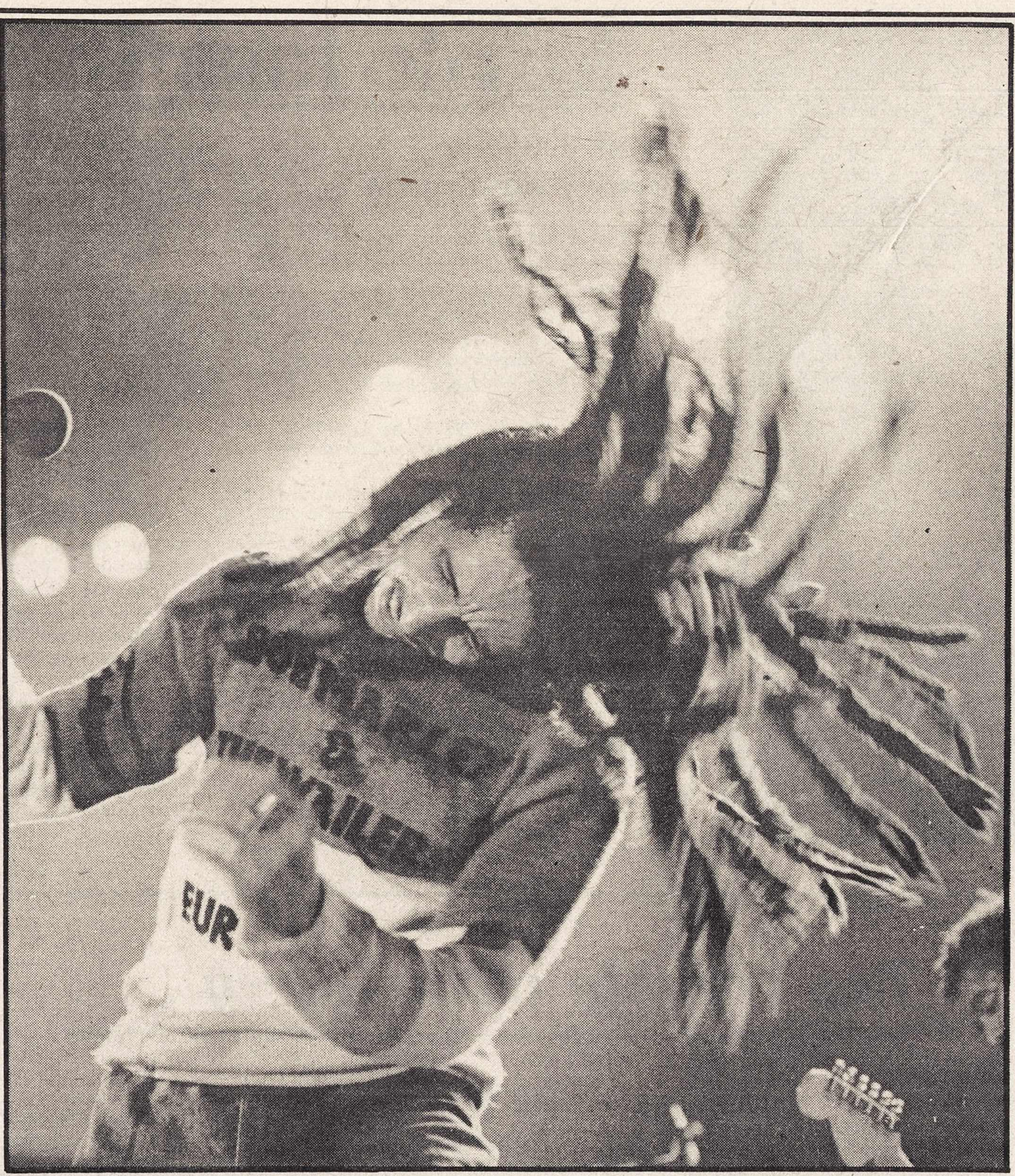
All this is characteristically British, but what gives the band their uniqueness is the cross-breed of influences made possible by Lynott's considerable versatility. Van Morrison lurks menacingly in structures, particularly the "Cowboy Song" and the ending of "Rosalie". And the ghost of Springsteen materialises in his vocal phrasing for "Southbound" and "The Boys Are Back In Town".

They survive and succeed by juxtaposing these highlights with the insubstantial rages of "Don't Believe A Word" and "Sha La La". But it's their fundamental insensitivity, perhaps compounded by the lack of intimacy in such a vast venue, that crushes dead a ballad like "Still In Love With You".

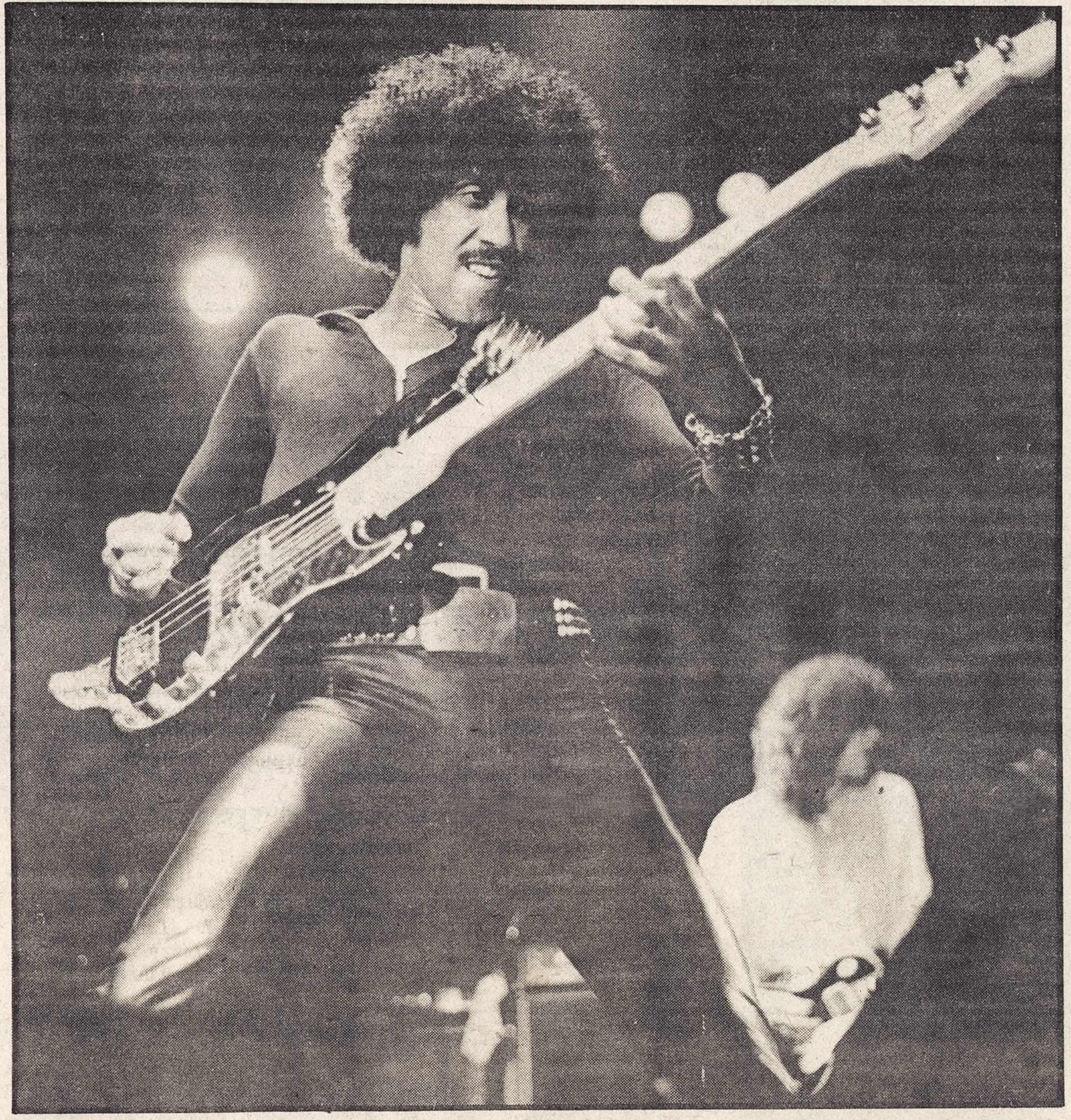
For Lizzy musical criticisms will always exist, yet no one can dismiss the feverish excitement they can so spontaneously create even at Wembley.

That's how they got there; that why they deserve to play there again.

Tony Stewart



Natty Bob. Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS.



Heavy Phil. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

Boomtown Rats

BRADFORD

DID YOU ever hear the one about the Irishman who formed a punk rock band? No? Well, not that The Boomtown Rats were ever truly punk (too much talent, maan), being always nearer to pop R&B — but now they're somewhere else altogether. A tonic for the troops, for sure. Not quite the way Vera Lynn used to do it, but you can see their point. The Rats have graduated, and they've done it in style.

Right from the walk-on, it was self-evident that the Rats have begun to regard themselves as a very serious combo. Superficially, of course, nothing has changed — Geldof acting loose and frivolous and loud-mouthed as ever, while the other Rats plugged in and looned like automated caricatures of themselves. But beneath the glib facade, the band have regimented discipline, a truculent spirit and a knowledge of the way to go as strong as any homer's.

Maybe the Rats have surprised themselves with their drastic and rapid improvement — (achieved with credibility: if the Rats have pushed politics and street ethics a little, at least that was never their *raison d'etre)* — but I doubt it. Geldof is too knowing, too intelligent for this to have happened by chance. I'd guess he knew his way out of '77 in '76.

All this was efficiency expressed throughout the show. Superb acoustics might have helped the band sound even better than they are; the rainbow lights might have helped them *look* better. But the band's honesty, integrity and sheer application were comprehensive.

On "Rat Trap", you get a fair indication of the way the Dubliners have matured; musically tight, structurally 10cc, Johnny Fingers climaxes on "piano forte" while Geldof Springsteens his way through layers of rich rhythms.

Over all, Geldof's vocals show a massive improvement, gelling securely with Denny Dias' sweet R&B lead and Fingers' smart piano; it's these three players who supply the new sound with most of its distinction.

The Rats have perfected the showband visual parodies, the three guitarists flanking Geldof, often surrounding him like he needs to be kept in check. But while they frequently degenerate into expertly unchoreographed strutabouts, they keep the music coming with unqualified panache.

"Joey" is still very central to the band's repertoire; being one of Geldof's favourites, it's unlikely ever to be dropped from the playlist, allowing as it does an opportunity for individual and collective workouts, and a chance for the singer to air the grievances of his mercurial social conscience.

Only when Geldof gets unnecessarily demanding does the performace lose shape and style. "We're a Dance-band, OK?", he said. "Just cos you got flashy seats doesn't mean you can't get off your arses."

This big-headed "I'm-calling-the-shots" posturing goes over the top at times.

Nevertheless, vending the "Tonic" material, the Rats could do no wrong. "Living On An Island", "about two people who tie their hands together and go off into the sea to drown themselves" is "a calypso number about suicide". And needless to say, it's as interesting and enjoyable as Geldof's synopsis would have you expect.

On "I Never Loved Eva Braun" and "Me And Howard Hughes", the Rats have shown genuine invention, exhibiting the kind of quality of lyrics and musicianship which augur well for the band's future. In any event, Geldof is already putting out lyrics to contend with the best in rock, and (as suggested by his Brilleaux harp on "She's Gonna Do You In"), he's proud and ambitious enough to want to prove there's nothing much that's beyond his band's reach.

"Like Clockwork", the new single, could be taken as the most important single representation of their development / directional shift. Occasionally sounding American — on this song, the Rats are a touch Talking Heads — Geldof's outfit are one of the very few home-spun bands to emerge from our recent musical holocast with ongoing originality. And the Rats' kind of invention is more impressive than that produced by most of the others — they're on their way *convincingly.*

Just as it was getting very conspicuous that the Rats' new material is unreservedly adequate and radically distracting (and there were no galling requests for the singles), the band proceeded to play "She's So Modern", "Looking After No. 1", and (for encores) the conventional "Do The Rat" and "Mary Of The Fourth Form". But these were bonuses rather than prerequisites; you can tell when a band have well and truly arrived when they don't have to depend on giving further exposure to chartbusting singles.

The show was consistently high on thrills, but its more far-reaching effect was to make you wonder exactly how far the Rats can go. Geldof no doubt thinks in terms of going all the way — arrogant he might be, but ultimately, he's the band's premier asset.

Describing himself ". . .and me, on John Travolta disco dance-steps. . ." and taking snaps of his audience with a sneaky camera, Geldof has a rare sense of theatre/humour. And for a six-piece (who can't be in the business just to make big money) the Rats show remarkable aptitudes and seemed to have all their roots and options open before them.

On a night when they revealed portence of major status, The Boomtown Rats seemed to consumate the new promise of an ageing New Wave.

Emma Ruth

Their first single on Harvest Records

ROCK

Black Echoes
British Reggae Awards Poll 1977

✓ Best group ✓ Best rhythm
✓ Best drummer ✓ Best single
✓ Best keyboards ✓ Best bass

Dread... Dread... Dread... Drea

WILLIE DE VILLE. Pic: CHRIS WALTER

Mink lost in Odeon

Mink DeVille

HAMMERSMITH ODEON.

MINK DeVILLE'S latest issue, "Return To Magenta", still firmly rooted in revival R & B, covers a very diverse area.

Much of the material, a kind of 'parking-lot nostalgia' section, suggests Willy DeVille to be a man raised exclusively on a diet of root beer, drive-in movies, and the sounds of a late 50s jukebox.

Yet the album shows him just as capable of the most soulful urban balladry, and sparse, but amazingly vivid, lyrics.

What the band have perfected on record is an exact sound texture, a chunky collection of multifarious tweaks, that provide a balanced razor-sharp backing for his sidewalk-loping vocals.

On stage, it just didn't seem to work.

Attention was entirely focussed on Willy DeVille, he of the neatly Brylcreemed locks, angular visage, and stilted, reptillian gait. Flanked by a couple of rock-solid rhythm musicians, the youthful Al Capone, guitarist Louie X Erlanger, and Puerto Rican disco refugee, bassman Ruben Siguenza, the line-up was completed by drums, keyboards and sax.

Highlights of the uncommonly short set were "Soul Twist" — much winding slide guitar, the highway roller "Steady Drivin' Man", and a great version of "Guardian Angel", rearranged with a neat, stumbling rhythm underlying the confused lyrics.

But the transition from studio to stage had somehow kindled a yearning among the band members for lengthy an uninspired solos. Loads of them, especially in the encore. This turned out to be an unrecognisable Canned Heat-type jam, with everyone busking mindlessly through the age-old phrases as if it was an audition for John Mayall.

Anything further removed from the slickness, the expertise, and the immaculate arrangements that epitomise Mink DeVille's music, is hard to imagine.

And the man himself seemed strangely uneasy at the helm. The very nature of the band doesn't demand a frontman of world-shattering charisma, but it does at least need someone to either establish a mutual sympathy with the crowd, or generate something in the region of excitement.

For a band who have produced such an exquisite pair of albums, I'd hoped for a lot more. It won't stop me loving their music — the Odeon just wasn't the right time or place for it.

But at four in the morning, in some derelict New York alley, racked by a demon hangover, freshly mugged of all but a cheroot, and having just wrapped your customized Cougar round a popsicle stand, if you caught the strains of 'Cadillac Walk' drifting from some dive-bar Wurlitzer, life would take on a new meaning.

Mark Ellen

The trouble with Harry . . .

Warren Harry

SHEFFIELD LIMIT

THERE'S A curious sense of atmospheric *deja vu* about the Limit on this close, humid Saturday; almost as if the club and its patrons had been transported, wholesale, to South America.

The heat-induced lassitude provides an apposite backdrop for the knowledge that a fair proportion of the population are at this very moment "living" in some stereotypical Latin American land where life is but a round of siesta, football and fiesta, and folk don't *really* disappear.

And over there — is that Malcolm Lowry, waiting for Popocatapetl to pop?

No, it's Warren Harry, sweating buckets.

He's a bit of a nutter, is Warren — the kind of guy who was the class clown at school, and lusts after laughs on a larger stage.

Which places him somewhere between Otway and the Fab Poos, as if the latter's humorous songs were performed in the forced-frenzy fashion of the former.

His band — Paul Haines on guitar, Joe Cain on keyboards, Jean-Pierre (inaudible) on drums and Joshua on bass — are tight and workmanlike, if not exactly *dynamic,* and seems to owe more to the Americans than to the British for their musical style, especially in Haines' fluid guitar breaks (which bring Dickie Betts to mind), and the unison guitar and keyboard riffs.

They open with "Only A Schoolgirl" and follow up with a couple of singles, "1965" and "I Am A Radio", the latter introduced as ". . . our last hit single in Brazil", a statement which apparently has more than a grain of truth in it.

Warren, as I mentioned before, is a bit of a nutter.

He slings beer around with abandon, mingles with the audience to menace young girls, and generally acts up to such an extent that it doesn't really matter what the band's playing or what the songs are about.

And there's this unfortunate stain on his baggy twill trousers which seems to have grabbed the attention of several ladies near the front, judging by their nudgings and gigglings.

Ultimately, however, far from enhancing his material, the tongue-in-cheek onstage bickering, desperate jokes (". . . from our Greatest Hits, Volume Four . . .", that kind of thing) and overall manic desire to *entertain* detract from the songs somewhat.

Which is a pity, since the earlier songs, on the whole, are the better ones: by the time Warren's act wears thin and you start to pay more attention to the songs, they're getting a bit ropey.

Best number of the evening, ironically, is "I Wanna Be In The NME", which the band treat as an audience singalong, and which the audience, for reasons best known to themselves, mutate into "I Do Like To Be Beside The Seaside".

Anyway, Warren, you get your wish; now you can pack it all in, eh?

They're a good "Sat'day Nite" band, mingling crude humour with easy, unpretentious tunes, who have yet to find the right balance between fun and music.

Other than that, there's very little to say: Haines and Cain stick to crowd-pleaser cliches, and although Joshua (who looks rather like an old bluesman dragged out of retirement in the Delta) knows how to construct a good poppy bass line or two, Warren Harry remain a distinctly ordinary proposition, one which I'd be extremely surprised to see making any real headway on record.

Andy Gill

Even the Chanters are some brother's sisters.

The Chanter Sisters come on far from sisterly with 'Ready For Love,' their new album produced by Roger Cook in Nashville.

Raunchy, funky, downright gutsy. But sisterly, no.

Same goes for their blistering version of 'Na Na Hey Hey (Kiss Him Goodbye)', released as a special 12" single. (DOZ1)

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QUEEN

BOOTS COMPETITION RESULTS

Q1 What was the title of Queen's first single?
A. 'Keep Yourself Alive'

Q2 What is Queen's biggest selling single in the UK?
A. 'Bohemian Rhapsody'

Q3 Which member of Queen recently released a solo single?
A. Roger Taylor

Queen clock winners:

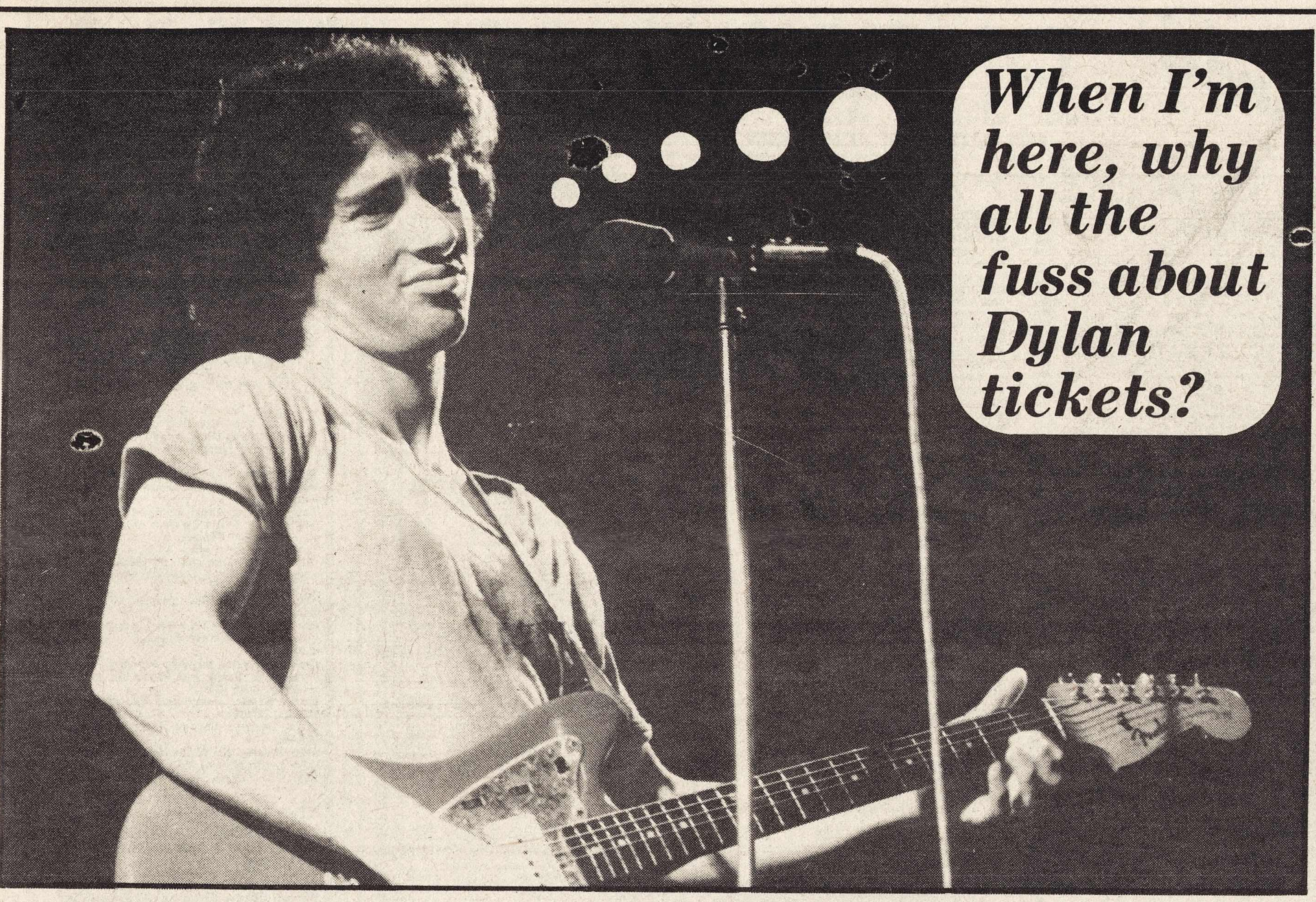
1) Fiona Ellis
2) Graham Kimberley
3) Sue Willetts
4) Robert Gregory
5) Vincent Lyte
6) Elaine Johnson
7) Margaret Taylor
8) Stephen Purdie
9) Tracey Watson
10) Adil Pastakia

Queen mirror winners:

1) Tracy Broadhead
2) Stephen Dickerson
3) Stephen Coleman
4) Alan Ewens
5) C. Pressley
6) Kim Brindley
7) Michael Lloyd
8) Robert Alan Ford
9) Ian Fordham
10) Bill Lawlor

Record token winners:

1) Peter Wood
2) Louise Wright
3) Mandy Vernall
4) Kevin Salisbury
5) Jeremy Sanders
6) Jacqueline Sellman
7) I. Silver
8) Linzi Spence
9) Dominic Rotheroe
10) Martin Reynolds
11) William Piechowicz
12) Michael Rooker
13) Linda Parker
14) Marianne Pryor
15) Barbara Pierce
16) Gillian Penny
17) Mandy Mitchell
18) Alan Mann
19) Alexander McLean
20) Simon Layng
21) Steven Kent
22) Catherine Hillyer
23) S.A. Hardy
24) Alan Hakes
25) Duncan Haehner
26) Jackie Goodchild
27) Peter Fisher
28) David Farley
29) David Elson
30) Philip Edwards
31) Martin Deal
32) Nichola Darvill
33) Kevin Dunne
34) Daniel Devriendt
35) Thomas Dean
36) P. Davis
37) Christopher Durham
38) Gary Cole
39) Philip Cato
40) Carole Boys
41) Martin Andrews
42) Robert Colhead
43) William Douglas Baird
44) Julie Ann Batley
45) D. J. Barnes
46) Jo Brook
47) Ken Baker
48) Steven Berry
49) M. Barton
50) M. J. Abram



When I'm here, why all the fuss about Dylan tickets?

Jonathan Richman

LEEDS POLY

CLEAN-LIVING Bostonian Jonathan Richman aired his clean music for way over two hours here — long enough to encourage the odd cynic to wonder what he was trying to prove by giving this kind of (excessive) value for money.

In fact, Richman's fairly lengthy occupation of the stage is most convincingly explained by the man's apparent addiction to his own music, and a respect for the value of the camaraderie he creates: a mutual contract between himself and his audience which Richman feels is imperative to win, and is reluctant to lose.

To Richman, walking away to his dressing room after an hour or so of preambling would be like quitting a job he's already cased. On this occasion, he took the stage around the time most bands are still lost in provincial city one-way systems, and, looking like he should have fended off that last cream-cake, the gauche, uncomfortable-looking figure proceeded to deliver his unique, eccentric rock and roll impressions. The show transcended recognised concert criteria; it was rather a lesson in total communication.

Even the way Richman puts together his show is hilarious — a phoney, brief set, supplemented by more encores than all but the most devout found time for. The cult fans couldn't get enough as the merriment continued and the magic snowballed.

Richman, grinning continually, his arms waving around in random trajectories, and generally fidgetting like he's looking for attention or asking to leave the room, is a totally endearing personality. And if you identify with the anti-hero, it's impossible to meet this one half-way; such is the guy's charisma that during at least two numbers, you could almost forget you didn't have Dylan tickets.

Even though his method is frugal, Richman's music is thoroughly diverse. Cute instrumentals, notably some impressive reggae (Egyptian and straight East Coast) provide an elegant backdrop for his joke songs, "Ice Cream Man", the new "Abdul And Cleopatra", "Abominable Snowman" and the beautifully pathetic "I'm A Little Dinosaur", and his more directly confessional songs, "Affection" and "Morning Of Our Lives".

If you respect Richman as much as you like him, your emotions begin to be aligned with his. It's like watching a multi-media show, low on budget, but high on aesthetics.

The Modern Lovers' contribution is hardly any less important than Richman's; musicians as over-the-top as Leroy Radcliffe (guitar), Asa Bremmer (bass) and D Sharpe (drums) aren't exactly the kind you can 'recruit' at will. They're an immaculately accomplished band who have perfected the art of overstated understatement. The Lovers' maturation of a sound so amateur, incorporating crazy twists and deliberately duff solos, is a comprehensively professional achievement. And Richman himself is no mug on guitar, often producing effortless snatches of (frequently) R&B lead. Nothing brilliant, but just what's required.

Insofar as Richman no longer sounds like Lou Reed or John Cale (or, let's get it right: The Velvet Underground in their less heavy circa "Loaded" days), maybe he has become a little uncool. Seemingly uninclined to further propogate the controlled hepness of "Roadrunner Once", he's relaxed himself out of sight, loosening up his music almost as much as his image and shape.

But the process has worked in his favour; he's now virtually lost track of his original influences, choosing instead to flip out over the reservoirs of poetry inside his own head. Richman acts like he goes out of his way to look awkward, like he fumbled his way onto the stage for a bet, but when you realise you're seeing a guy with essential loneliness hiding secure behind a totally attractive lunacy, you can understand why he chose to do it this way.

Hearing Richman harangue with good-natured dissidents over the precise meaning of "Morning Of Our Lives", you get a very definite impression that he really does care about all those people out there he's never seen before. The platitudes are fundamental corn, but the sentiments are anything but: *"The time is now/You can do anything you really want to . . . Yes you can?"* Debating, talking-blues style, Richman raised plenty of laughs, but the deeper significance was gloriously uplifting, the rapport total. Maybe he's no great singer/musician, but the quality of Richman's compositions take him to a very special plane. In fact, one of the toughest things about the man is that his plane is as exclusive as they come; there aren't enough people around who can possibly empathise with his mission, which is why a lot of Richman's critics are going to call him 'wet' and 'wimpish' for the rest of his natural.

Such is Richman's precariously innovative style, I can imagine he blows gigs like no-one else can, that he's been laughed at and made to look smaller than he is, that he loses sleep like Reed loses friends. Here (let it be recorded), he went down a hurricane. Even after the last encore, Richman declined to go away for good, choosing to return to talk with the straggling night-trippers, whose questions he answered politely: 'No, I'm not nervous onstage . . . Actually, I prefer Wreckless Eric to Elvis Costello . . . No, but I didn't like a photo *Sounds* used a while back. It made me look fat.'

It was good to hear that the guy's problems are rather less unique than his many talents. The people who left this concert having truly *understood* what Jonathan Richman is, left feeling they'd seen a genius in action.

Emma Ruth

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'Take an image ... enlarge it ...' BOOTSY COLLINS. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

Fantastic Funk Furore

Bootsy's Rubber Band

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

A MESSAGE from the Mothership: "If you ain't gonna get it on, take your dead ass home." Some did . . . some of those dead asses . . . they couldn't cope with the P-Funk, wayyy too cold, and split for calmer pastures. Their noses are gonna grow, no question. It's the Pinnochio theory.

Bootzilla came and played and . . . well no, he didn't exactly conquer but he sure 'nuff sorted out the geepies from the ghouls and the funkers from the fakers.

That's to say, on the two nights I saw the show, beneath the generally enthusiastic response there was a sharp division of opinion. And I get the impression that the greatest confusion was among those who are normally strongest in their support of black American music.

Their main moans seemed to be that Bootsy has little or nothing in common with traditional 'soul' artists and that, anyway, he was far too loud.

Dismissing the first factor as totally irrelevant (Bootsy springs from a whole different bag to the gospel / blues wailers), I have some sympathy with the second attitude, although there were only occasional moments during the shows when my faithful ol' lugs actually started to tremble.

They didn't take too kindly to the wall of sound that slammed off the stage when the whole Rubber Band (horns, rhythm, keyboards, singers *and* Bootsy) blasted in unison, and they positively cowered when Bootsy threw every available switch on his special Space Bass control deck, bringing into play manic echo, phasers, fuzzers, burblers, boingers, belchers and boosters so that it seemed like 25 Bootzillas strode the stage, all intent on crushing each other out of existence.

Still, as far as I can recall, he only went so far over the top during the orgasmic climax to a medley of his sensual slow songs. For the most part the volume was perfect for his particular brand of cosmic funk.

AND WHAT FUNK!!! My goodness gracious (or "Good God", as we funksters exclaim when we're feeling ethnic), there isn't another band to touch this mob when it comes to getting down, right on down, and *pulsing* ... unless it be the main body of the Parliafunkadelicment Thang, which the U.K. has yet to experience.

And what foolishness too ... another factor, perchance, that confused a few folk. Bootsy is heavy into his music, serious t'ing my man, but as for the rest of the show it's strictly for laughs, glamorous giggles. Take an image, a superblackmanstud concept, enlarge it, parade it, do it do death until it's all a grand and colourful animated cartoon. Then given up the funk and parr-teee.

"Shit, goddamn, get off your ass and jam." Chant and strut. "What's the name of this town?" *"Lundun — Lundon."* "Who's gonna tear this mutha down?" *"Bootsy — Bootsy."* Bump and chant. "Funk, it's funk, funk get ready to go." Then grind with your fav-o-rite munchie. "I'd rather be with yoo-hoo, yeah." So oily, you *know* it's got to be getting good.

Q: How do you fully explain such a phenomenon in 450 words?

A: You can't.

You should have been there.

Cliff White

JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE Society are putting on two concerts by the Carla Bley Band at the Collegiate Theatre on July 12th and 13th. The outfit, which has various personnel changes since its debut at Dingwalls, now features Gary Windo, Michael Mantler and the phenomenal Chicago trombonist George Lewis in place of Roswell Rudd.

This year's Northsea Jazz Festival at The Hague runs through July 14th, 15th, and 16th, and features 450 musicians in 100 concerts running continuously in seven halls. Ella, Esther Phillips and Betty Carter cover the vocals, Basie, Buddy Rich, Gill Evans, Lionel Hampton the big bands, Dizzy, Freddie Hubbard, Blakey, Roach, Elvin, Getz, Shepp, Rollins, Arnett Cobb, Ronnie Scott, Konitz, Osca, Bill Evans, Mary Lou Williams, Joe Albany, Joanne Brackeen, Red Garland, Ornette, McCoy Tyner, Sam Rivers, Leroy Jenkins, Chris McGregor, Paul Motian, Phillip Wilson, the Human Arts Ensemble, John Tchicai and Elton Dean's Ninesense represent the combos.

There's also a Northsea Tenor Battle between Illinois Jacquet, Lockjaw Davis, Archie Shepp and Hank Mobley, and a mess of blues including Sonny & Brownie, Junior Wells & Buddy Guy, Clifton Chenier and Bill Doggett.

There's a Louis Armstrong Anniversary Jazz Jamboree at the Royal Festival Hall on July 8th featuring Acker Bilk & His Paramount Jazzband and the John Barnes-Roy Williams Jazz Masters. The Lambeth Summer Festival features a real ale concert at Lambeth Town Hall on July 13th featuring Major Surgery and The Alan Jackson Quintet. The Cobblestones at Streatham High Street has Dick Morrissey on 5th and Harry Beckett on 12th. Jabula will be cruising down the Thames aboard the 'Pride Of Greenwich' on 9th.

JCS clubs present Redbrass at the Half Moon on July 2nd, the London Jazz Big Band on 3rd at the 100 Club, and SME plus Evan Parker and Trevor Watts at The Phoenix on 5th.

Mike Westbrook's first solo piano album, "Piano", is out on Original Records. Pye's Jazz Vogue series of re-issues has the indispensible "Bud Powell, The Best Years", "Two Sounds" by Sarah Vaughan, "The Essential Jo Jones" and Teddy Wilson's "I Got Rhythm".

Enja have unearthed a double album of Eric Dolphy's SWF broadcasts, "The Berlin Concerts", and it's great stuff. The trio Air have a new one out on the Japanese WHYNOT label, "Air Raid", obtainable Collet's Record Shop.

Brian Case

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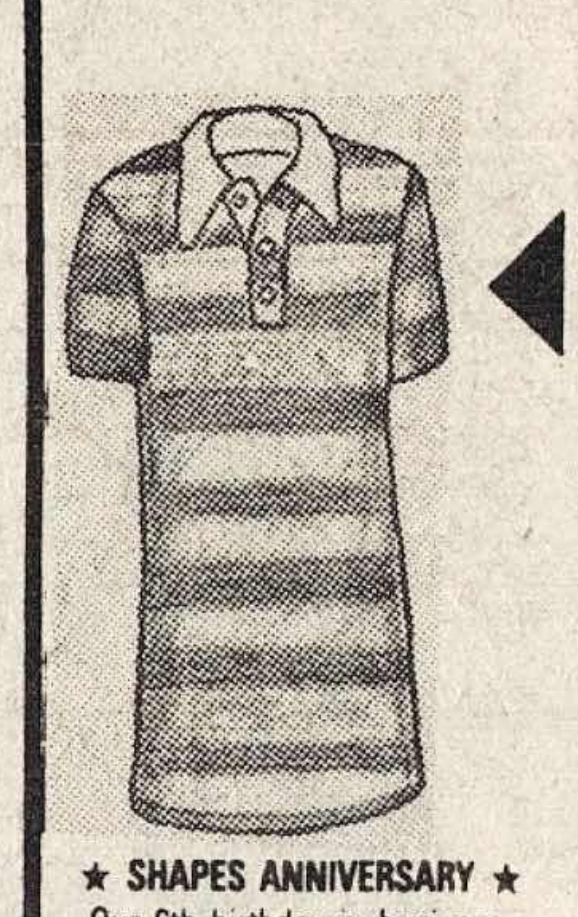

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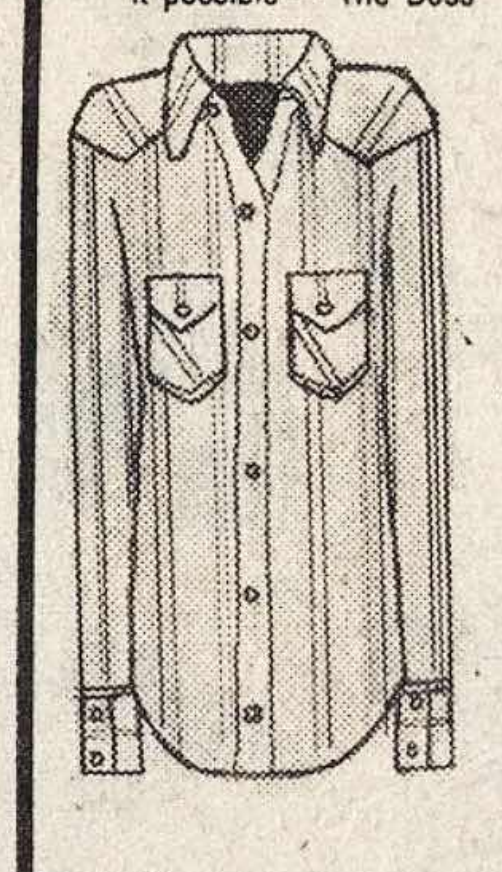

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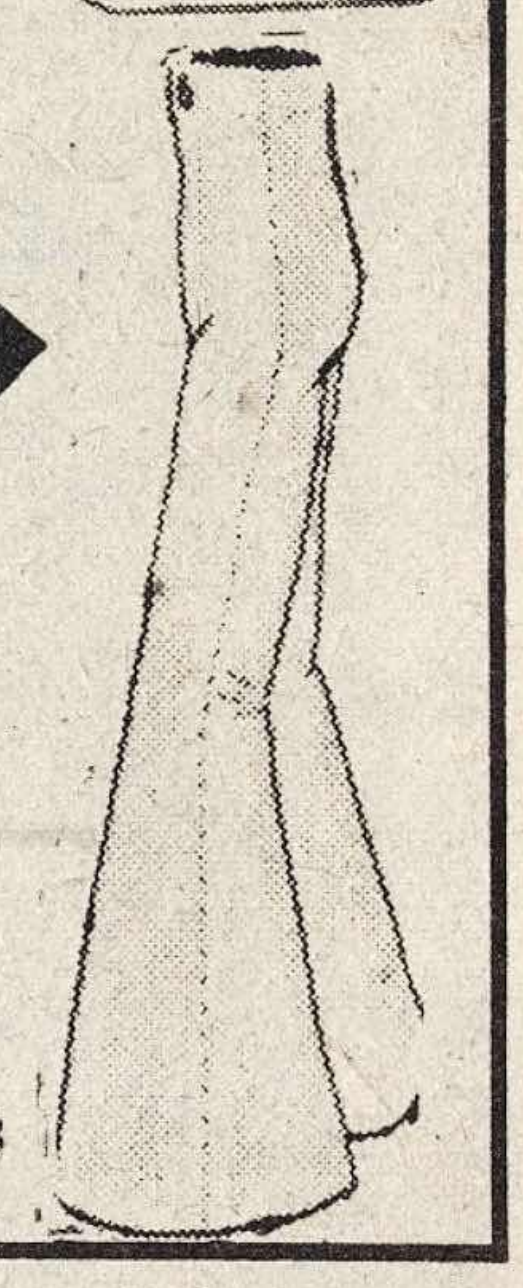

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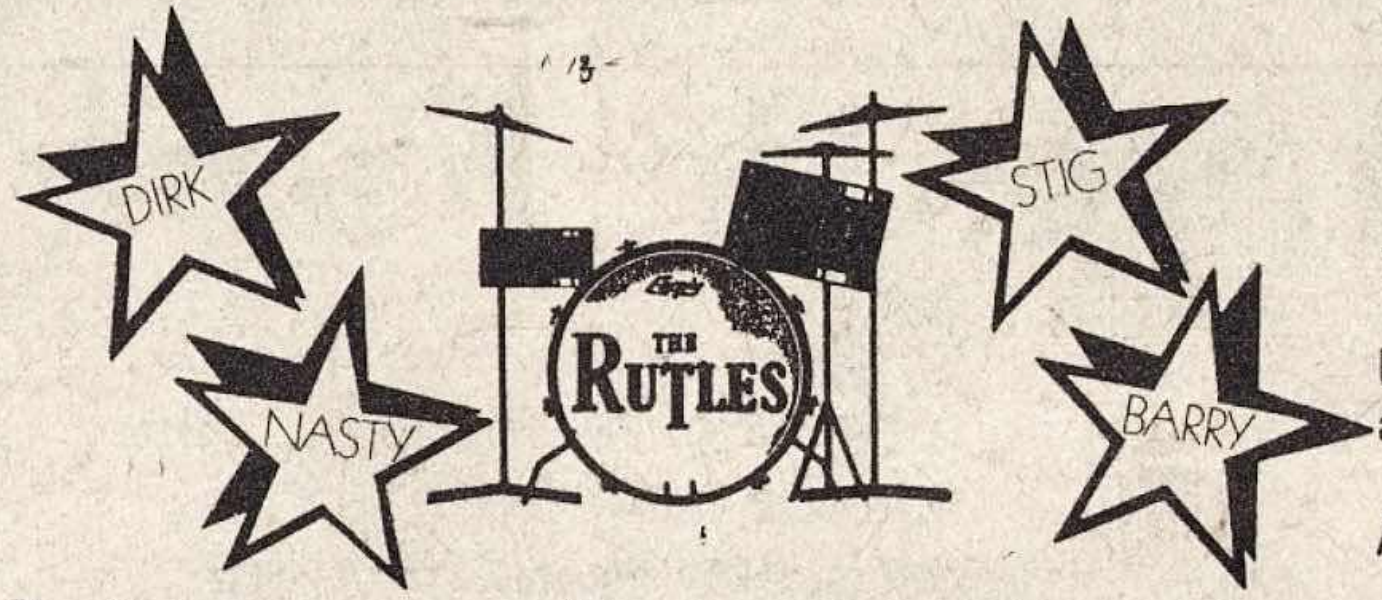

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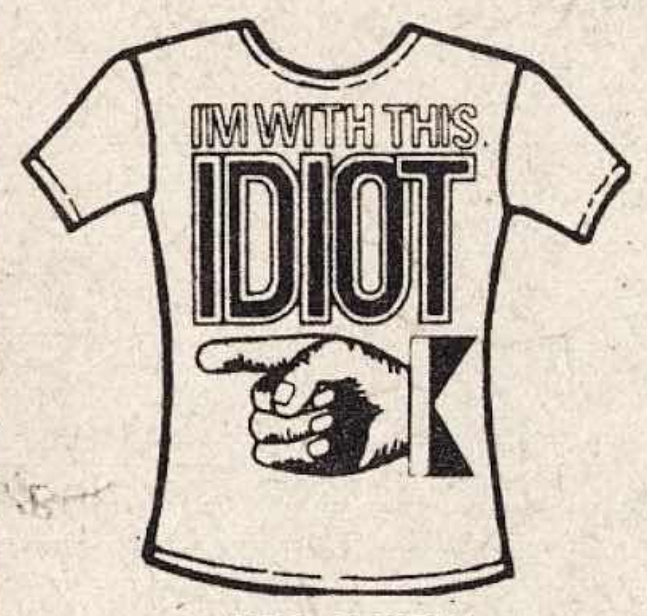

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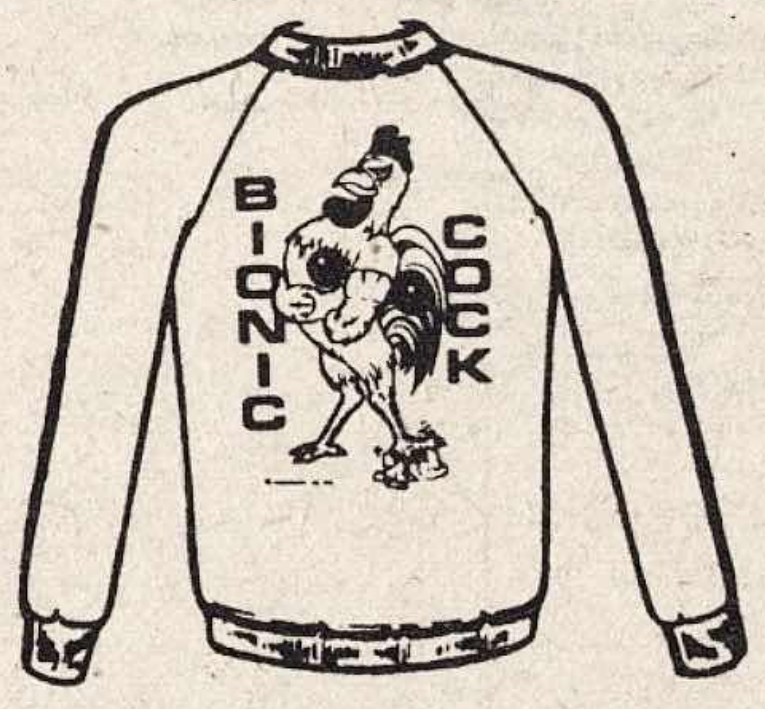

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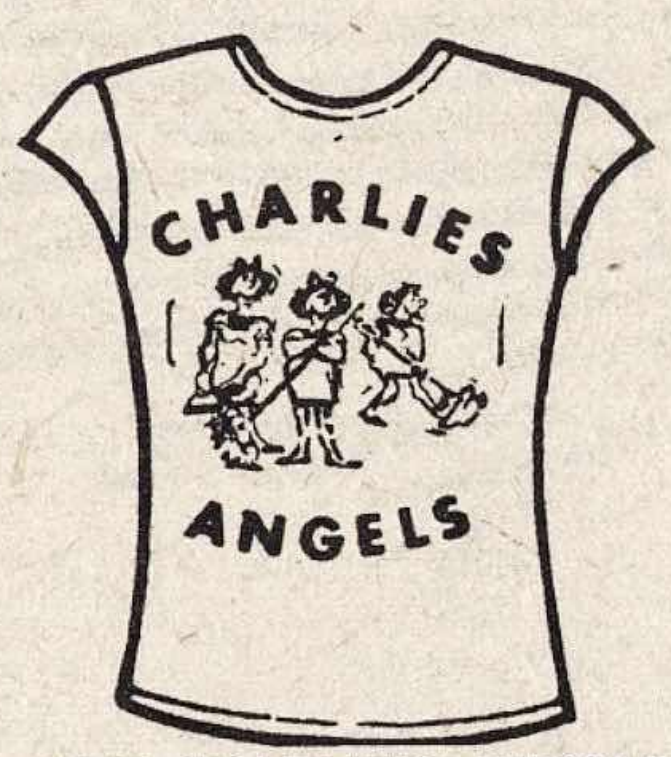

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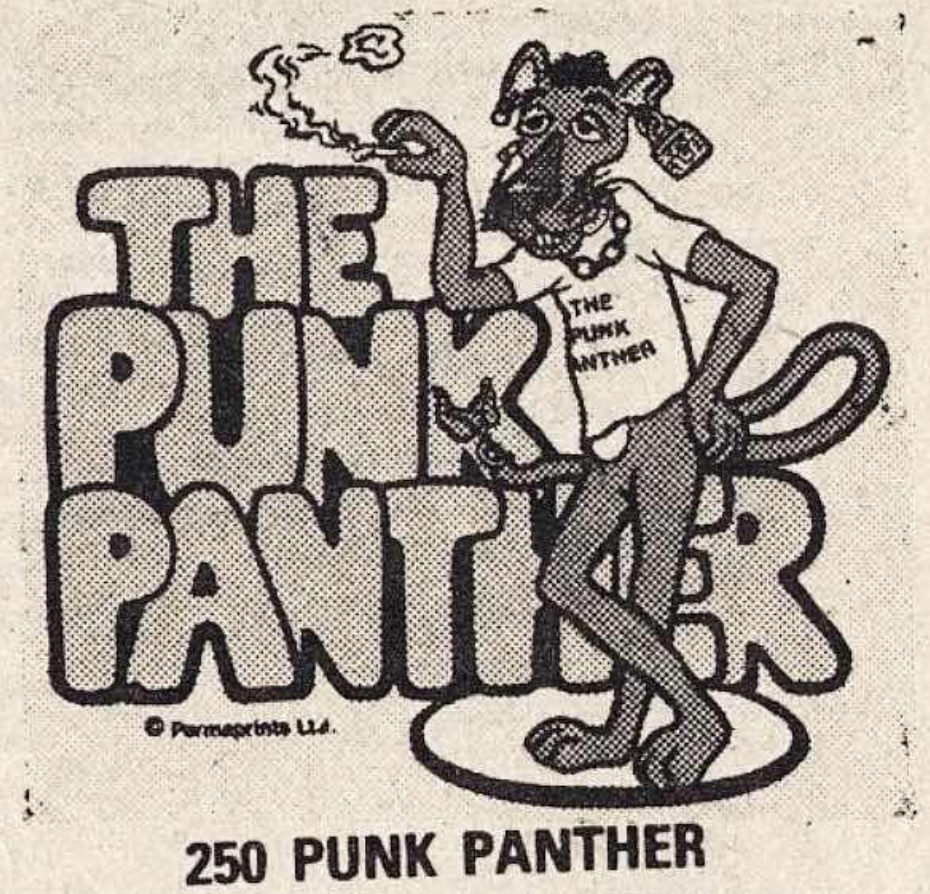

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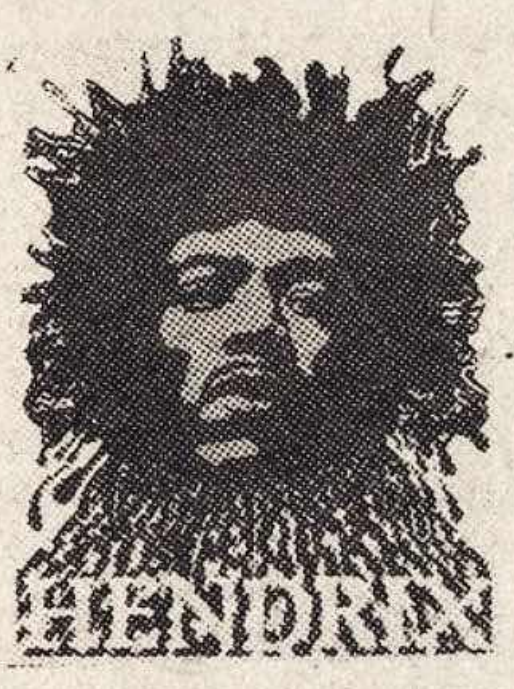

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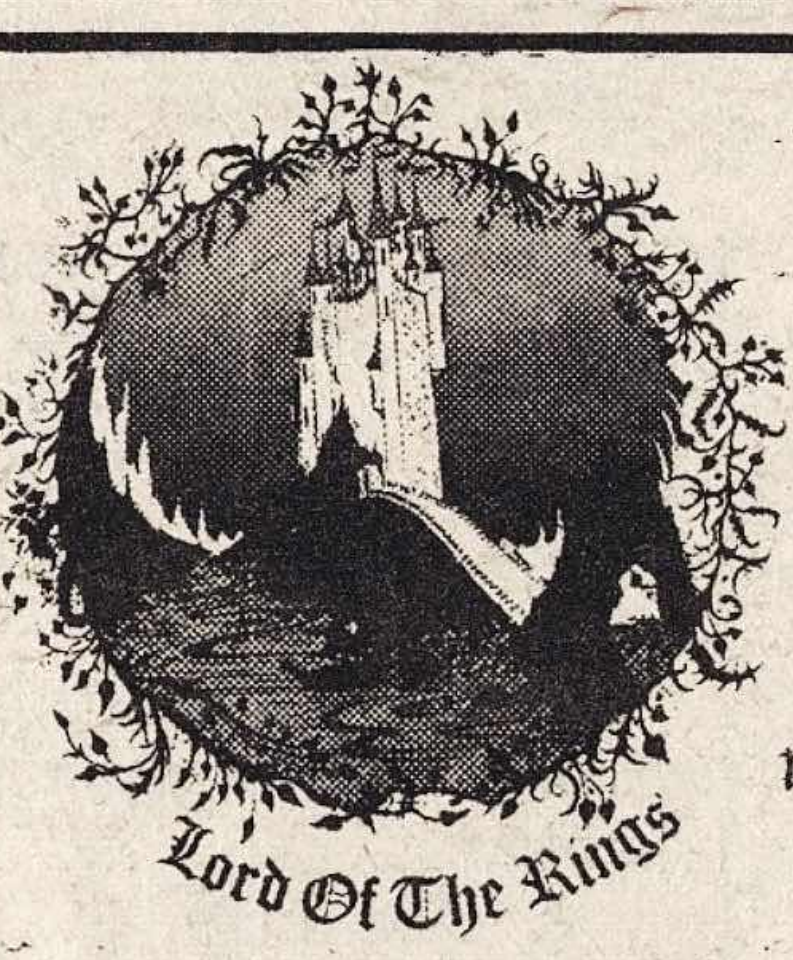

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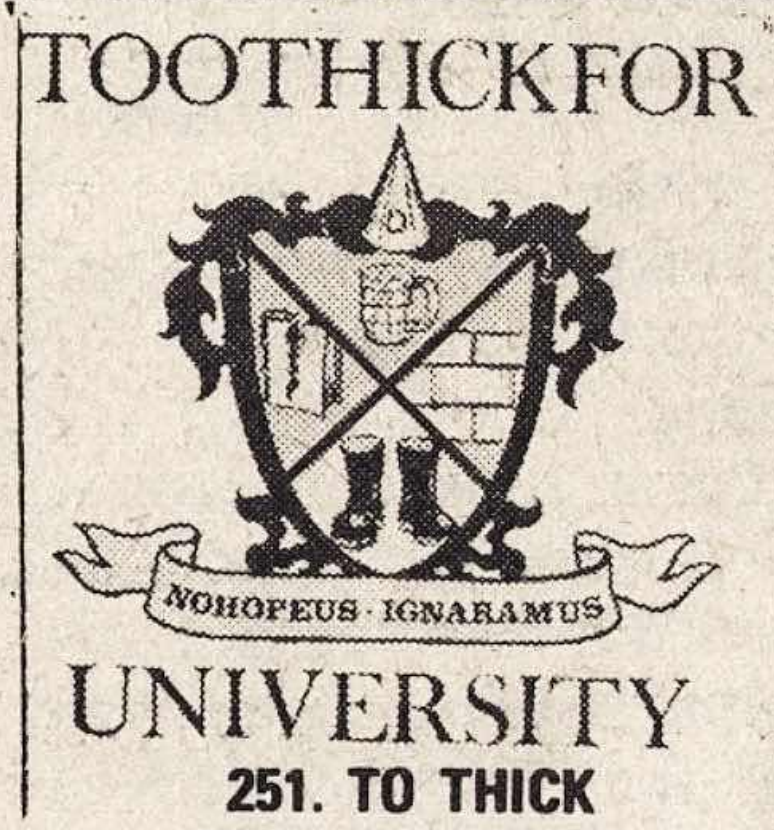

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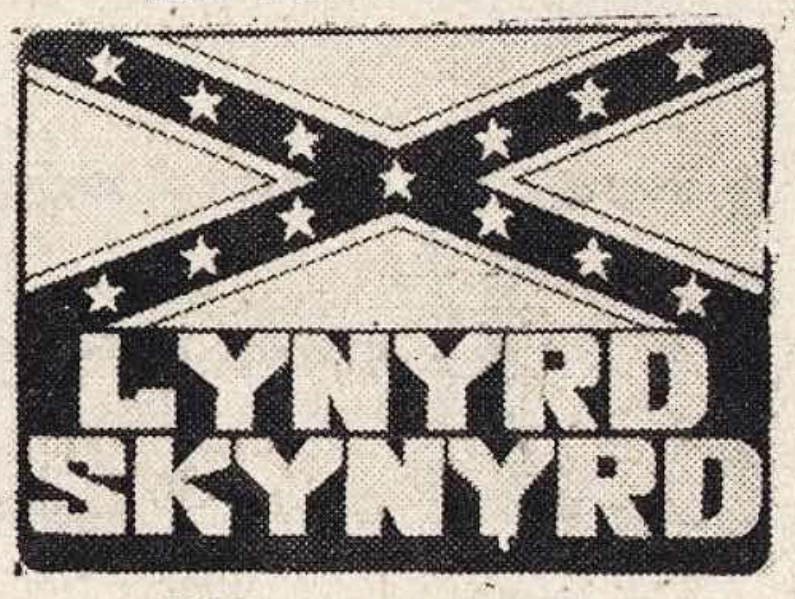

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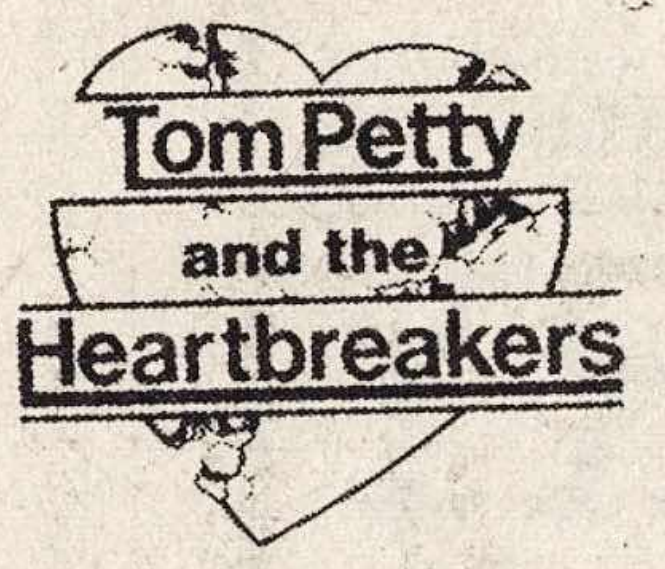

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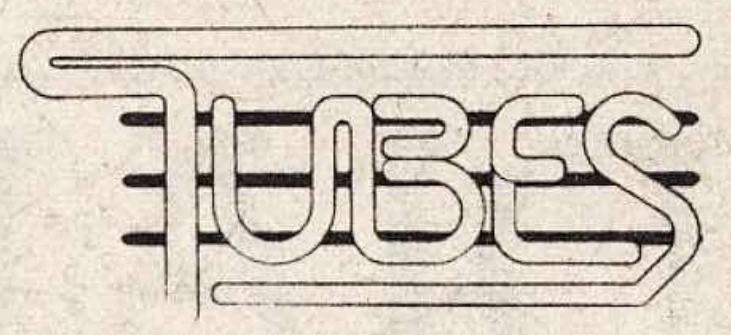

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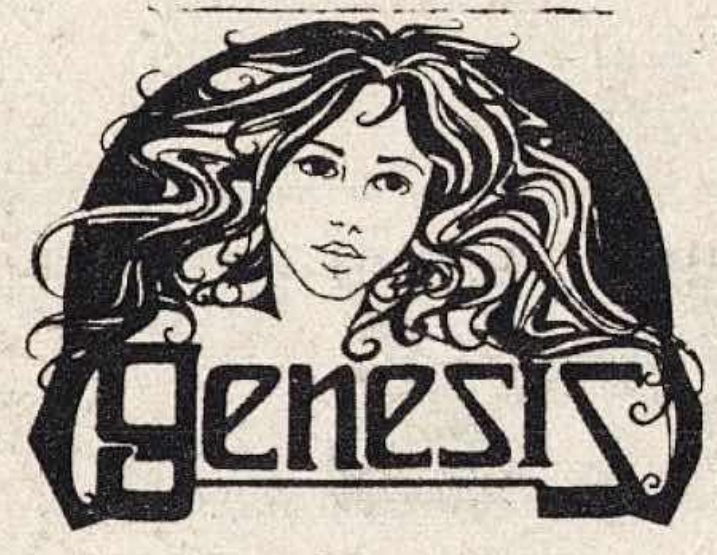

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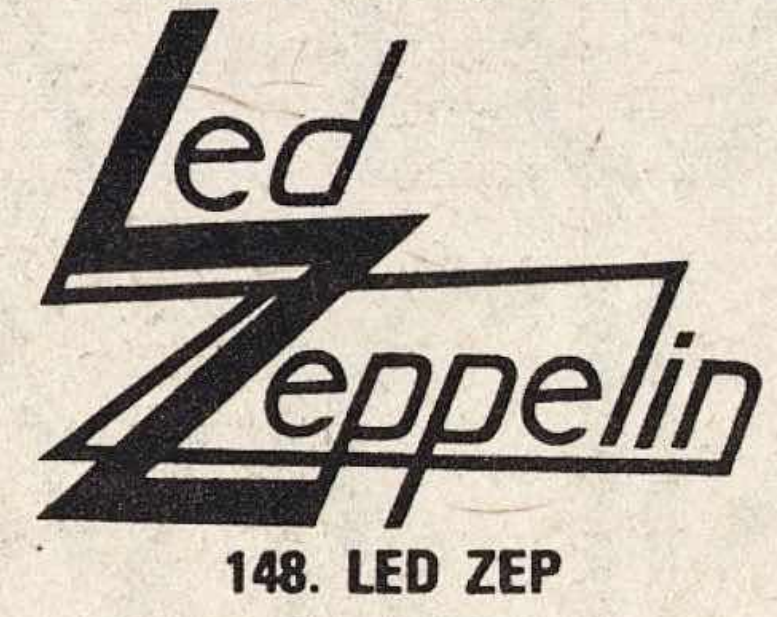

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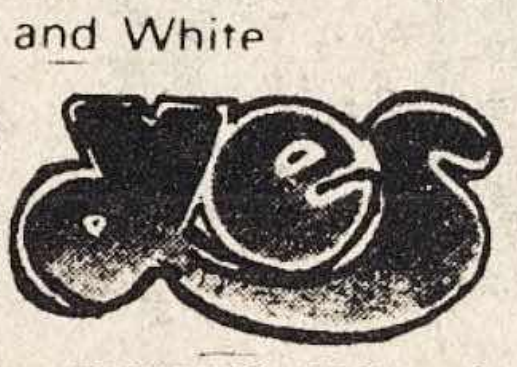

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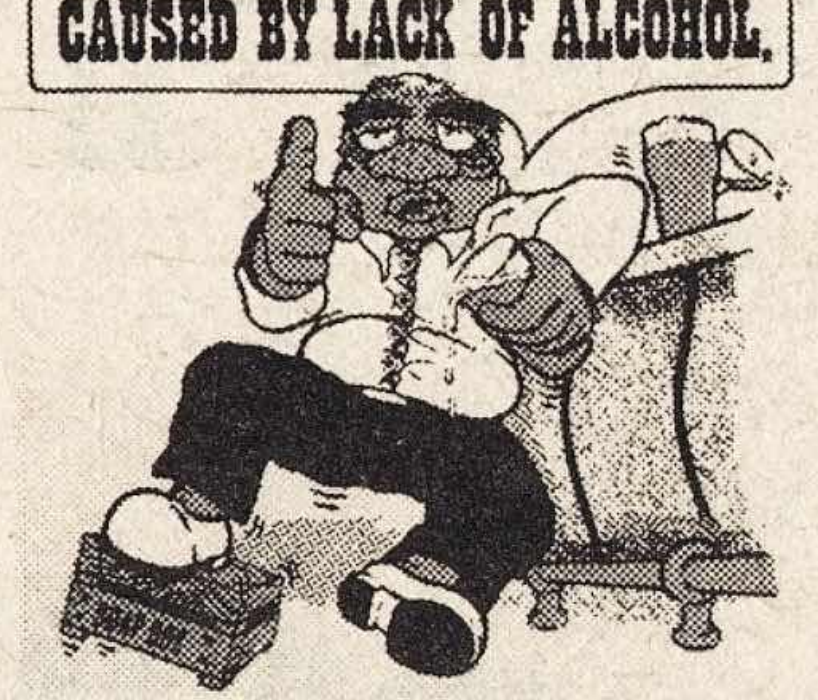

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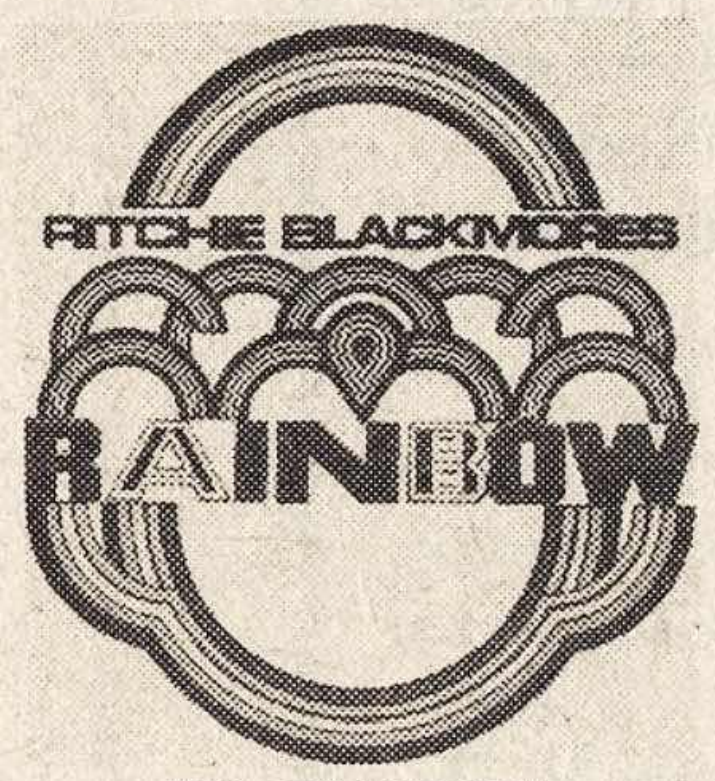

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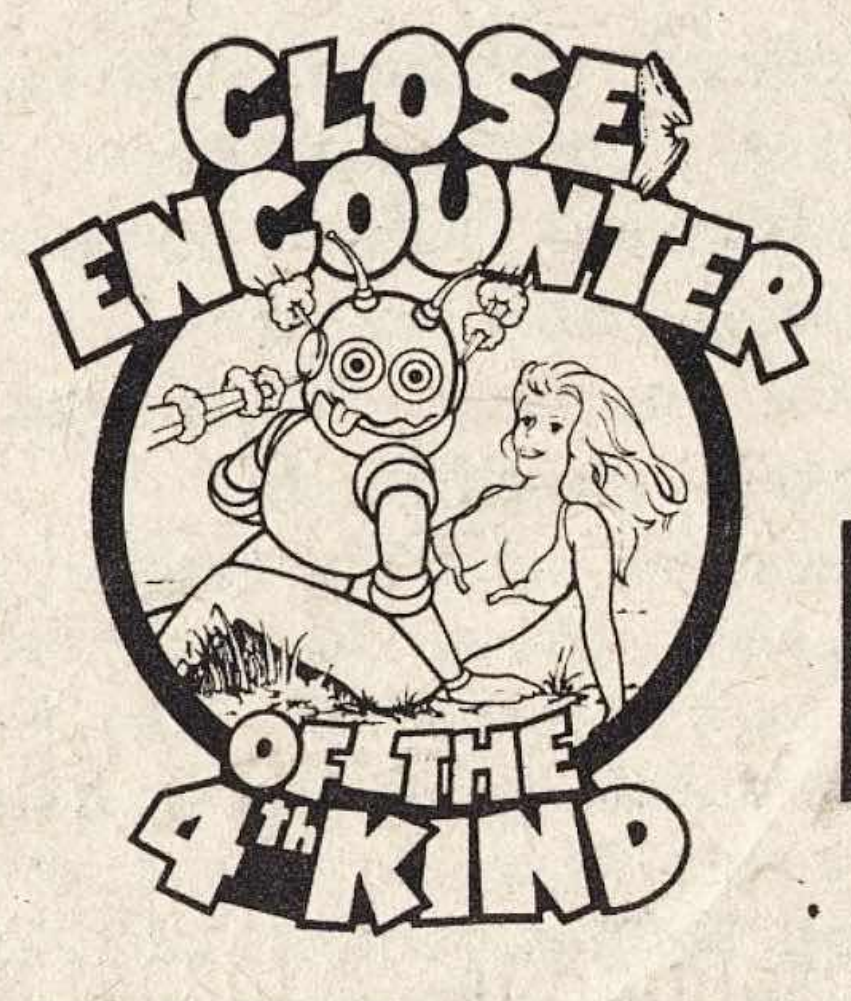

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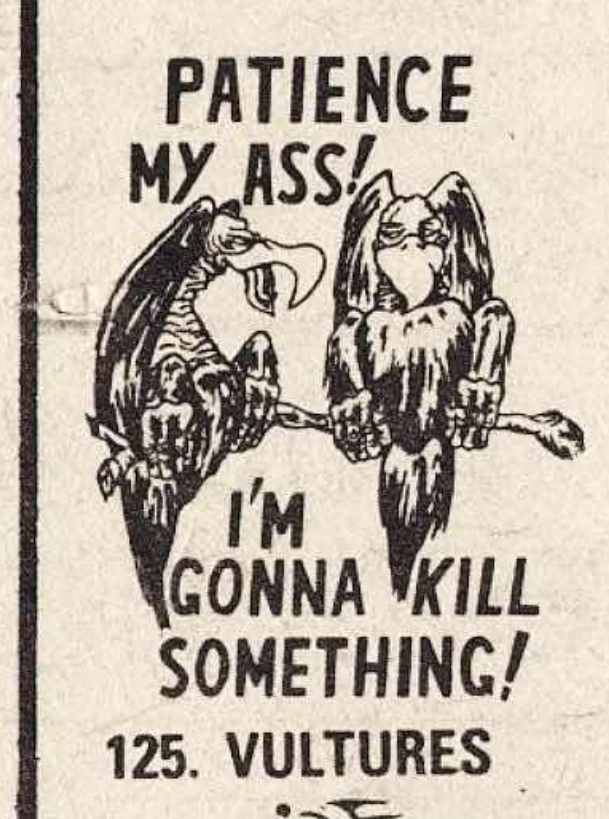

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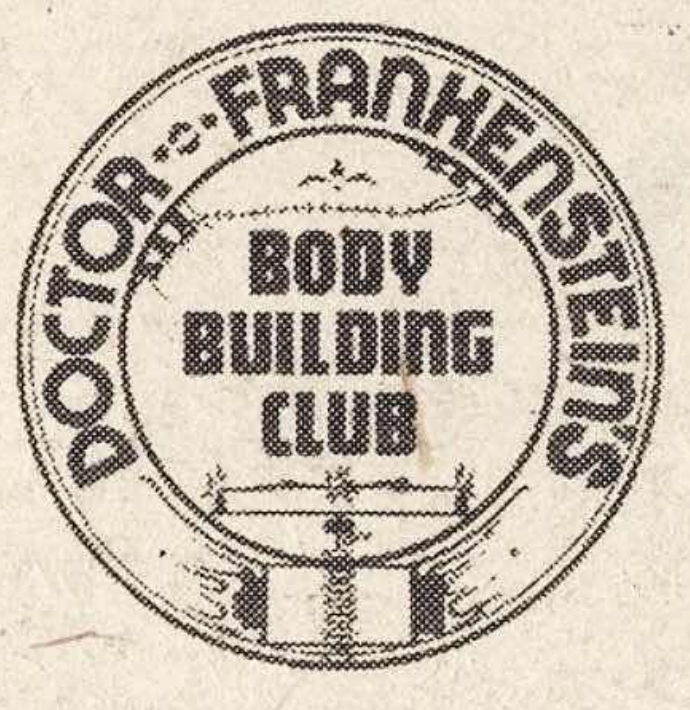

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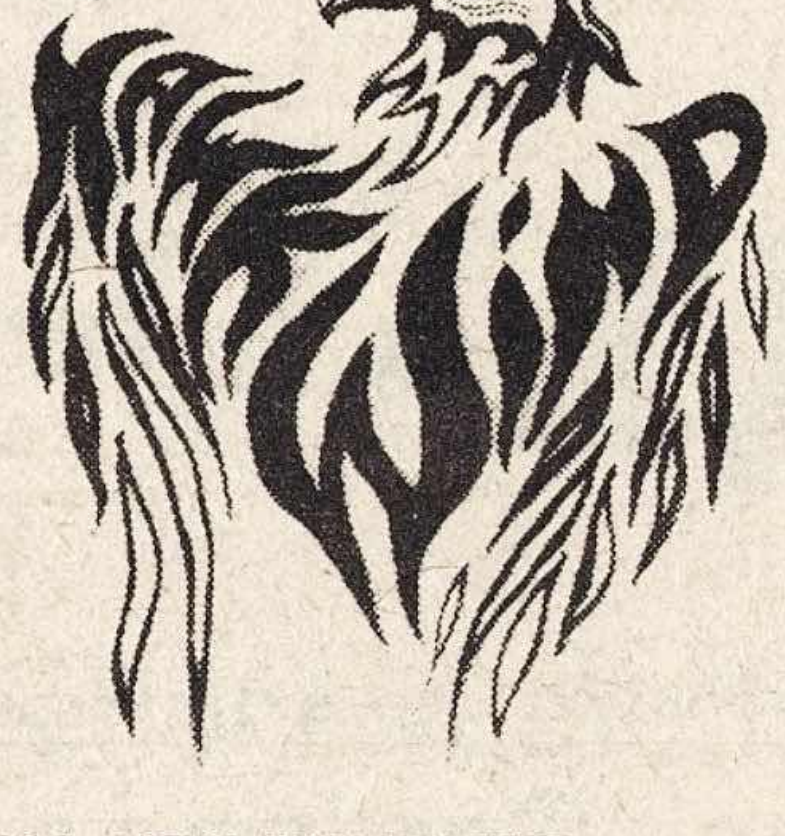

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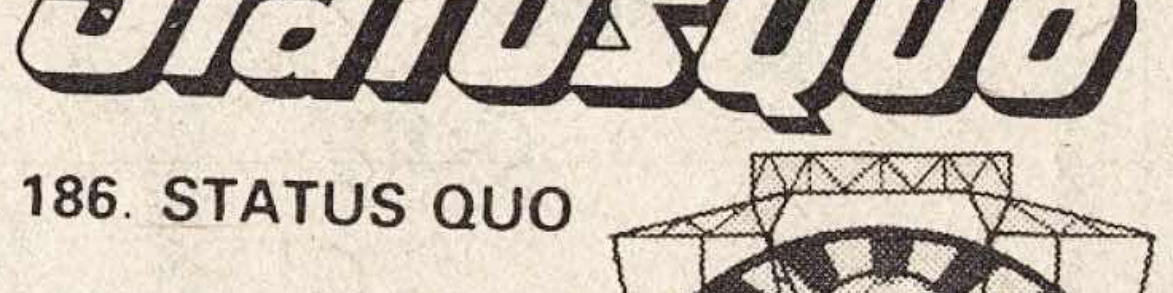
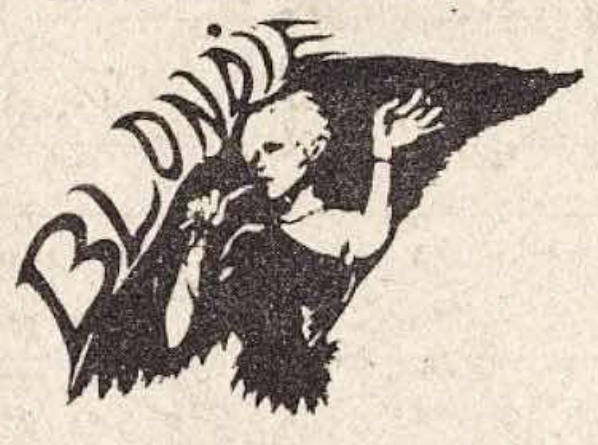
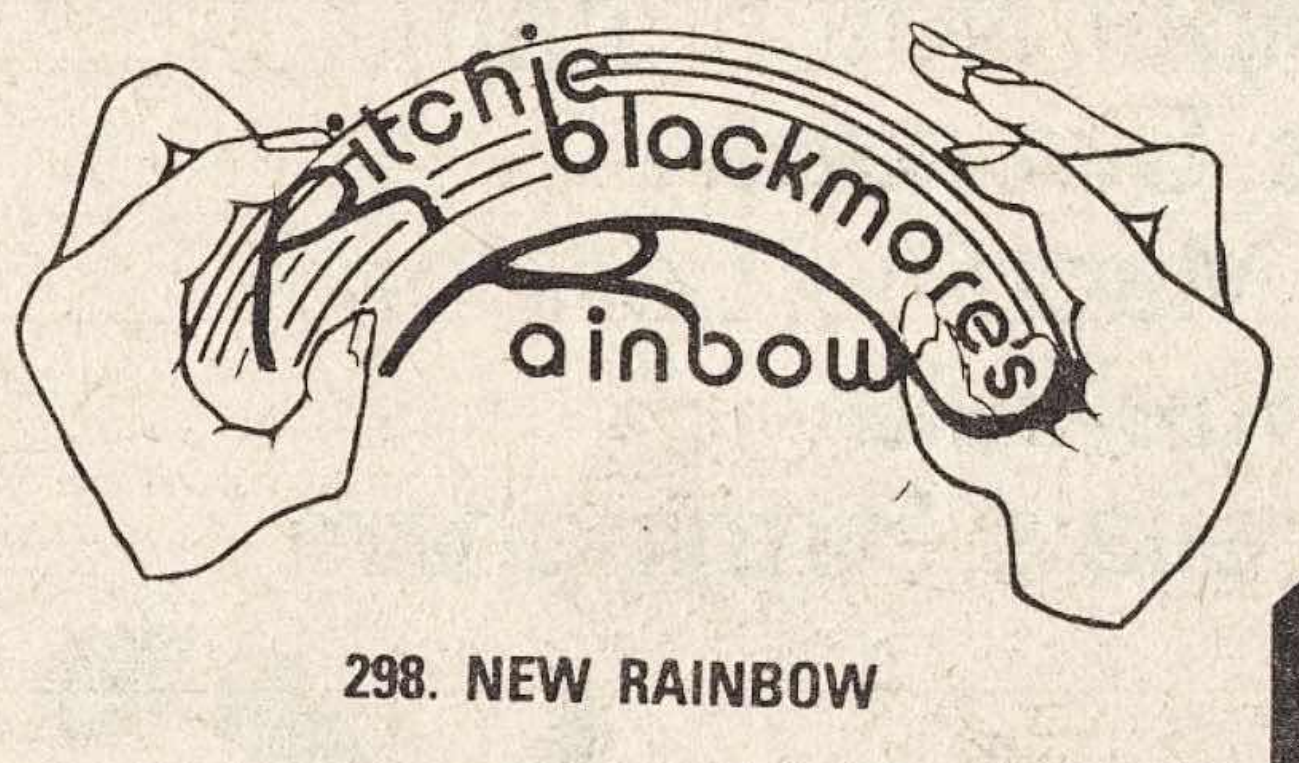


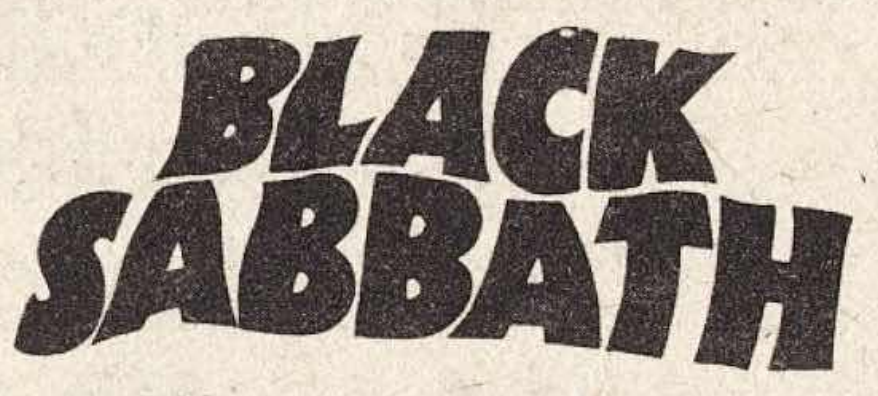
186. STATUS QUO



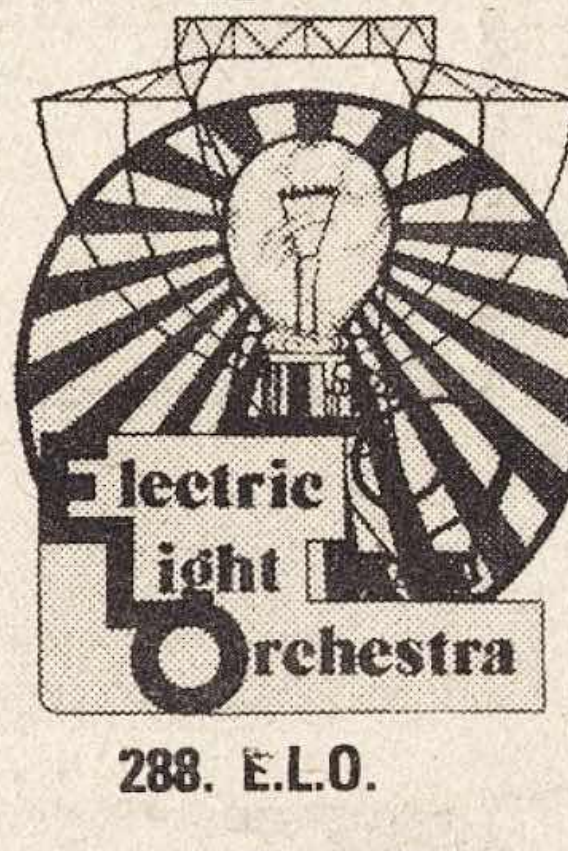
297. BLONDIE



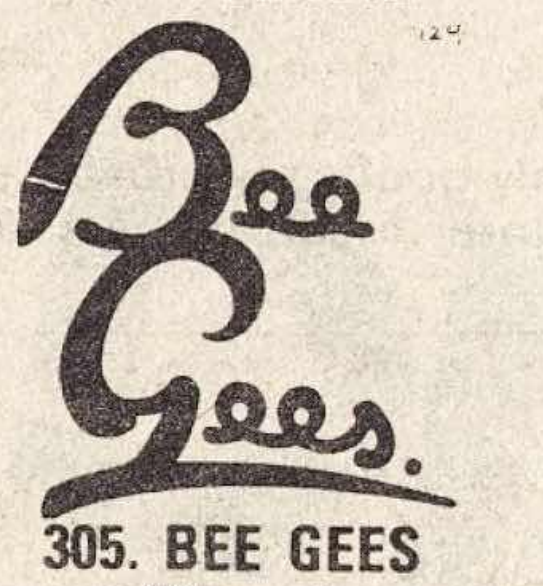
298. NEW RAINBOW



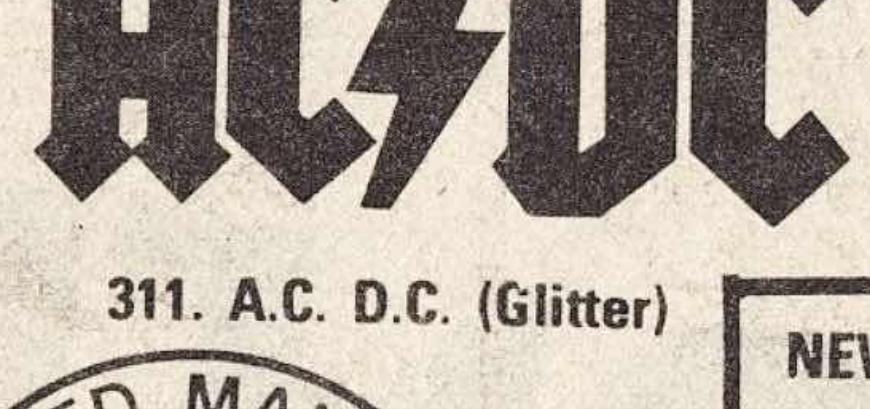
309. SABBATH (Glitter)



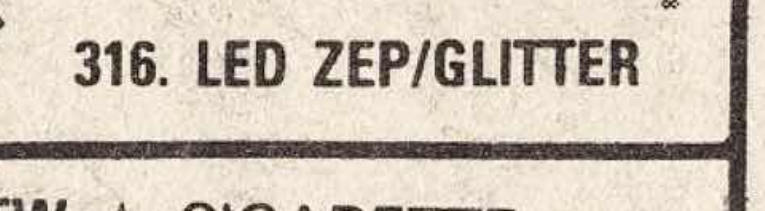
288. E.L.O.



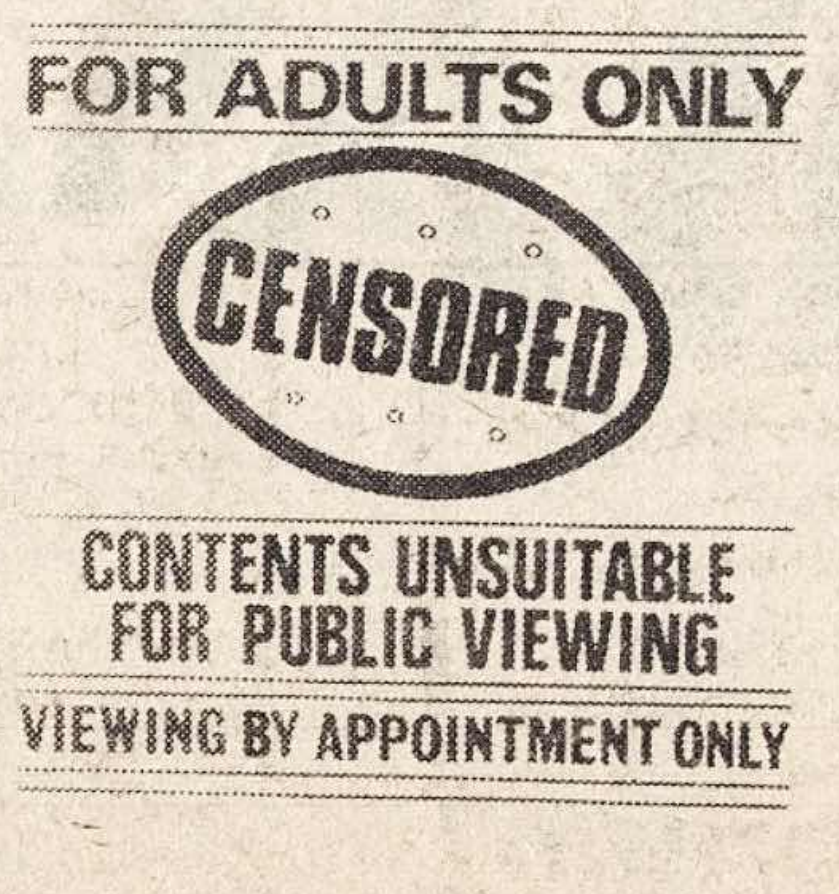
305. BEE GEES (Glitter)



311. A.C. D.C. (Glitter)



316. LED ZEP/GLITTER



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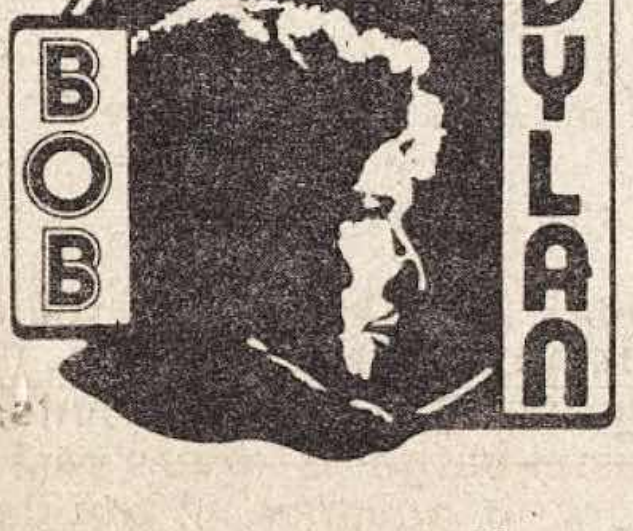
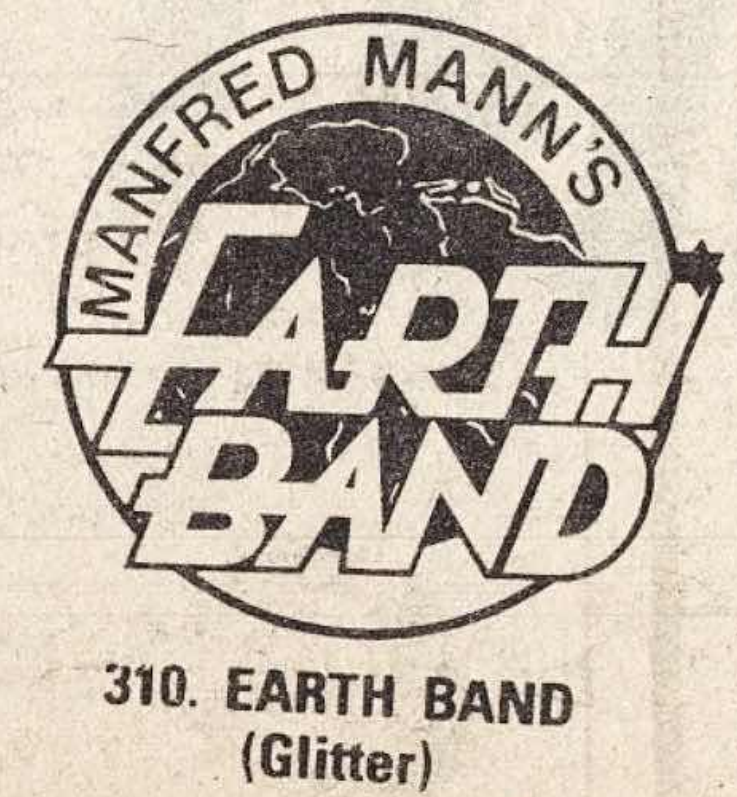
314. CENSORED



296. BOB DYLAN



310. EARTH BAND (Glitter)

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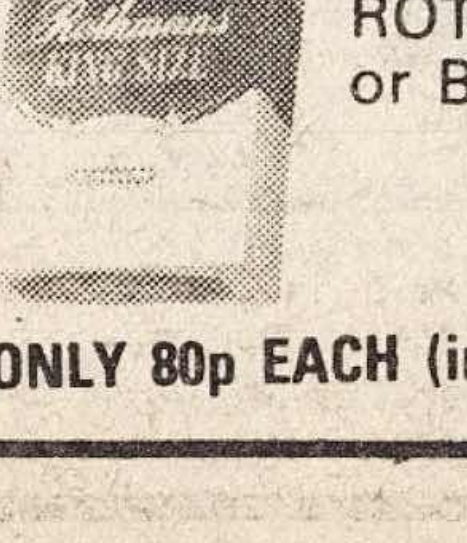

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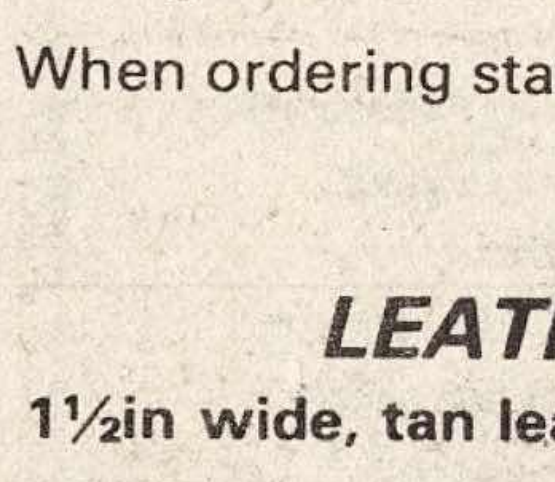

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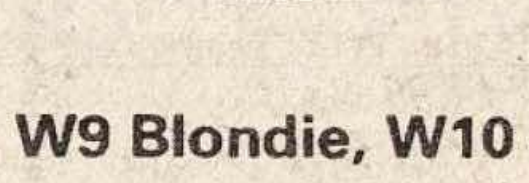

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Address..

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I enclose £............................

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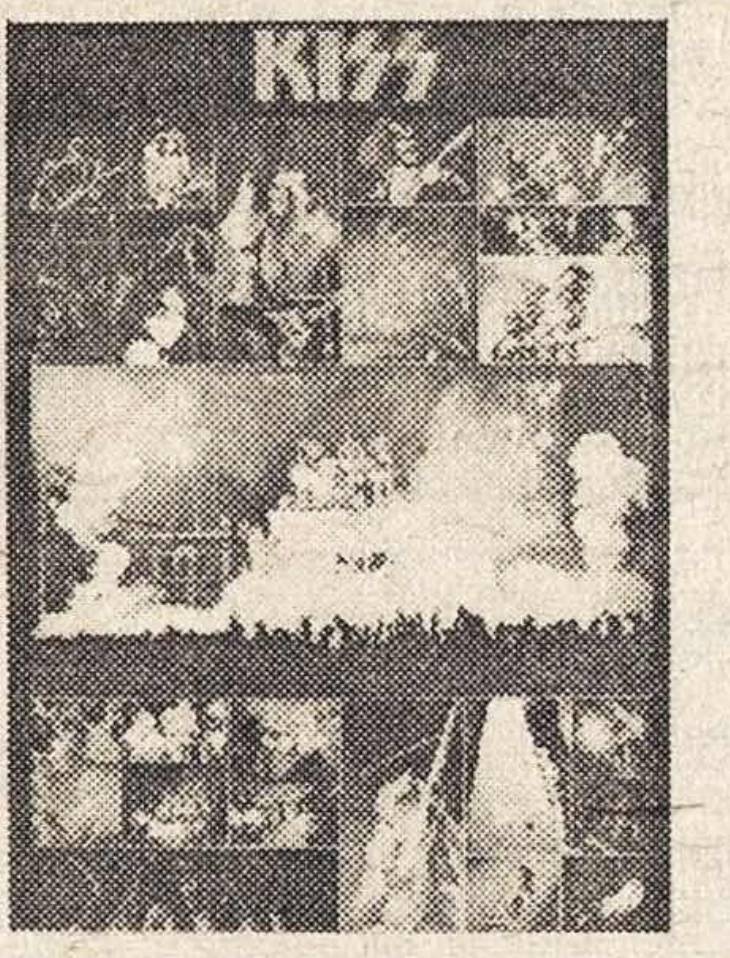
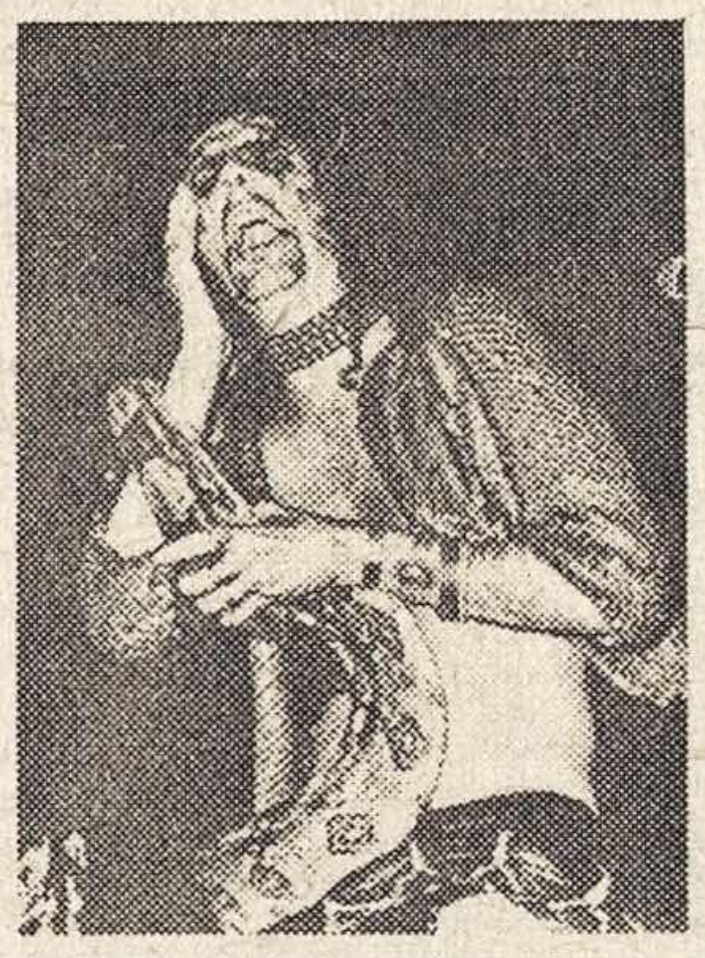

501 KISS


502 A.COOPER

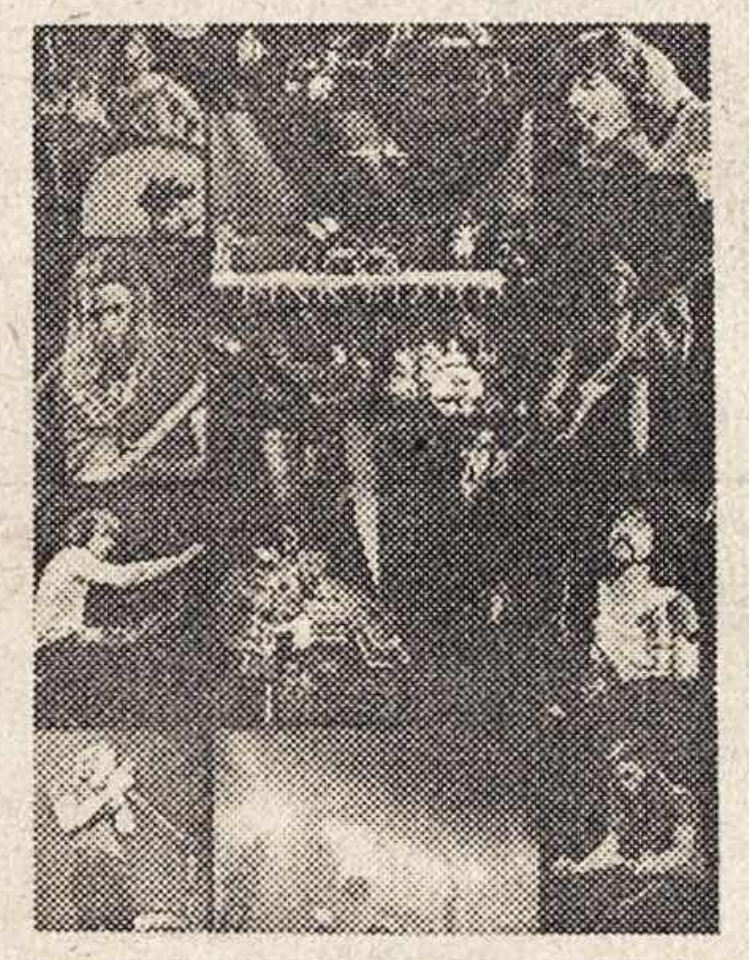
506 STONES

507 L.ZEPPELIN

511 QUEEN

513 ROCK STARS 1

514 ROCKSTARS II


515 PINK FLOYD

503 JETRO TULL
504 BEATLES
505 ELTON
508 HENDRIX
509 CHICAGO
510 WINGS
512 B. ROLLERS
516 FLEETWOOD MAC
517 LED ZEPPELIN
518 KISS II ARMY
519 SEX PISTOLS

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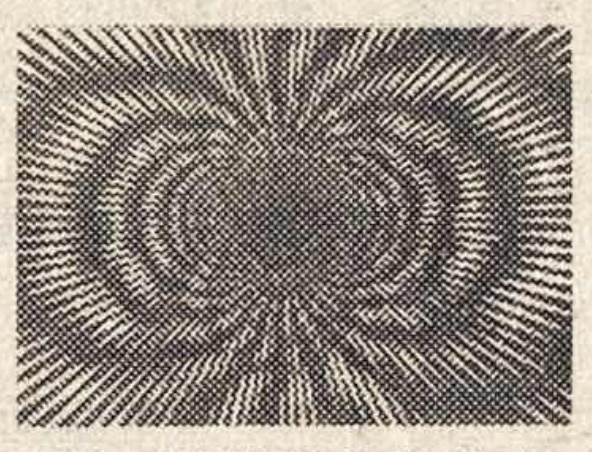
153 EROTICA

141 FONZ

100 E.JOHN

107 BEATLES

108 M.JAGGER


139 EXPLOSION
103 BIONIC MAN
104 BIONIC WOMAN
105 KOJAK

109 HENDRIX

140 A.COOPER

142 KISS

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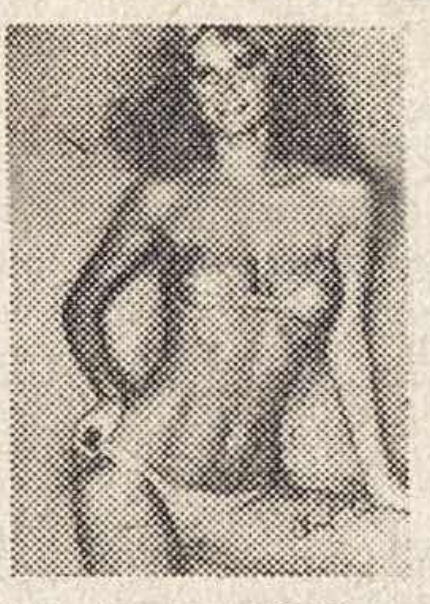
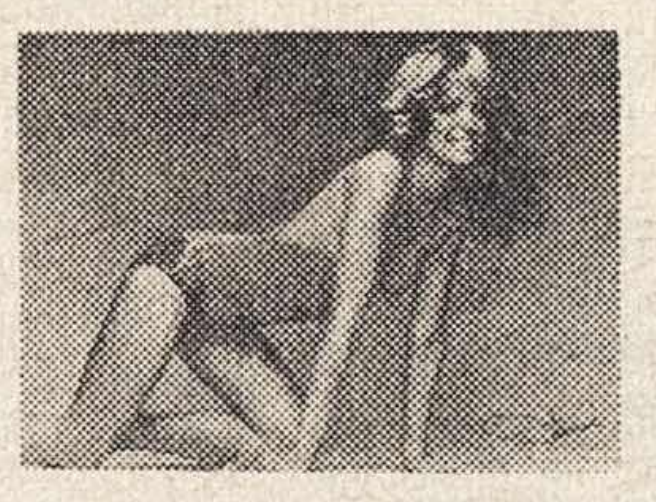

29 C.TIEGS

40 J.TRAVOLTA


21 FARRAH L.A.

41 SAT.N.F.

42 J.TRAVOLTA'

44 RAQUEL

1 C.FONZ

7 FARRAH

8 KATE

28 CLINT(GAUNTLET)

27 MS.LADD

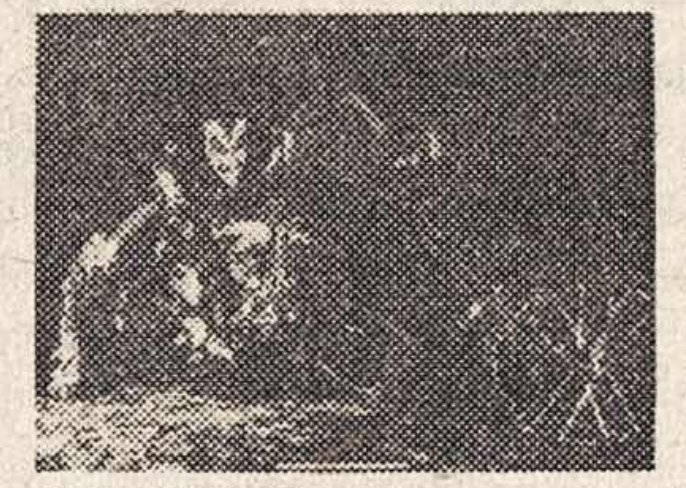
10 ELVIS

15 SOMMERS

16 ANGIE

19 MRS.MAJORS

20 C.LADD


34 GENE
ALSO: 33 PETER
35 ACE
36 PAUL
37 TONY-BARETTA

23 MS.SMITH

25 O.N-J

30 GAUNTLET

ALSO 45 SUSAN ANTON 47 CHARO 9 JACLYN

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302 ANGIE

303 KATE

309 J TRAVOLTA

307 KISS

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402 HENDRIX

405 KISS TOUR

422 R.PLANT

427 YES

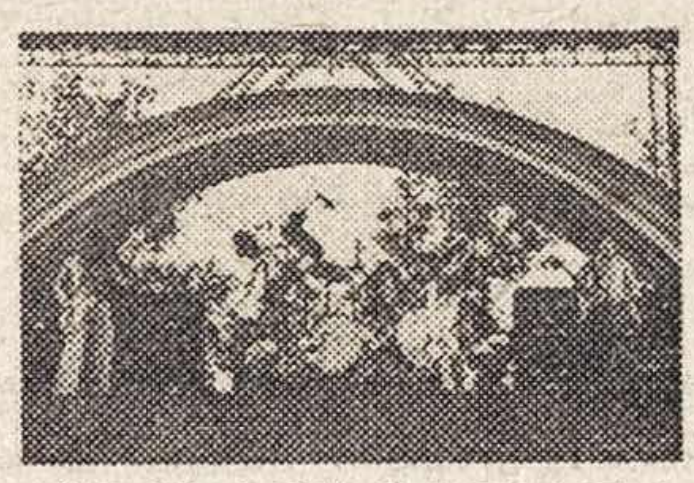
428 E.CLAPTON

414 L.RONSTADT

416 J. PAGE

417 T. NUGENT

419 B.MARLEY


408 BLACK SABBATH

410 LED ZEPPELIN

408 BLACK SABBATH
401 THE WHO
404 BEATLES
412 ELVIS LAS-VEGAS
418 HENDRIX-BLUE
410 LED ZEPPELIN
403 BAY CITY ROLLERS
411 GRATEFUL DEAD
415 BEACH BOYS
406 F.MAC
407 McCARTNEY
409 MICK JAGGER
421 HENRIX COLLAGE
423 BAD CO.
424 ROD STEWART
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426 L.RONSTADT II
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ATLAS
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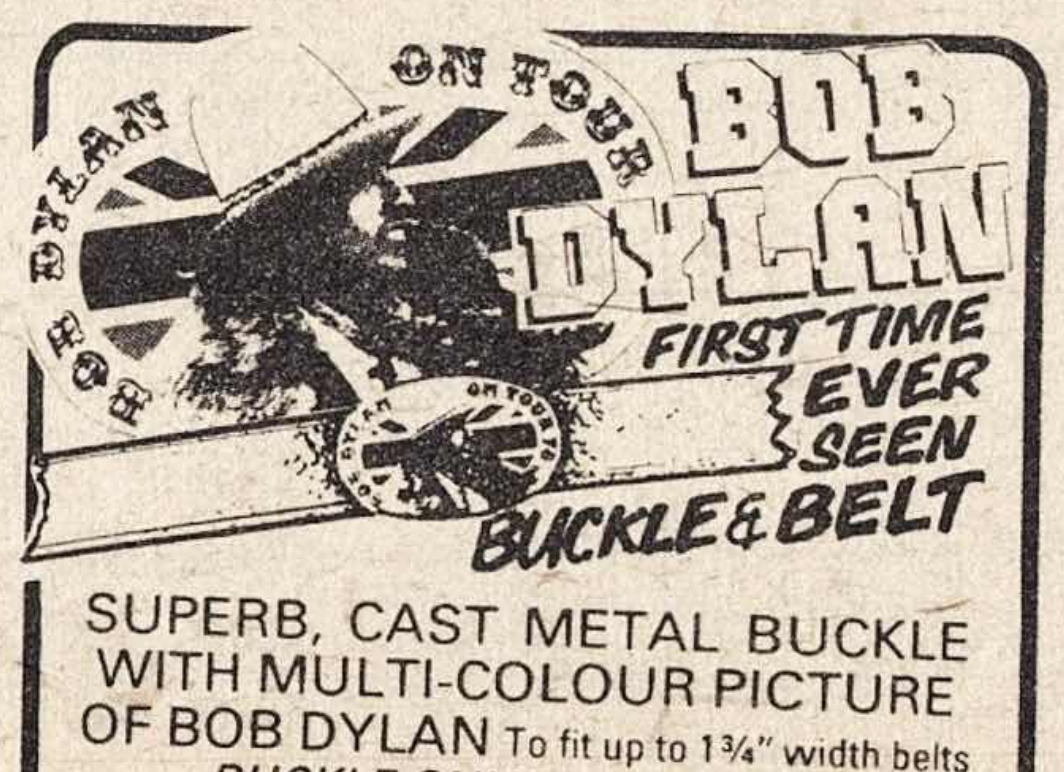

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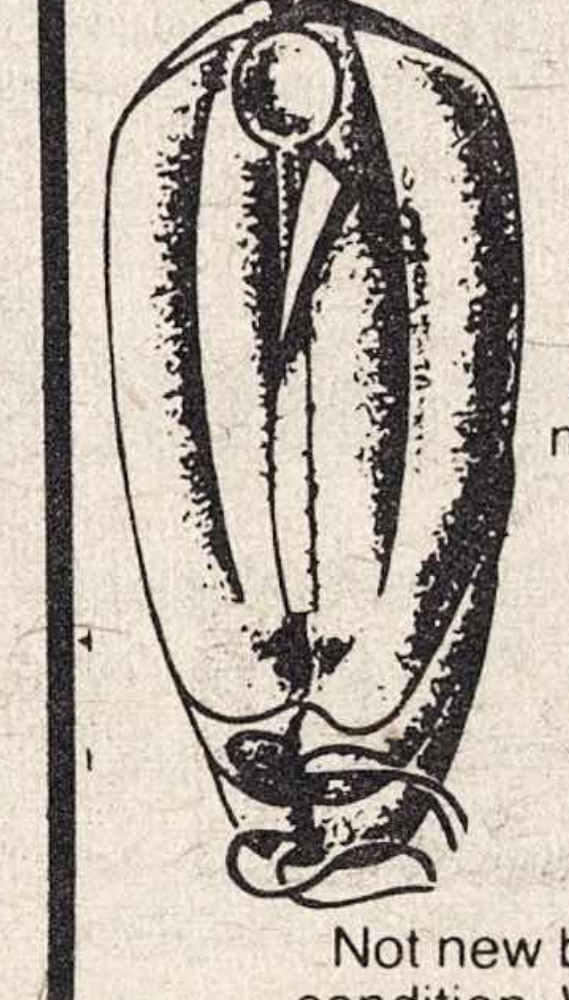

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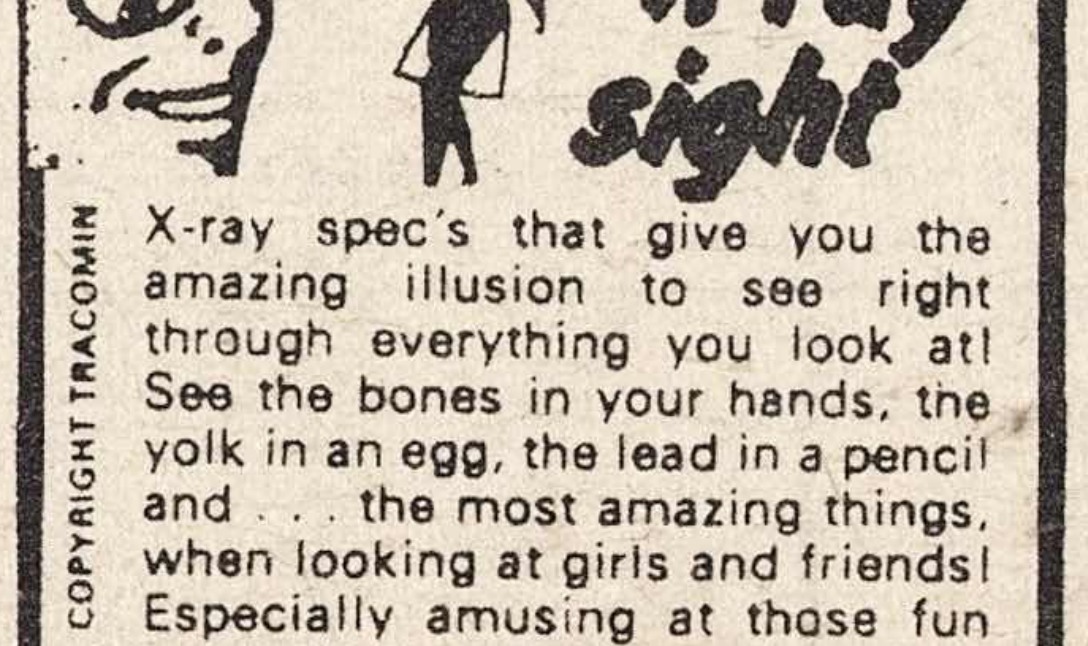

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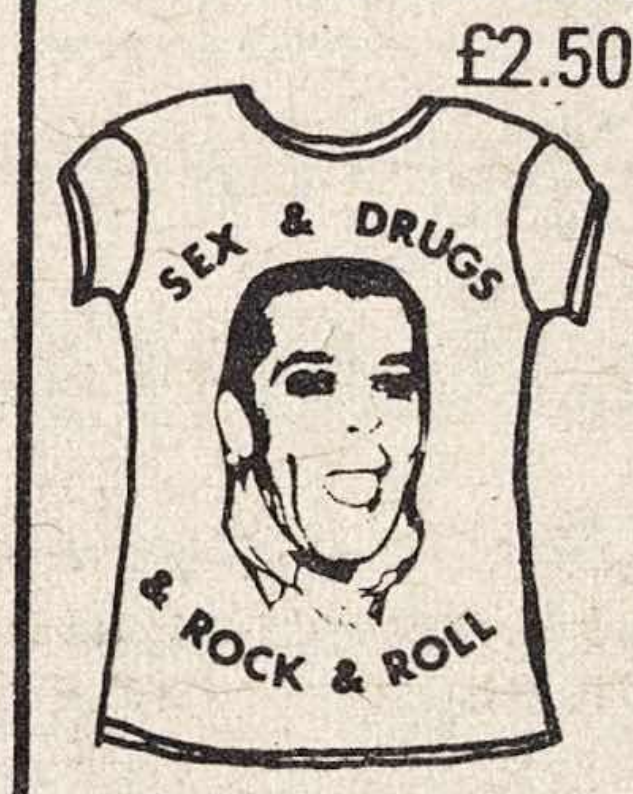

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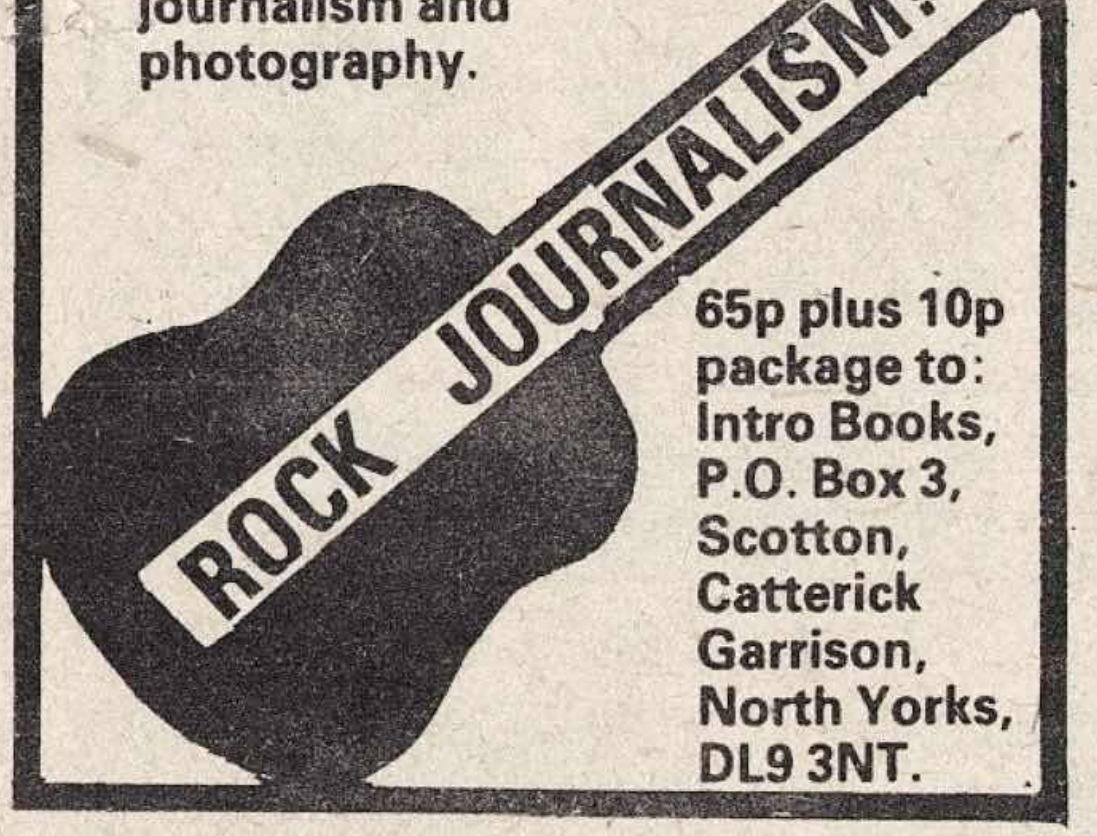
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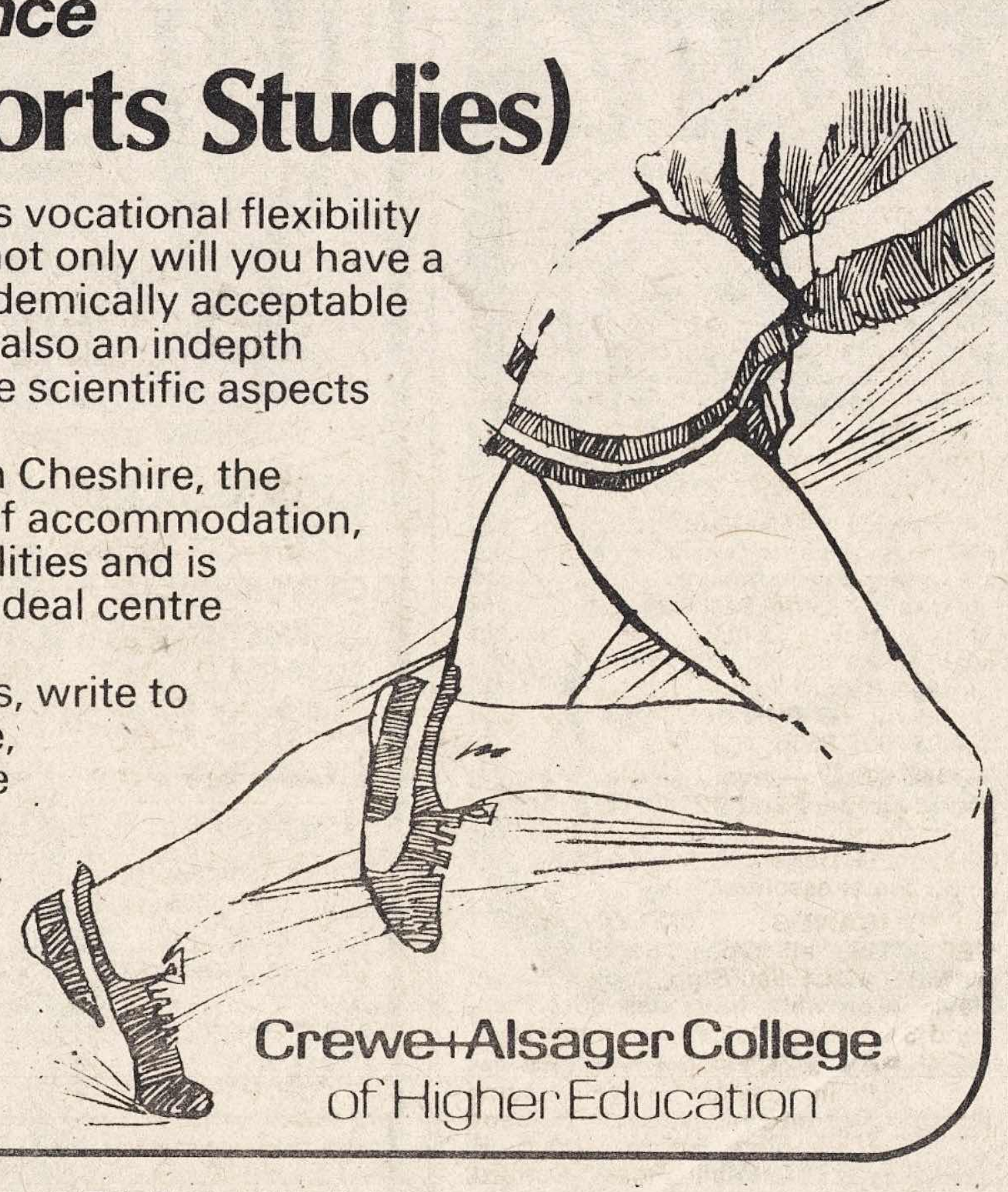

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● *From page 8*

EVERYTHING PERRY has experienced in the last 15 months materialised in some way on their debut album, "The Image Has Cracked": their audience, the development of the group, their maturing, their distinct possibilities.

Perry had channelled any natural thoughts on how the record would turn out; no mere collection of songs. What he's made with the record is a chronological documentary of ATV: it is the end of a specific phase in ATV's life, and hints at a solidifying of intentions.

Side one has music Perry wrote with Ferguson, from the mostly satisfactory middle months of 1977 — conventional, rounded songs such as "Action Time Vision".

Side two starts off with a couple of disdainful, ironical gestures of annoyance and hurt — observations from their tour of France — and finishes with two tracks that reflect ATV's present state and initiative, "Red" and "Splitting In 2", which are significantly the most provocative and evocative pieces on the record.

"Red", not surprisingly considering it is pure Perry, is Perry's favourite part of the album. It is a short section of solo improvised electronic guitar constructed tenderly and inquisitively out of blocks of chords and silence. It is a hesitant, almost shy contribution to the prospects of confronting definitions: a whispered start to what could be ultimately Perry's major exploration.

" 'Red' is a snatch of what I'm really interested in . . . music getting across a feeling. If listeners want to get something out of it the same as an Eno album, they could put it on again and again, just play that track. 'Red' could be any length."

The most curious piece on the record is the opening 11 minutes, a halting, hard-to-listen-to opener that bravely establishes ATV's problems of communication, necessity, roles.

The piece is 'Alternatives', the majority of which is a live recording of a performance at the 100 Club earlier this year where Perry foolhardily handed over the stage to the audience for some sort of debate, self-expression.

The result is a shambles. The audience end up fighting amongst themselves.

"Well, yeah . . . putting that first long piece on at the start is to try people out. Can people sit down and listen to it? We could have just put out a collection of songs like Magazine or Generation X and said, here you are, here's your answer.

"We didn't want to do that. We're mixed up, we're not going to hide that. Like, I'm embarrassed by the 'Alternatives' track but it had to go on the album."

AFTER WE'D talked, Perry prepared to journey with his group to the Stonehenge Free Festival — trying something out. Some of the group were reluctant; but they still went. Perry grinned at the prospect. "We'll set up as soon as we get there.' "

The enthusiasm . . . Perry from bored blank-bank clerk to "Red": to "Splittin' In Two": to "The Image Has Cracked". He's still unsure, still confused, still fighting, but in a more intense, dangerous way. We're back to that game I was indulging at the beginning.

"Every Outsider tragedy we have studied is the tragedy of self-expression."

"He would like to know how to express himself, because that is the means by which he can get to know himself and his unknown possibilities."

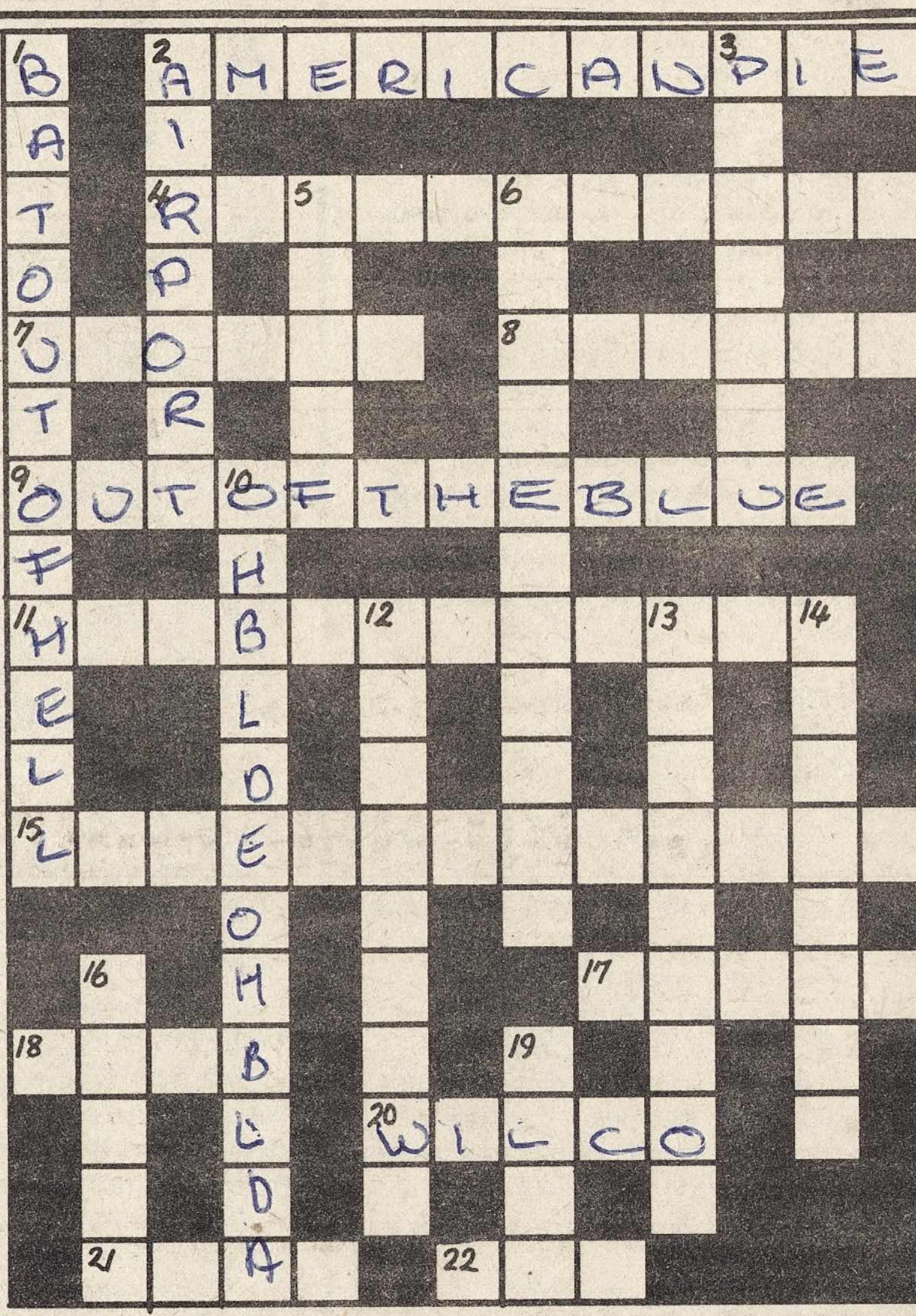
Don't pin your hopes here?

ACROSS

2 Don McLean's big moment — unfortunately for him, it has overshadowed the rest of his career (8,3)
4 A fixture of the West Coast alumni, went from Buffalo Springfield to Poco to a short-lived vocal three-piece (6,5)
7 Todd Rundgren's dream?!
8 More extras than the basic model — as in Bill Nelson's combo!
9 *How did ELO get in here?* (3,2,3,4)
11 Formed in Philadelphia, white rock/soul duo of albums like "War Babies" and "Abandoned Luncheonette" (4,3,5)
15 Hippy-dippy New York outfit from the mid-'60s — they had their first hit with "Do You Believe In Magic?" (5,8)
17 & 5 Star of *The Harder They Come,* and one of the earliest Jamaican singers to make a reputation outside of JA
18 Type of music
20 '60s British pop star with prototype Billy Idol looks — the early Dr Feelgood backed him for a time
21 Short-lived musical after the movie legend of the same name
22 & 14 Alias Joseph Mellor, p★nk r★cker

DOWN

1 Hope for fatties everywhere — Mr Loaf's debut album hit (3,3,2,4)
2 By The Motors after Arthur Haley!
3 Crocus Behemoth and chums from Cleveland and environs — they were last month's this month's thing! (4,3)
5 See 17
6 He took Eno's place in Roxy Music (5,6)
10 A Lennon-McCartney chart-topper which was covered by Marmalade, sort of a pseudo-pop-reggae-sort-of-thingy, like! (2,2,2,2,2,2)
12 & 16 Queen and The Jam with similar Sunday habits? (4,2,3,5)
13 Elizabeth Taylor before she ran to fat, maybe? Figure it out . . . (4,5)
14 See 22
16 See 12
19 Her albums include "The Marble Index" and "Desertshore"



ACROSS: 1 "Rosalie"; 6 Phil May; 7 Bethnal; 8 "Pump It Up"; 9 (Andy) Warhol; 10 "Pet Sounds"; 12 Taylor; 14 John Otway; 15 "Rhiannon"; 17 Hi Tension; 20 Frankie Miller; 22 Dave Vanian; 23 Crystals.

DOWN: 1 Ruby Winters; 2 "Saturday Night Fever"; 3 "London Town"; 4 Jim Messina; 5 (Dolly) Parton; 8 (Billy) Preston; 11 Dana Gillespie; 13 Stax; 14 John (Lodge); 16 Mike Batt; 18 Gladys (Knight); 19 Lodge; 21 Kenny (Everett).

PERSONAL

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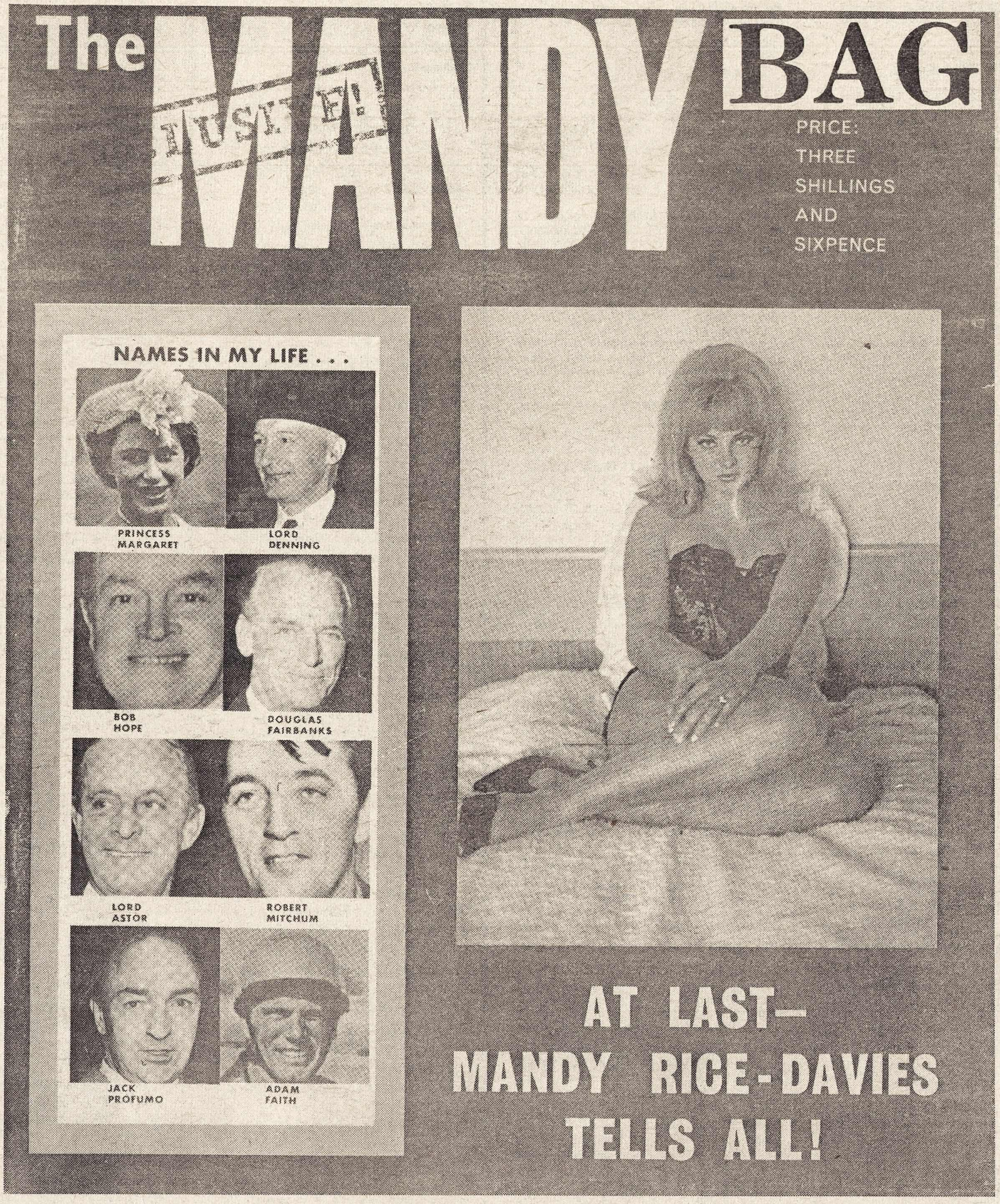

COULD SOMEONE outside there in music land please do something interesting for a change? 'Cause I'm bored, bored, bored by the whole sodding scene.

Fed up with Tom Robinson, his gay-pseudo-political rantings and his borrowed three-chord progressions. Fed up with Wilko Johnson and his much exaggerated mundane morbid ramblings. Fed up with Elvis Costello singing the same song with different sets of lyrics — how long does he intend to inflict this sort of punishment on us? Fed up with that silly blonde bitch who cannot sing and who looks like an overworked groupie. Fed up with that bloody saxaphone on that dreaded Gerry Rafferty single. Fed up seeing Rotten's mug *still* featured on every other page of *NME.* Fed up with the entire BBC Top 40. Fed up with that awful wallpaper music of Genesis. Fed up to the back teeth with Bowie — totally fed up with him.

Why don't The Rolling Stones just retire and leave us in peace?

Why doesn't Ray Davies put his dress on and wear it in public?

Why does Bob Seger still persist?

And to all those effing punk / new-wave groups — please, please, please go away.

Thank you Graham Parker and Thin Lizzy for the best releases of the decade. Thank you Carlene Carter for "Never Together, But Close Some Time".

Thank you to myself for writing some of the best (as yet unreleased) songs of this year.

I think by now I've probably made my point. The music scene needs a damn good kick up the backside, and I (yes *me)* have the ability and the songs to do it. Never before was I so certain of this fact.

So remember I told you so and remember you read it first in *NME.*
LEN SCRIBBLE (14), n.f.a.
Dearie me, whose going to be the biggest bore this week? Send us a tape of yer chewns, Len, and give us all a larf. But let's get to some people who still get a charge out of rock'n'roll . . . — M.S.

I DON'T LIKE punk rock or new wave, I don't like reggae or soul, I don't like rockabilly, I don't like HM or hippy music, I don't like folk or country and western — in fact, I don't like music.

I like the Brotherhood Of Man, and I am cool. Brotherhood Of Man are the most hip groove around, all the music papers and everyone else slags them off because they are ahead of their time. But soon I'll be the coolest person around, because all the music papers will be raving about them and I would have liked them before everyone else, like I did with The Sex Pistols.
VERY HIP PERSON FROM LONDON (ahead of his times).
Wow. — M.S.

THE JAM'S gig at the Lyceum on Sunday the 18th June, was brilliant. I just thought I'd let you know as you lot went to see boring Bob Dylan with everyone else who wears purple underpants with orange elastic.
FED UP IN READING — WHO ISN'T?
The 18th? Wasn't that when Holland were taking further giant strides to the final? And I was wearing my orange knickers with white elastic. — M.S.

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Hoping that you will be so kind as to consider favourably this request of ours, we beg to remain,
FERNANDO MAIA, Radio Producoes Europa, Lisboa.
Is this one right? — Ed.
Well at least it's in proper English, which is more than can be said for . . .

YOU BLOODY Poms are simply stupid. Not dumb or funny or witty, just stoopid in the classic, Joey Ramone sense of the word. No mistake that shits rhymes with Brits, either.
SU ("The Monster's Back") PERIOR, Australia.
. . . who goes on and on about Suburban Rock after that charmer of an intro. They're all related to convicts, you know, so we won't fling their filth at you. — M.S.

INSTEAD OF sneering and looking distainfully down his nose why won't one of your reggae aficionados explain to us why it's okay to blow lots of dope and prattle the most transparently ludicrous twaddle if you're from Jamaica (quite rightly), totally out of order if you're a white, long haired B.O.F.

Rastafarianism really does seem to be a bunch of hokum so why should the music be treated so reverently? A lot of fresh air was blown into the rock and roll scene in 1977 (sure, it didn't last) and I think a lot of reggae could do with the agonising reappraisal and subsequent stables-cleaning that followed. The religious awe with which most of your reggae converts seem to regard the most bland utterances of reggae artists is as silly as the hero-worship of clapped out old metal benders. Stoned telepathy my arse, Salewicz! Christ, we'll be back to 'canyons of my mind' soon.
THE SPECTRE THAT'S HAUNTING CLEETHORPES.
And not before time, says the wardrobe of my soul. — FRYING PAN.

I'VE GOT this great idea for a concept album. It's called "White Martians" and deals with extra terrestrial involvement in the American Civil War. The idea, based of course on the novel by G. H. Sllew will involve various ageing rock stars brought over to Britain at great expense to record the vocals and then sending them back to the U.S. of A to lay down the backing. It is also hoped that a space station can be hired out in order to gain the out-of-this-world atmosphere.

The work will try to prove that the Martians attempted to suck the souls out of the colonials who retorted in their usual brash style. It is also hoped to show that these beings have been responsible for 90% of the output of American rock since 1960.

I'm also working on an album in which our hero is transformed into a lugworm over night and the BBC employ him as the natural successor to Tony Blackburn.
MARQUIS DE SARDINE.
Fine. But don't let Len Scribble write the lyrics. — M.S.

COME ON girls! It's time we crushed these male chauvinist gigs.
BODICEA DICEABOA, Norwich.
Come on lads! Hit 'em wiv yer handbags. — M.S.

I'D RATHER Nick Kent (my hero) than Burchill and Parsons (punk rock's answer to Burton & Taylor?) anyday. Why not take it to the extreme and have an *NME* poll, Kent vs. Parsons & Burchill — you can consider this letter as the first vote.
PETER PERRET, Blackwood, Gwent.
Don't think you're the only one, mate. — M.S.

I WAS AROUND when they used to give the *NME* away, but I ain't read nothing like this guy Tony Parsons. Why no one has written acclaiming him the Tom Wolfe of the 'New Wave Journalese', I don't know. This Parsons sure don't mess around, not like good ole Nick Kent (God bless 'im). While Kent may think "I don't like curly haired socialist poofs much", he writes "I must be objective and keep everyone in its proper perspective, and uh (always it must be uh), this is gonna hurt me more than it hurts you, but this album is too calculating, lacks conviction, is too hysterical" etc.

Now this dude Parsons thinks "I don't like little jerks who come from New York (surely the original sin, itself), flirt with Nazi symbolism, attract hipper than thou headbangers and come on stage thinking they are veritable Heavy Metal Demons" — and he comes straight out with it; just like that! (Yup nothing like writing for the *NME* to make one feel better than one's fellow man. Better than a penis enlargement course any day). Then thousands of letters from enraged fans of the band swamp the *NME* offices. The Editor then thinks, some kid this Parsons for arousing so much reader interest, must try to keep him on, raise his salary immediately; forgetting that the lazy bugger (as are all good Socialists) only sends in less than an article a month.
THE DEVIL (I too was once a rock critic), The Satan Loon Pant Trading Company, Upper Baboon's Asshole.
Aw, come off it, we hardly get any mail on T.P., honest. — M.S.

"TONY PARSONS meets BOC and is not impressed"? You don't say. Well. Who'd've thought it. Just goes to show. You never can tell. Geez. Live 'n' learn. (etc, etc.)
B. J. MARTIN, Doncaster, S. Yorks.
See what I mean? Hardly any at all. — M.S.

I WOULD like to express my deep disgust at Bob Edmands' blinkered and entirely subjective treatment of the Moody Blues interview in the June 17th issue. How easy it is to take the stance of Unblemished Journalist observing "opulent excesses of 'superstar' rock group". Who does Edmands think bought 26 million Moodies albums? The band? The Threshold Hype Department . . . ?

The Moodies know their limits and if 26 million album purchasers demonstrate that the Moody Blues disseminate a valid and relevant philosophy and make damn fine albums, then who is Edmands to moralise? The whole Edmands article is a slur on the *NME,* tells us naff all about the Moodies and far too much about bloody Edmands.
GEOFF DRIVER, Weybridge, Surrey.
I thought it was the best piece I've ever read about the Brum exiles. And 26 million people can be wrong, you know — look at Argentina. And see page 39. — M.S.

HAVING READ your rag over a substantial period of time, I have finally reached the utterly genius and astounding conclusion that we do not share the same taste in music, do we folks?

Don't you think I'm a genius?

Do I win Pete Shelley for being so intelligent?
BUZZCOCKS FAN-ATIC, Herts.
No. Paul Morley's already won him. But, yes, you are a genius. — M.S.

I WOULD have sent you all a fiver but I sealed the envelope first.
DONNA.
Dumb broads, doncha just love 'em? — M.S.

I WONDER if I may use your toilet paper to advertise one of our Irish £1.00 notes.
MICKEY JUPP, London W2.
What the? . . .

AS YOU probably know I've never written to you before and since I'll shortly be an amputee and don't like my feet I won't write again but I wanted to thank Stiff Records, not only for a great compilation by Mickey Fripp but also because I found an Irish pound note sandwiched next to my record. I phoned Stiff and they say they have done a few for the public and I like the idea, the money, the albums and them (not necessarily in that order).
ARMLESS ALAN LANE, Claygate, Surrey.
Give us it back, it's moine — DAVE ROBINSON.
Own up time. We did slip a few Irish greenies inside Tony Frupp's record but didn't like to bleat about it — tempting the dealers an' that. — PETE FRAME.

YOU ALL knew the double zutch ploy was the next thing on the agenda but despite repeated aromatic condensations it was completely ignored hence the following events erupting into an over indulgence of the above.
PROFESSOR RONALD JAMES, Ayr.
P.S. Using the old Arie Haan ploy.
I am joost falling off my chair, Brian. — JOHAN CRUYFF.
You'll regret it in years to come, jerk. — BRIAN CLUYFF.

DEAR SECURITY Risk Bag, I would like to confirm once and for all that I am ABSOLUTELY no relation to this Brian guy. I may however be some distant relative of that pill popping Willie fellow who got busted in Argentina.
COLONEL J . . . er sorry B.

BRYANT & MAY STRIKE AGAIN WITH ALLY'S TATTERED ARMY.
Chorus:
We're popping pills with Ally's Army,
We've got our own amphetamines,
And although we're too hopped up
To ever win the World Cup
We'll have more fun than any other
team.

1: While other teams have players
Oh, what have Scotland got,
A crowd of dark blue junkies
Who can't score from the spot.
With so few successes
This thought occurred to me:
Before the first game in the cup
They must have scored for free.

2. Other teams have tactics
To help the lads along.
They practise them in training
Till everyone's on song.
But over here in Scotland
We all do our own thing,
We've Scotland's 'French
Connection',
Willie Johnston on the wing.

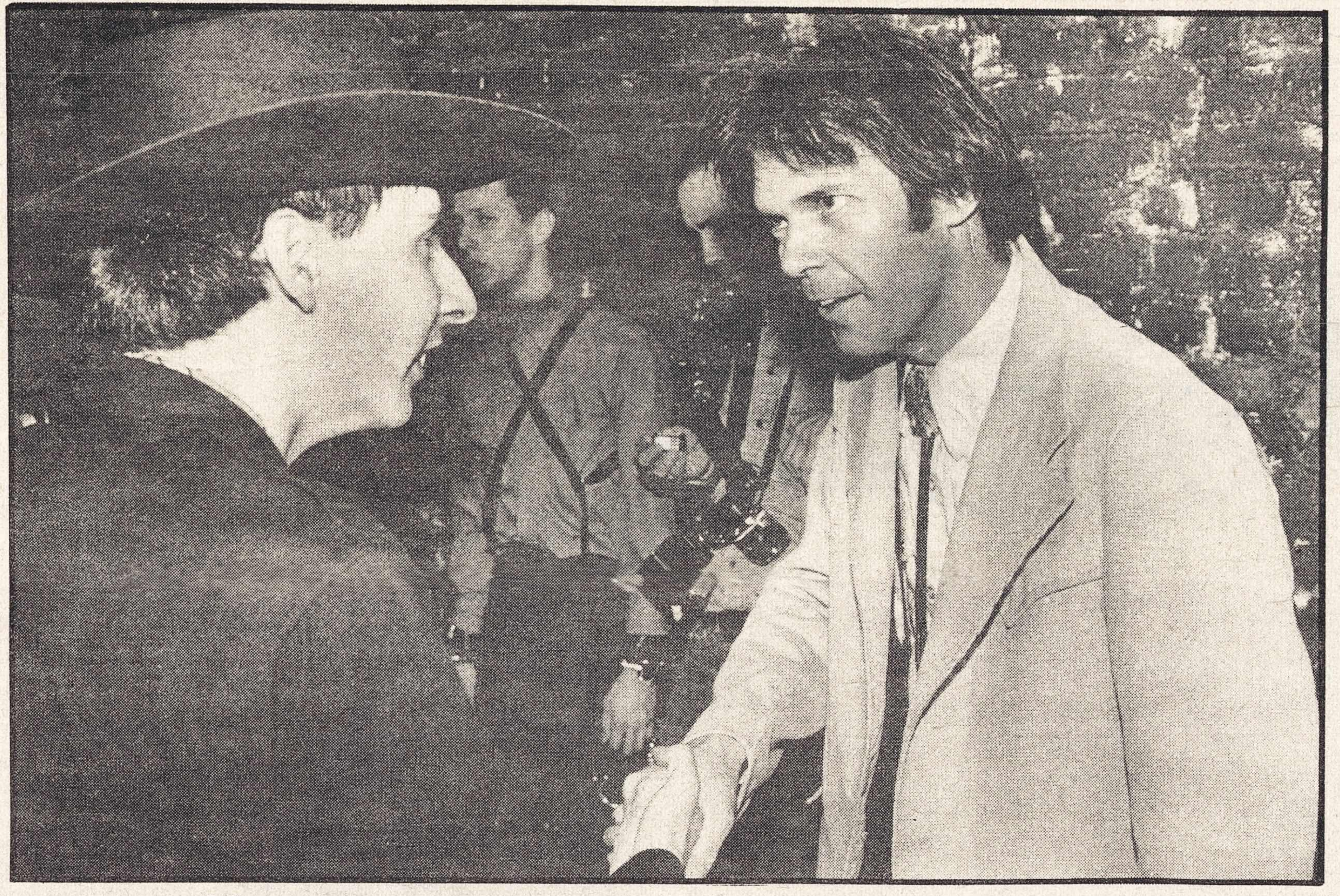
3 All this football sponsorship
Has earned the lads a lot,
But unlike all the other teams
Oh what have Scotland got?
Not free strips and football boots
Like Holland and Iran,
But powdery white substances
From far off foreign lands.

Chorus: We're popping pills . . .
ALASTAIR M. WALKER, Lenzie, Glasgow.

EAT YOUR hearts out you wankers! So much for your prediction in *Teazers* May 27th, about my being sent off in Argentina! Not only did I play reasonably well in all three matches, but as usual I was more "sinned against than sinning".
JOE JORDAN.
Oh, Joey, I just knew you'd come good. — A 15 YEAR OLD SCHOOLGIRL.

IS IT TRUE that the biggest miss in the World Cup so far is the prat who missed Rod Stewart in the restaurant.
SILVO, Longbridge, Birmingham.
Ole . . . and we here at *Gasbag* wish they'd get the wop berk who messed up the Final, too. — M.S.

Edited by Mrs Smiff, friend of the stars and Christine Keeler



Are we not cowboys? T-zers fave old crooner NEIL YOUNG shakes hands with DEVO drummer Jerry Cassatta following the Akron boys' stint with the ol' moaner as part of his forthcoming movie. Full fab pix, info and other related stuff next week. Pic: CHESTER SIMPSON

T-ZERS

GETS A HANDSHAKE & HEADSHAVE

DUNNO 'BOUT you, but we here at T-Zers would bet cash money that the singularly ill-fated **Jefferson Starship** wish that they hadn't bothered to make it to Europe this time around. What with losing (in quick succession) 19 guitars plus all their other electromusical impedimenta, Grace Slick and — last but not least — a total of £140,000 in assorted losses. All in all, it sounds like a bit of a bummer to us, maaaaaan.

Our favourite one-liner from the whole ghastly fiasco, however, came at a press conference the day after the riot and a few hours before Grace's final appearance witht he band, when Andy McConnell — author of the eye-witness report on page 12 — asked Slick if she would have appeared if she'd know what the consequences would have been. "Only with a portable toilet," hissed Gracie — her first and last utterance of the entire press conference. We bet Bob Harris is all broken up about the whole thing, and speaking of whom . . .

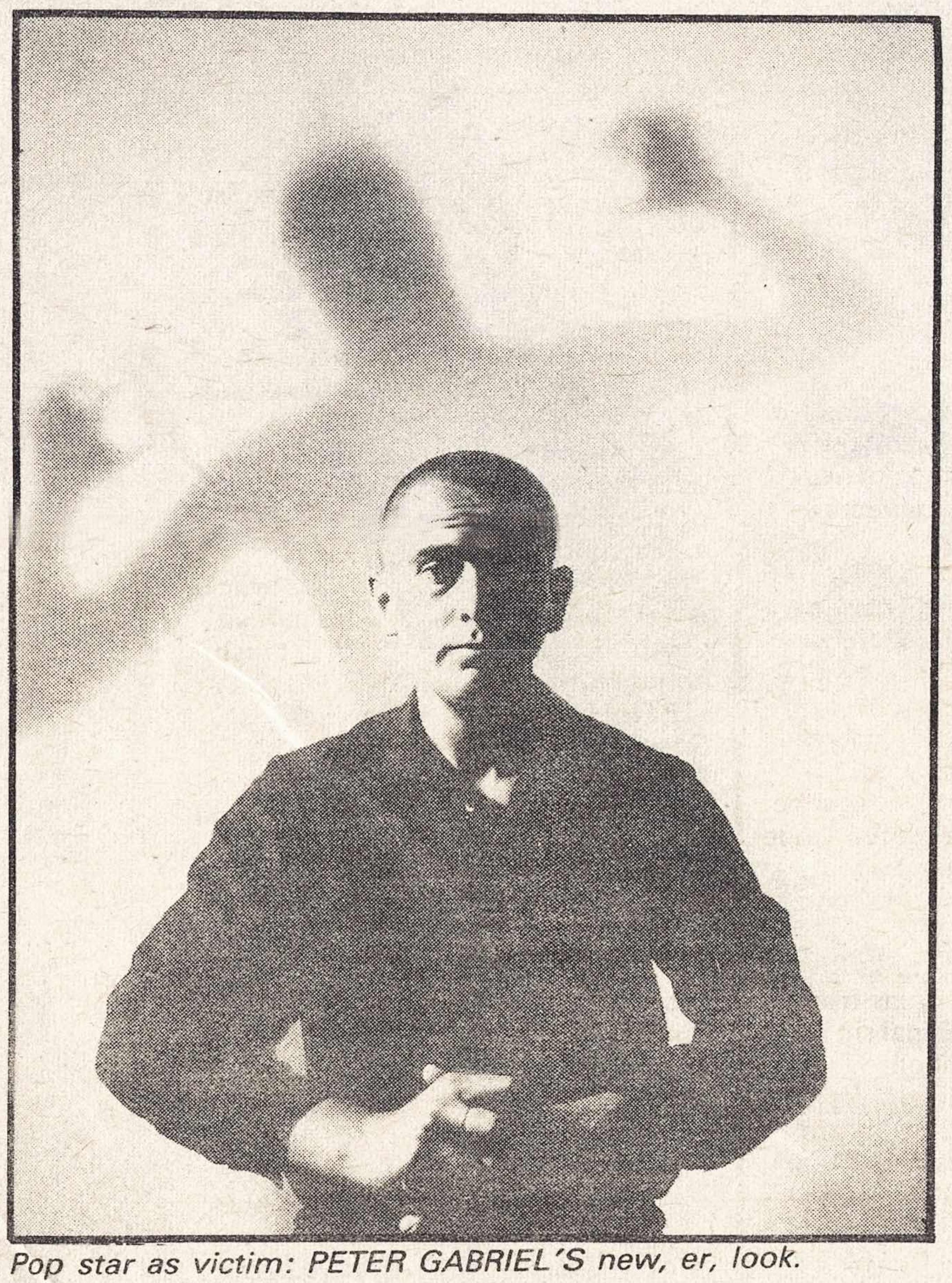
The old multi-hued woolly cardigan is finally moving on—Official (or, at least, Reliably Rumoured.) **Bob Harris** — who, it now appears, has actually been trying to quit for some time, has finally had his resignation from the *Old Grey Woolly Vest* accepted, and it will be effective from the end of the current series—i.e. last week.

Does this mean we can all look forward to a brighter autumn? Possibly, though it's well known that the road to the BBC is paved with good intentions. New presenter will be luvly **Anne Nightingale,** who enabled the show to move at several times its normal pace when she hosted it once earlier this year, and even created the impression that it was concerned with contemporary music. Her regular contributions to the *Daily Express* remain the only stains on her credibility.

The BBC would neither confirm nor deny the Harris-Nightingale moves, but rest assured that we ain't lyin' to ya . . .

Still at the Beeb, **Phil Lynott** was mightily delighted to run into **Bob Marley** at the *TOTP* studios last week. After a brief spliffing time, Bob presented to Lynott a badge bearing a portrait of **Haile Selassie.** Lynott dug into his pockets for a reciprocal offering and came up with . . . a badge bearing a portrait of Phil Lynott. Marley chuckled beatifically . . .

. . . As he was well entitled to do. Last week at a reception at the United Nations in New York, he was awarded the Third World Peace Medal by the Senegalese ambassador on behalf of the African nations. The award was made in recognition of Marley's peace activities this year — especially his decision to return to JA for the recent Peace Concert. (Incidentally, the locksman has a new Jamaican single out on his Tuff Gong label, "Blackman Redemption", far rootsier than anything on the bland "Kaya") . . .



Pop star as victim: PETER GABRIEL'S new, er, look. Pic: FIN COSTELLO

Highlights of Sunday's Whale Carnival in the South Bank Jubilee Gardens were the appearances of a giant inflatable whale and **Mike Oldfield;** observers inform us there was little problem distinguishing one from the other. Oldfield played with **David Bedford** and the **Queens College Choir,** and offered extracts from "Tubular Bells". Oldfield has been approached to compose the score for a forthcoming whale movie, *Roses,* which hopefully will be directed by **Norman Jewison,** whose previous efforts have ranged from the sublime *(In The Heat Of The Night)* to the ridiculous *(Jesus Christ Superstar)* . . .

And now — cue fanfare — this week's **Bob Dylan** *Teazer!!* In Holland for his Rotterdam show, the Zim said he'd like to utilise his free evening the night before by taking a few friends to watch **Elvis Costello,** also gigging there; O.K., said escort/liaison **Elly Smith,** the world's most amazing pressperson, I'll fix it. Thus it was that the guest list for that night's Costello gig included, "Elly Smith Plus 30". . . .

Interesting piece on **Jagger** by **Gordon Burn** in last week's *Sunday Times.* "I don't mind being slightly decadent," said Mick, "I think it's a very good English trait". Aside from detailing how he saved money — the secret is not to spend it (his clothes apparently are all '60s left-overs) — Jagger revealed that he hated being mentioned in the same breath as **Rod Stewart** and **Elton John** ("I singled those two out because they're always gettin' in the papers, an' their bleedin' publicists, an' their bleedin' football clubs") he railed against **John Lennon's** reclusiveness ("He's just kow-towing to his bleedin' wife, probably"). Jagger's own wife commented simply, if tartily, "He likes bright, intelligent women, but he doesn't feel safe. It's easier for him being with soneone who isn't so bright." **Jerry (Hall)** just said, "Hi, I'm Jerry". . .

The Stones in fact had just played a gig at the 3000-seater New York Palladium (their first time there since 1965), which had been advertised two days beforehand on the radio. People were asked to send in postcards by return of post; these were then drawn from a hat, and the lucky few telephoned on the Sunday, told where the gigs would take place, and where their tickets could be picked up . . .

After the concert, the backstage liggers included **Paul and Linda, Bob Marley** and **Warren Beatty** — as well as, that's right, members of Jagger's bleedin' football club — **Peter Osgood, Alan Ball** and **Johnny Giles** of the Philadelphia Furies. (Though Stones' tour manager **Pete Rudge** packed them all off early to bed, since he has financial interests in the team, and their recent form's been none too good) . . .

So finally and sadly to Football *Teazers,* and the World Cup, which we're trying hard to forget, and which proved merely that when the host country is allowed not merely all the advantages of actually being host country, and of arranging the tournament, but also that of choosing the referee for their matches, then the whole tournament becomes little more than farce; it needs to be remembered only that the one time Argentina had a decent ref in charge of their matches, they lost. The "nagging irritating pettiness that is a natural part of their football" **(Norman Fox,** *The Times)* were present from start (v Hungary) to finish (v Holland); for them to win the FIFA Fair Play Award makes as much sense as **Keith Richard** winning an Ideal Home Award. It don't fool us — Ron's got the best team . . .

BETTER BADGES

New Releases
20p Mick Jones, The Mekons, Penetration, Coney Lou, Black Slate, Steel Pulse, Sphinx Twinkle, Lazy Sod.
25p Crypton Tunes, The Day The World Turned Dayglo (1 and 2), Small Siouxsie, The Normal, Rush (4), Deaf School, Stiff Little Fingers, Overdose, Princess Margaret, Operation Julie (3).
Deluxe 30p Wayne County, Gaye Advert, Plastic Bertrand, Siouxsie Overground, Joyce McKinney, Tanz Der Youth, Cockney Kids are Innocent.

This	Last week	TOP TEN
1	(1)	BUZZCOCKS
2	(2)	SHAM 69
3	(—)	CLASH CITY ROCKERS
4	(8)	B/W BLONDIE
5	(7)	999
6	(4)	CLASH POLICE
7	(9)	SHAM ARMY
8	(8)	AIN'T STIFF
9	(—)	STEEL PULSE
10	(—)	X-RAY SPEX (Dayglo)

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